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Biography

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LIFE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE LIFE

FIELD-MARSHAL

DUKE OF WELLINGTON;

COMPILED FROM

HIS GRACE'S DESPATCHES, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS;

BY COLONEL JOHN MONTMORENCY TUCKER,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE CAMP AND CABINET," ETC., ETC.

EMBELLISHED BY NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,

AND

PLANS OF THE BATTLE OF VIMEIRO

AND BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Shakspeare.*

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PREFACE.

From the numerous Lives of his Grace the Duke of Wellington that have emanated from the press, and whose authors have "fought his battles o'er again,"—on paper,—it might, perhaps, appear an act of superfluity in our adding one more to the number; nor should we have done so, had not we been induced thereto by the following considerations:

First—That in many of the Lives hitherto published of his Grace party spirit has shown itself so forcibly, that in some, we behold an excess of laudation, overlooking all his faults, and in others, we find exhibited the most unjust asperity.

Second—That in some, events of importance,—if not altogether omitted,—have been but slightly glossed over; and, on the other hand, those of minor consideration too diffusely dwelt upon.

Such are the reasons that have induced the compilation of the present work, wherein the Editor has been careful to avoid the discrepancies alluded to, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Having been present at many of the stirring events described, he has, thereby, the greater facility of being enabled to make such corrections, or to add such matter as the relative subjects required or demanded.

It is the expressed opinion of many of our contemporaries, that ne life of a great man should not be published until some lengthened eriod after his death. This is paying a very poor compliment to

the perceptions of the age in which we live, if it be deemed incompetent to review dispassionately and impartially an event, simply because it is of recent occurrence. For our parts, we cannot discern why the contemporary historian should not be the best, with the picture fresh before him, especially if imbued with an earnest and intense impression of its truth.

In the compilation of the present work, the "Despatches" of the noble Duke have been frequently and carefully consulted, as well as the writings of several eminent military men. By thus comparing all available authorities, we have been the better enabled to gratify our anxious desire to describe, in the plain language of honest conviction, the various striking events which teem in the spirit-stirring life of our illustrious hero—untainted by party prejudices.

Biography has been justly held to combine useful instruction with amusement; and no description of it has attained greater popularity than the lives of eminent men. The vicissitudes and incidents which they present, press upon the mind with all the weight of truth, and are particularly applicable to the experiences of life. It therefore becomes the obvious duty of a biographer, to describe and collect the scattered events relating to the person written upon, into as complete a synopsis as possible.

That we have done this, as well as combined fidelity of execution with extreme cheapness in the present work, must be left for the decision of our readers.

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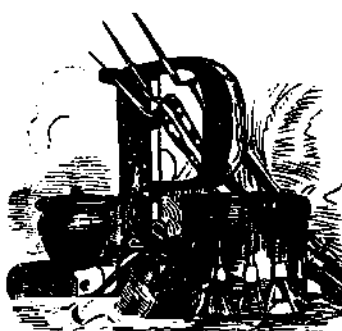
THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

1769—1805.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.—ENTERS THE ARMY.—CAMPAIGN IN HOLLAND.—PROCEEDS TO CALCUTTA.—STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM.—DEATH OF TIPPOO SAIB.—THE MAHRATTA WAR.—DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.



PRIDE of ancestry cannot add one gem to the star of Wellington's fame, or confirm his just claims to the admiration and gratitude of mankind, and could it do so, even that is not wanting to complete the measure of his greatness; but the renown of the Hero rests upon a more solid foundation than that which is derived by the borrowed light of progenitors, however ancient or exalted they may have been.

In an immeasurable degree the architect of his own justly-earned distinction, it is yet true, that the substructure of it may have been supplied by his near relationship to the noble and the titled; but every other stone of the temple of his fame has been reared by his own hands, and the imperishable monument of his glory is self-created.

The ancestors of the duke, the Cowleys or Coleys, were originally of Rutland extraction; but having emigrated to Ireland in the time of Henry the Eighth, became, in that monarch's reign, of some consequence in the counties of Meath and Kildare, in both of which they

acquired, by public grants and otherwise, considerable possessions; and one of them, Sir Henry Cowley, received the honour of knighthood in the reign of Elizabeth. An intermarriage with the daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, still further increased the importance of the family. Upon the Restoration, Henry Dudley Colley (who had adhered with fidelity to the fortunes of the first Charles) received some substantial advantages for his loyalty, by increased grants of land; and one of whose daughters married Garret Wesley, of Dangan, County Meath. Richard, one of the sons of the former, succeeding to the estates of Garret, of Dangan, took the name of Wellesley: he was sheriff of Meath, served in parliament for the borough of Trim, and in the year 1747, created Baron of Mornington, in Ireland, by George the Second. His son Garret became Viscount Wellesley, and Earl of Mornington, and married Anne, daughter of Viscount Dungannon, of whom were born, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Cowley. We have adopted their latest titles, for the purpose of more distinctive recognition. By the death of their father, in early life, the education of the brothers devolved upon the Countess of Mornington, proverbially a woman not only of talent, but of masculine understanding and strength of character.

Arthur, the illustrious subject of our history, was born, May 1st, 1769, at Dangan Castle. He was educated at Eton, and from thence removed to the military academy of Angers, in France, in which he continued until 1787; when, on his return to England, he was gazetted as ensign in the 73rd regiment of foot.* On the 25th of December, 1787, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 79th foot. In two years subsequently, he exchanged into the 12th light dragoons; and on the 30th of June, 1788, he was made captain in the 58th regiment of foot. In the succeeding year he returned into the cavalry service, by exchanging into the 18th light dragoons. Rapid as this promotion was, it did not end here, for we find that early in 1793, he received his majority in the 33rd foot; and in the same year he was (by purchase) appointed lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. Until this period the youthful soldier (for he was scarcely in his 24th year) had seen nothing of active service; this, however, did not last long, for in May, 1794, his regiment was ordered from the Cove of Cork to join the army under the command of the late Duke of York, which needed reinforcements, in consequence of the reverses of the British army and its allies in the Low Countries. His regiment landed at Ostend, and garrisoned that city. The diversion made by Lord Moira, to relieve the army of the Duke of York, necessarily brought the 33rd regiment into the field.

It is neither our duty, nor our intention, to enter into an elaborate description of this most disastrous campaign, as injudicious in its

* Some biographers say the 41st Foot, but this is immaterial.

conception as it was unfortunate in its results; and although attempts have been recently made† to gloss over the defeat of the British army, and to throw the whole blame of non-success upon the allies, still it is not to be disputed, that but for the masterly talent displayed by Lord Moira in the rescue, the British army would have been utterly destroyed: as it was, the allies were compelled to abandon all their positions, and the British part, then under the command of General Walmodeu, (the Duke of York having returned to England the preceding December), retreated to Bremen, and in April, 1795, embarked for England, leaving only a small force of cavalry and artillery, under Generals Dundas and Cathcart.

During these campaigns, very active duty fell to the lot of Lieutenant Colonel Wellesley, and his gallant regiment, who are acknowledged, at all hands, to have performed very eminent services, both in the advance and retreat.

Although ordered to join the expedition then preparing, under Admiral Christian, and destined for the West Indies, our hero did not accompany his regiment, in consequence of severe indisposition, and it was not until May, 1796 (he being then full colonel), that he received fresh orders to proceed to Calcutta, at which place he arrived in 1797.

At this period it was the subject of observation with his brother officers, that, unlike most men of a similar age, Colonel Wellesley was particularly reserved and studious, devoting himself to the acquirement of such knowledge as he afterwards turned to the most valuable account, in the new and enlarged field opened to his military talents and exertions.

To all readers of British history, the progress made by our army in India at this period must be familiar; yet it may not be altogether superfluous to remind them, that the India company held a very delusive and equivocal treaty of alliance with Tippoo Saib, sultaun of the Mysore. The appointment of Marquis Wellesley (then Earl of Mornington) to the post of Governor-General of India, and the resolution of the India board to adopt decided and energetic measures, offered the most powerful advantages to Colonel Wellesley in his new career. When duplicity exists on one side, and a strong desire of aggrandisement is manifest on the other, it requires but little to set the parties in collision. The chief points of Tippoo's character were indomitable courage and great military talents; these operating upon a soul maddening with revenge at his father's death, and the loss of territory by the company's aggressions; and further instigated by French intrigues, he entered into a secret league with that power and Spain for assistance to expel the British from India.

But so ill-conducted were the negociations, that they soon became known to the governor-general, who detected, shortly after, the

† Sir James Alexander's Life of Wellington, p.p. 18 et. sub.

sultan of the Mysore in sending envoys to the French authorities in the Isle of France.

It will be recollected, also, these humiliating terms, and the consequent peace, were forced upon Tippoo by the preceding governor-general, the Lord Cornwallis, at Seringapatam, and which were carried into full and effective force by the Earl of Mornington.

The sultan, deaf to all remonstrance, (so ably conveyed by the governor-general,*) and the certainty of a French army having landed at Mangalore, determined the Indian council to take decided measures. Accordingly, General Harris, at that time in command of the army at Vellore, received orders to take the field, and enter the Mysore territory, with an augmented army, amounting to thirty thousand men; besides auxiliaries. Colonel Wellesley's regiment, the 33rd, being attached to the Nizam contingent, he, for the first time, found himself at the head of a respectable force, consisting of his own regiment, the Nizam's infantry, under British officers, some cavalry, and



two brigades of artillery. It must be observed, that the Nizam's alliance with the company was of a very deceptive nature, being caused by the bold measure adopted by the governor-general, in seizing upon the French officers in the service of his highness, and disarming his sepoys. This was a bold act, and one of such an equivocal nature (violating, as it did, previous treaties), that it can only be justified on the plea of necessity. Colonel Wellesley was also vested with a sort of diplomatic character, being one of a commission accompanying the grand army, under General Harris.

From a variety of causes, this great armament did not cross the

* See Marquis Wellesley's Despatches, November. 1793.

Mysore frontier until the 8th of March, 1799, when the declaration of war was issued against the Sultaun: and he, nothing backward, crossed his own frontiers at the head of a large force, in the hope of cutting off the Bombay portion of the army. He made his dispositions with great judgment, and fell upon it with impetuous gallantry, at the head of about ten thousand men. To oppose this attack, the British force was about two thousand strong, under Colonel Montresor; they bravely sustained the oft repeated attacks of the enemy



for more than five hours, when General Stuart came up with reinforcements, and, after some sharp fighting, the Sultaun retreated with the loss of nearly two thousand men.

The commander-in-chief, from unforeseen causes, did not make equally rapid progress in his advanced movement upon Seringapatam, and he did not reach Cankanelli until the 21st of March. Numerous parties of the Sultaun's cavalry were constantly harrassing the rear guard, under Colonel Wellesley, who, with his usual promptitude and gallantry, repelled them with trifling loss on his part.

The march of the army continued to be greatly impeded by immense jungles, and the necessity of being constantly on the alert, in consequence of the numerous defiles; besides, too, the Brinjarries, or native contractors, were constantly throwing difficulties in the way of the necessary supplies for the bazaars of the army. On the 23rd an alarm was created by the Sultaun's sudden advance upon Allagoor. Fresh dispositions were necessarily made by the British army, and on Colonel Wellesley's approach to Allagoor, the Sultaun retreated, as he did also from the heights of Maddoor, without risking any attack; but on the arrival of the army at Mallavelly, he shewed himself in

force, and commenced a sharp fire upon the picquets; and it was thought that he intended to risk a general engagement. Colonel Wellesley, who commanded the left wing, upon deploying into line, showed a trifling opening to the enemy; when he, with great judgment, made a fierce attack with a large body of cavalry, but was gallantly met and repulsed, and was himself soon out-flanked upon his left, by a quick movement of General Harris. Immediately afterwards, Colonel Wellesley made a spirited attack on the Sultaun's extreme right, with the 33rd regiment, and a body of horse. This was met by Tippoo in an advance of two thousand infantry, who approached the British in good order; but on coming within fifty yards of the gallant 33rd, that regiment threw in a well directed fire, and charging immediately afterwards, the enemy gave way at every point, at which moment they were charged by the cavalry under General Floyd, and were routed with great slaughter. One thousand of the



enemy's infantry is supposed to have fallen, besides a large body of his cavalry put *hors de combat*. It is acknowledged, that the troops of the Sultaun fought with great steadiness and gallantry.

By this check, and a sudden advance upon Sosilay, the Sultaun was forced to fall back, and protect his capital (Seringapatam), before which the British arrived on the 15th of April, and proceeded regularly to invest it.

As we do not write exclusively for military readers, we must be excused from giving all the technical details of this memorable siege.

A circumstance occurred at this time, which, for a moment, turned

the ever-flowing tide of success of our hero. It has been variously related, and freely commented upon: by some it has been deemed a great military error, and by others considered only as one of those chances of war, which no military talent, however great, could, by any possibility, guard against. For ourselves, we shall offer no opinion one way or the other, but, by simply relating the matter, from the *best authorities*, leave our readers to excuse or to censure as they think meet.

"The camp fronted the west face of the fort; a line of intrenchments had been formed, extending from the Dowlat Baugh to the Perinpatam bridge, and between those works and the river the infantry of the enemy were encamped. The distance between the fortress and the camp was about three thousand five hundred yards. Looking towards the east the camp lay resting on very high ground, gradually falling as it approached the left flank, which was doubly secured by an aqueduct and by the river. This aqueduct took an easterly course from the left, till it came within one thousand seven hundred yards of the fort, where it took a direction towards the Sultaunpettah Tope, serving in its winding course as a strong intrenchment; while some deep ravines in the rear of the camp afforded protection from sudden attacks of the enemy's cavalry. The whole encampment occupied a safe position, and it was abundantly supplied with every requisite, especially with excellent water. Within the precincts of the lines there were not less than five large topes, consisting of delicious fruit trees, besides the rich cocoa, with the tall arica and the graceful bamboo. It was thus abundantly supplied with materials at hand to carry on the works, and was at once free from surprise and the necessity of making foraging parties for wood, water, or other supplies.

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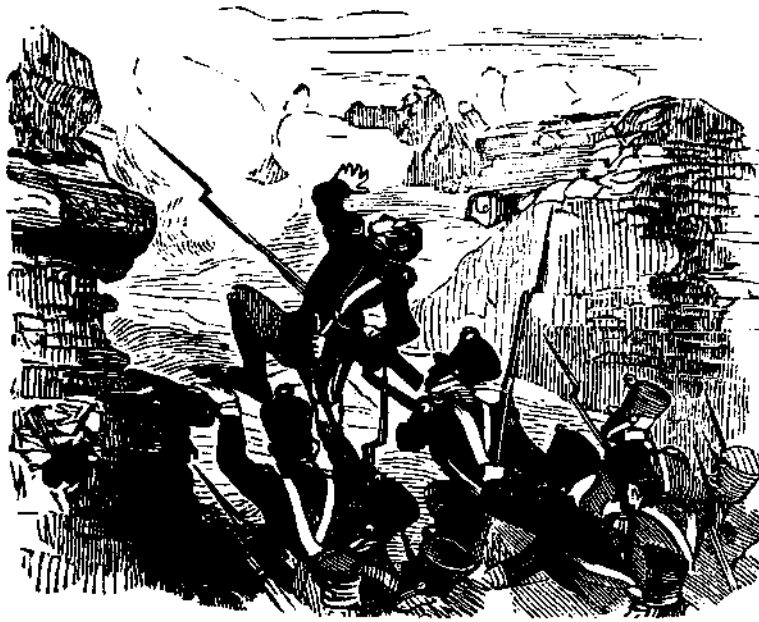
In the front of the British positions appeared several villages and rocky eminences that afforded cover, so as to enable the enemy to throw their rockets among the tents. It became necessary, for the perfect security of the camp, that the rocket men and their supporters should be driven from their posts. With this view, a division, consisting of the 33rd regiment and a native battalion, commanded by Colonel Wellesley, the 12th regiment, and two battalions of sepoys, with their guns, under Lieutenant Colonel Shawe, were ordered to be in readiness at sunset (April 15th). The force of Colonel Shawe was directed to attack the posts of the aqueduct, and that of Colonel Wellesley to make a diversion at the same time, by carrying the Sultaunpettah Tope.

* * * * * * *

Colonel Wellesley had not been informed where the post was to be established, and he therefore requested that the General (Harris) would meet him in front of the lines, and show it to him. In the meantime, he ordered his battalions to be in readiness; though, upon

looking at the tope as he passed by, it appeared to him that when possession should be got of the bank of the nullah, the tope, as a matter of course, must fall, as the latter was in the rear of the former.

"The two divisions moved a little after sunset. The darkness of the night was an unfavourable circumstance; and it might even have led to disastrous results. Advancing briskly, Colonel Shawe made himself master of a ruined village, not forty yards from the aqueduct. At the same instant, Colonel Wellesley, with one wing of the 33rd regiment, attacked the tope; but on entering it, was assailed on every side by a severe fire, consisting both of musketry and rockets.



"Every thing was in favour of the party attacked—the badness of the ground, the uncertainty of the enemy's position, and the vivacity of his fire; all which determined Colonel Wellesley not to press on, but to confine the operations to a simple diversion in favour of Colonel Shawe's object of securing the aqueduct. He at once saw the necessity of withdrawing, and leaving the prosecution of the affair to a more seasonable time.*

"Such was the effect of this failure (for, gloss it over as you may, it was one) upon the mind of Colonel Wellesley, that it is related, he entered the commander-in-chief's tent in a state of great agitation, to report that he had not carried the tope; and it is equally true, that General Harris wholly exonerated Colonel Wellesley from any failure

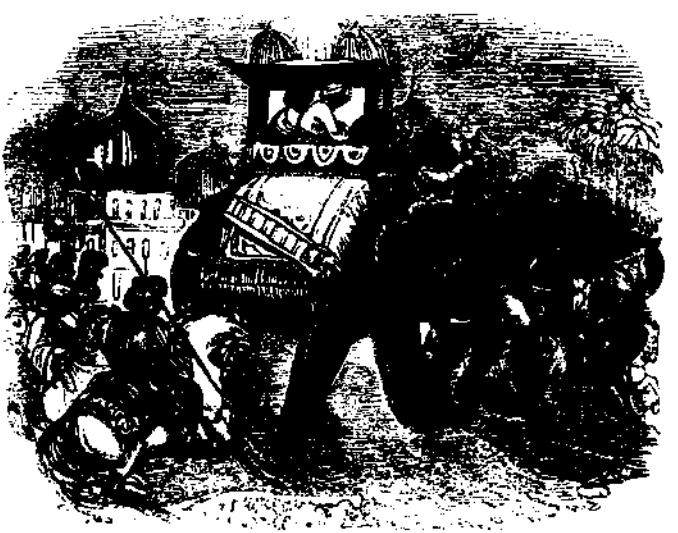
* Sir James Alexander, p.p. 54-5, and 6.

of duty or ability; adding, most emphatically, 'that although it was a great pity, yet there was not *the shadow of blame* attributable to Colonel Wellesley.'*

"Colonel Shawe, who still held possession of the village, was much annoyed by the enemy's fire from the aqueduct; the troops in which had been greatly reinforced. It was imperative, therefore, for general security, and especially for the support of Colonel Shawe's division, that the tope should be carried.

"Accordingly, three simultaneous attacks were ordered to be made, under Colonel Wellesley; and at nine o'clock the next morning, the colonel again advanced on the tope, with the Scotch brigade, two battalions of sepoys and four guns, together with the former force, and the tope was soon taken. Shawe at the same time advancing,—the enemy were driven from their positions, and success was complete.

"It became now essential, from the advanced season, and the extreme difficulty of finding provisions for so large an army, that the siege of Scringapatam should be pressed with the greatest vigour; and although the Sultaun made many proposals short of absolute surrender, it was deemed necessary by the governor-general and his council to strike an effective blow, by the storming of his capital and the deposing of the Sultaun.



"The latter, brave as a lion, seeing no hope of protracting his fate, resolved to die with 'harness on his back;' and nobly did he keep his resolution."

In order to understand the state of things, and to comprehend

* Diary of General Harris.

perfectly the proceedings of the siege, we shall subjoin a description or the city of Seringapatam, taken from an acknowledged authority.*

"The city of Seringapatam is situate on a small island, formed by the river Cauvery, which, breaking against the rocky bank, disparts into separate but wide channels; the waters flow sluggishly along, till they meet about three miles below.

"The city is built at the upper end, and the arms of the river at that point embrace the walls. The island has a naked, dreary appearance, and is about a mile in width below the city. The place is fortified in the old Indian fashion. Obstacles are clumsily multiplied, and, especially at the south-west angle, wall rises above wall in complicated obstruction. Many of the bastions are square, but there are a few of the regular European form; they are connected, however, by walls, long, lofty, and straight, after the manner of the Hindoos.

"The north west angle was that selected by the general as the point of attack; the river at that season was low, its bed wide, and filled with rocks and fragments of granite.

"The gallantry of the enemy, in filling up the breaches, now constantly made by the ceaseless cannonade of the breaching battery, showed his determination to defend every inch of ground. The height of the glaciers and practicability of fording being fully ascertained by Lieutenant Lalor and others, the breaching battery was opened upon the bastion, on the 30th April; and on the 2nd May another one was opened on the curtain to its right. A tremendous cannonade was thus kept up, and produced a sensible effect upon the fortress, which was greatly assisted by the accidental explosion of a magazine of rockets in the fort.

"On the following day a practicable breach was announced, the same evening the main rampart crumbled into the dust, and before daylight the troops intended for the storming party were silently placed in the trenches, and it was decided that the assault should take place at the hottest period of the day, it being confidently expected,† that the troops in the fortress would be least prepared to resist; the experience of former wars, and especially of that under Lord Cornwallis, having proved that the enemy was found more watchful and alert at any other time than in the heat of the day.

"Every thing being prepared, scaling ladders, &c. ready, the besiegers waited impatiently for the hour of assault. At length it came, and the heat was overpowering; when Sir David Baird (than whom a braver man never unsheathed a sword) put himself at the head of the storming party, and raised the enthusiasm of his troops to the utmost, by exclaiming, 'Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers.' The forlorn-hope rushed from the trenches in a moment after this spirit-

* Sherer's Memoirs.

† Gurwood's Despatches.

stirring speech from Sir David—it was led by Sergeant Graham, who, mounting the breach, gave three cheers, and shouted exultingly, 'Success to Lieutenant Graham!'* He was followed, in brave style, by his comrades—he led on his men, and on reaching the enemy's colour-staff, he struck it to the ground, exclaiming, 'I'll show them the



British flag,'—but the gallant fellow was at this moment shot through the heart! The breach was now every instant filling with men, who, under the orders of Sir David Baird, gained the ramparts, and the fort was won. The enemy, during these efforts, displayed the utmost gallantry, disputing, as far as his ignorance of warfare allowed him, every inch of his possessions,—mere brute courage did its uttemost."

Tippoo, who, like his father, was possessed of the most indomitable courage, was everywhere to be heard animating his troops by his cries and example. "That morning," says a modern writer,† "he had risen early, as usual, and went to visit the outer rampart, from which he could observe what was passing on both sides. There he remained till noon, when he took his customary repast, under a pandal or awning. Having left strict orders with Meer Ghoffar, a favourite officer, to keep strict guard, he had scarcely left the spot, before he was informed that Meer Ghoffar was killed by a cannon-ball. 'Well,' he replied, 'Meer Ghoffar was never afraid of death;' and directing his attendants to load his carbines, he instantly ordered the troops under arms. Hasteuing towards the breach, he met his troops in flight, and saw the van of the assailants scaling the walls.

* He was promised that commission if he succeeded.

† Sir James Alexander.

He tried to rally the fugitives, both by his voice and example, repeatedly firing on the troops as they mounted the breach. Almost alone, he retreated to the north ramparts, where, surrounded by numbers of his bravest troops, he continued to dispute the traverses one after another, assisted by the infilading fire from the inner walls. The assailants were compelled to halt, until the 12th foot, crossing the inner ditch, took him in flank, and he retreated fighting towards the gate of the inner fort. Here he mounted his horse, and the British pressing on, he made for the gate, followed by his palanquin and a number of officers and troops. Here he received a musket ball in the right side, but still kept his seat, till he was stopped half-way through the arch, when he was struck by a second ball close to the other. His horse being also wounded, sunk under him, and his turban fell to the ground.

He was raised up by his officers, now falling fast around him, and placed in his palanquin, where he lay exhausted, till the Europeans rushing in, one of the soldiers seized the Sultaun's sword-belt, which was very rich, and attempted to pull it off. Roused at this indignity,



the offended monarch made a cut at the soldier, whom he wounded in the knee, and at the same instant was himself shot through the head. He instantly expired—where he lay, surrounded with heaps of the dying and the dead.

* * * * * * *

When the body was first recognised, amidst heaps of slain, the eyes were open, and it was so warm that Colonel Wellesley, who was already on the spot, was doubtful whether he did not still breathe:—

his countenance was no way disturbed, but wore an appearance of fearless calm. His turban, jacket, and sword-belt were gone, and an officer who was present, with the leave of General Baird, tore off from his right arm the talisman, which contained, sewed up in pieces of fine flowered silk, an amulet, and some magical characters, written in Arabic and Persian.

The body was placed in the palanquin, and conveyed to the court of the palace, whence he had only that morning issued, still the Sultaun of the Mysore.

Previously to the finding of the body of the gallant Tippoo, the palace was called upon to surrender by Major Allen, which after a brief parley, was complied with. Sir David Baird was already on the spot. The sons of the deceased Sultaun (youths of fifteen or seventeen years old) were brought to him, trembling and in tears. They were as yet ignorant of their father's death: the cruelties which they knew had been practised to the general during his imprisonment by their father, induced them to fear the worst; but they miscalculated the character of the British General, who was as generous as he was brave, and the moment of victory was not a time for such a man as him to increase the bitterness of feeling of the conquered—he soothed their fears, assured them of safety, and promised them full protection —which was performed to the very letter.

Colonel Wellesley being appointed (on the retirement of Sir David Baird) Governor of Seringapatam, exerted himself to reconcile the inhabitants to the presence of their conquerors, enjoined the strictest discipline among the troops, and established general confidence by the administration of impartial justice,—although he was compelled to make severe examples.

Some observations have been made by an able writer,* upon the slight shewn to General Baird (who had, as we have seen, so gallantly stormed the enemy's stronghold), by the appointment of Colonel Wellesley, his junior in command, to the government of Seringapatam. At the first blush such appointment may appear to have been both ungrateful and unjust; and some little bitterness of feeling was expressed by Baird himself at the circumstance; it is said even that warm language passed between him and Colonel Wellesley. Be this as in may, it is certain that an explanation took place, honourable to both. General Baird withdrew his warm expressions, reconciliation followed, and Colonel Wellesley acknowledged the candid and handsome conduct of Baird, and expressed the utmost willingness to serve under him.

The policy of the government of the Earl of Mornington was not only to subdue Tippoo's capital, and thus to reduce his power, but to restore the dynasty of the ancient Sultauns of the Mysore, which had been deposed by Hyder Ally; for which purpose the families of both had been ordered to be removed to the carnatic. This delicate

* Mr. Hook, in his life of Sir David Baird.

and difficult duty devolved upon Colonel Wellesley, subject only to the general arrangements to the approbation of the other commissioners.

The general conduct of Colonel Wellesley seems to have met with the approval of the commander-in-chief, General Harris, except upon one occasion. It being supposed that considerable treasure was concealed in the seraglio of the late Sultaun, permission to inspect it was applied for, and granted by Colonel Wellesley; the search, however, was vain, for not even the ladies' jewels were found there. When this was reported to the commander-in-chief, he expressed his great displeasure that any such search should have been permitted, and that the ladies should have been at all disturbed. "In the heat and confusion of an assault," said he, "such excesses are sometimes unavoidable, but I shall ever lament that such a proceeding should have taken place long after the conflict had subsided." He ordered also that if any personal ornament had been taken from any of the ladies that it should be immediately restored; adding his express command, that in the forthcoming removal of the families of Hyder Ally and Tippoo, the most scrupulous regard should be had in reference to the personal property of the princes and the ladies.

The commissioners defended themselves by assuring the general, that the women had been removed to separate apartments at the time that the "Zenana" was examined for the alleged treasure, and that they had not complained of having experienced the slightest inconvenience.

Although unsuccessful in the seraglio, the captors found riches enough in other places. Upwards of ten lacs of rupees' worth of jewels, and the amount of five hundred camel loads of muslins, shawls and rich cloths, and various kinds of merchandise, fell to their lot.

The Sultaun's throne, said to have been too cumbrous for removal, was broken up. It consisted of a *Howdah*, or armed seat, upon a tiger, covered with sheet gold; the ascent was by silver steps, gilt; the canopy was equally superb, being decorated with a costly fringe of pearls all round it. The eyes and teeth of the tiger were of glass; and it was valued at sixty thousand pagodas; upwards of £25,000 sterling. The sheet gold alone was estimated to be worth forty thousand pagodas.

Every inch of the Howdah contained some Arabic inscription, chiefly from the Koran, and superbly stamped; being raised and polished in the most beautiful manner.

A gold figure of a bird covered over with the most precious stones, was fastened to the top of the canopy. Its beak was a large emerald, its eyes were carbuncles, the breast was covered with diamonds, on its back were many large jewels, fancifully arranged; while the tail made to resemble a peacock, was actually studded in the same manner. The whole was so formed as to have the appearance of plumage, and so closely set that the gold was hardly to be seen.

Having secured the safety of the capital, and assisted at the depar-

ture of the family of the deceased Sultaun, the next care of Colonel Wellesley was to seek out the legitimate heir of the vacant throne. He was found in the person of a child of five years of age, living with his family in the most abject poverty; and the Rana, or Queen Mother, could scarcely believe, that after forty years' deposition of his ancestors, her son should be restored to the throne of his fathers.

On the 30th of June (that day being selected by the Brahmins as an auspicious one) the young Rajah was placed in his sovereignty by Colonel Wellesley and his co-commissioners; and was crowned at the ancient town of Mysore, to which the seat of his government was afterwards removed.

The conquered provinces, which fell into the hands of the British after the surrender of Seringapatam, were now made a distinct command, and were placed under Colonel Wellesley, who was directed to communicate with the governor-general, and to receive his orders direct from the supreme government at Calcutta; he was also appointed, by general orders, 11th September, 1799, by the commander-in-chief, "to command the troops serving above the Ghauts;" and it was during this period that, by active and judicious measures, he cleared the Marhatta frontiers of the hordes of robbers which infested them.*

His letters, at this period gave a lively and vivid description of Colonel Wellesley's proceedings, in which he was indefatigable in his exertions to repair the ravages which the war had made in the Mysore; and to reconcile the inhabitants to the paternal government of the East India Company.

This state of peace was not of long continuance, for in the year 1800 it was broken by the daring incursions of a powerful freebooter, called Dhoondiah Waugh. This native plunderer had been imprisoned by the late Tippoo, and was indebted for his liberty to the British army, but notwithstanding which he had made head against the company's power, had rallied a few of his late enemy's troops, and had committed various acts of plunder in the rich country of Bednore.

The light corps, under Colonels Dalrymple and Stevenson, had been despatched against him, from which he had made his escape into the Marhatta territory, when the pursuers stopped, not willing to violate the country of an ally.

However, his audacity became so great that it was found absolutely necessary to check it; in furtherance of which an expedition, formed of British and native troops, and commanded by Colonel Wellesley, set out against him to act with another corps under Colonel Stevenson. On the 3rd of September, Colonel Wellesley's division, consisting of the 19th and 25th dragoons, 1st and 2nd regiments of native cavalry, entered into the territories of the Nizam. The former, from some unforeseen cause, was not able to make such rapid progress as the latter, who came in sight of Dhoondiah's army, at Conaghull, on

* Gurwood's Despatches.

the 10th. The enemy consisted of upwards of five thousand cavalry. Without waiting for Stevenson's coming up, Colonel Wellesley instantly attacked the "King of the two worlds" (as the despatches call him) in a very strong position. "His Majesty" stood firm for a moment or two, but the impetuosity of the attack was so great that his troops were quickly thrown into confusion, and he himself bit the dust and was killed.

And to render the destruction of these marauders more complete, Colonel Stevenson's division coming into action, routed the enemy with great slaughter, and captured his two remaining guns, all his baggage, camels, bullocks, &c.

The despatches give a playful description of this warfare against the bands of the "King of the two worlds," in these words:—

"I moved forwards this morning, and met his (Dhoondiah's) army at a place called Conaghull, about six miles from hence. He was on his march, and to the westward, apparently with the design of passing between the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry and my detachment, which he supposed to be at Shinnoor. He had only a large body of cavalry, apparently five thousand, which I immediately attacked with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and first and second regiment of cavalry. The enemy was strongly posted, with his rear and left flank covered by the village and rock of Conaghull, and stood for some time with apparent firmness; but such was the rapidity and determination of the charge made by those four regiments, which I was obliged to form in one line, in order at all to equalize in length that of the enemy, that the whole gave way, and were pursued by my cavalry for many miles. Many, among others Dhoondiah, were killed, and the whole body dispersed, and were scattered in small parties over the face of the country. Part of the enemy's baggage was still remaining in his camp, about three miles from Conaghull: I returned thither, and got possession of elephants, camels, and every thing he had. The complete defeat and dispersion of the enemy's force, and, above all, the death of Dhoondiah, puts an end to this warfare."

From the amusing style in which Colonel Wellesley relates his pursuit of the "King of the two worlds," it is evident he did not attach any great importance to the campaign in a military point of view. He says—"After I had crossed the Malpurba, it appeared to me very clear, that if I pressed upon the 'King of the two worlds' with my whole force on the northern side of the Doab, his majesty could either cross the Toombudra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and would then enter Mysore; or he could return into Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceable communications."

Had Dhoondiah been taken alive, in all probability he would have been executed. Colonel Wellesley's instructions, by letter, from Secretary Webbe, dated 24th May, 1800, were—"You are to pursue Dhoondiah Waugh, wherever you may find him, and hang him on the first tree."

We had almost forgotten to mention one circumstance that certainly merits our especial notice, as highly creditable to the humanity of the victor. When the enemy's baggage was overtaken, a boy, about four years of age, the favourite son of Dhoondiah Waugh, was found, and taken to Colonel Wellesley's tent. The colonel not only afforded protection to the orphan, but, on leaving the east for Europe, he deposited a sum of money in the hands of a friend, to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. He grew up an intelligent and active youth, and was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore; but, unfortunately, died of cholera in the year 1822.

"Thus has ended this warfare, and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest Killadar of Chinnoor had written to the 'King of the world' by a regular tappale, established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest Killadar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place."

"My own, and the Marhatta cavalry, afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the Killadar."

It is not to be concealed (nor should it be), that although he was successful in this brilliant attack and conquest, over Dhoondiah's army, Colonel Wellesley has been censured by high authorities for risking the safety of his division by engaging an enemy of superior force, before the arrival of Colonel Stevenson. Be this as it may, *success did crown his efforts*, and it is somewhat ungracious to say now that it was *contre les regles*.

In an expedition intended by the governor-general to act against Batavia, Colonel Wellesley was appointed second in command, under General Baird: another proof, if any were wanting, of the complete restoration of the friendship between them: but in consequence of a disagreement of the governor-general with Admiral Rainer, who was to have commanded the fleet intended for that expedition, it was hastily abandoned: the army under Baird joined Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt, and Colonel Wellesley was restored to his command in the Mysore, and proceeded in December to Trincomalee.

The cause of this does not appear to be very clearly made out, and the only light which gleams upon it is shown in the following letter to Sir David Baird:

February 21st, 1801.

"My dear General,

"I have just received a letter from Lord Wellesley, dated the 24th January, by which I am informed that you are appointed to take the

command of the body of troops which have been hitherto under my orders; that you were likely to leave Calcutta for Trincomalee, towards the end of the month, and that the object was an expedition against the Dutch settlement in Java. You will probably be much surprised to find that I have left the island of Ceylon with the troops, and have gone towards Bombay, and I write you this letter to explain the motives which urged me to take this step without waiting for orders from the governor-general.

"On the 7th of February, I received from the Governor of Fort St. George, a copy of a letter from Mr. Dundas to Lord Wellesley, dated the 6th of October, calling for the co-operation of a body of troops from India, in an attack upon Egypt. As the troops were collected in Ceylon, partly with a view of answering this call, I conceived it to be my duty to proceed immediately towards the rendezvous pointed out by Mr. Dundas; and I go to Bombay because I understand that it will not materially retard the arrival of the fleet in the Red Sea; because I know that the troops are in want of provisions which can be furnished at Bombay only, and because I am desirous of receiving the orders of the governor-general before I proceed finally to the Red Sea.

"In my opinion, the letter from Mr. Dundas, which I have above mentioned, will make a considerable alteration in the plan which the governor-general had, on the 24th of January, and that he will in consequence be obliged either to relinquish the attack upon Batavia entirely, or to provide another body of troops for that purpose. I therefore proceed on my voyage, notwithstanding that I have received his orders of the 24th of January.

"It is true that the number of European troops called for in Egypt is not equal to that which I have with me at present, although the number of natives is greater; and I might immediately send back to Trincomalee some of the European troops, in order to give Lord Wellesley an opportunity of sending both expeditions, if he should think it proper.

"Upon the last notion I must observe, that I do not think it probable that he will wish to send both expeditions; if he should wish it, I shall know on my arrival at Bombay, from the tenor of his orders to Mr. Duncan; and I can immediately send back to Ceylon the troops which it may be intended to employ upon the expedition to Batavia. These will arrive at Ceylon long before the period for sailing will come round.

"As I before observed to you, I do not think it probable that Lord Wellesley would wish to send both expeditions; he will send that to Egypt only, and as I know that it was his intention to give you the command of this body of troops, in case they should go to Egypt, I recommend you to come to Bombay, and take the command of them without loss of time. If Lord Wellesley should determine to send both expeditions, and if he should wish that you should command that

to Batavia, you will be with the troops which must go on that service. On the other hand, if he should determine to send troops to Egypt only, you will be late unless you proceed to Bombay immediately."

This was a bold course for a junior officer to take, and probably would not have been attempted by any one but a brother of the governor-general. His excellency did not approve of the step, and it did not prevent General Baird from proceeding to Trincomalee to make preparations for his expedition against Egypt.

Colonel Wellesley, in the March of the following year, had the extreme gratification to receive, through the governor-general, a dispatch from the Duke of York, bearing testimony of the Duke's estimation of his valuable services in Holland; and what pleasure he should have in recommending to his majesty the name of the colonel to be placed (with the rank of Major General) on the staff of India, as soon as his time of service would admit of.

This distinction, however merited, was not conferred by the Marquis Wellesley; and it appears, from a subsequent correspondence between the brothers, that Colonel Wellesley felt himself much hurt at the non-approval of the step he had taken in going to Bombay; and accordingly we find him writing, on the 23rd March, 1801, from that presidency, a most energetic letter to the governor-general, in vindication of his conduct, and in which he sets forth very good reasons for its adoption. These reasons were not, however, deemed sufficient; for we find the colonel, sending a letter to his brother Henry, dated Bombay, March 23rd, in which he says, "I shall always consider these expeditions as the most unfortunate circumstances for me, in every point of view, that could have occurred, and as such I shall always lament them."

Again, on the subject of his supercession, "I then ask you, has there been any change of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command? If there has not (and no one can say there has, without doing injustice to the governor-general's foresight), my supercession must have been occasioned by my own misconduct, or by an alteration of the sentiments of the governor-general. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured toward those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estates in Hungary. I did not look, and did not wish for the appointment which was given to me; and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the governments on the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.

"I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought to have no weight in causing either my original appointment or my

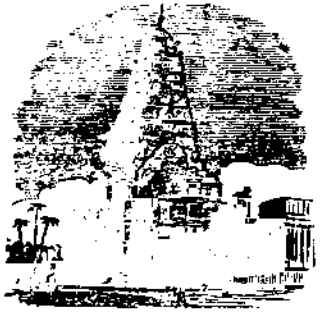
supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by the government upon the occasion.

"However, I have neither lost my health, my spirits, nor temper, in consequence thereof."

In the former, however, the colonel was deceived, for we find that he was seized with an intermittent fever, which, being accompanied with a violent eruption, had conduced probably to his ultimate recovery, although it left him exceedingly weak, and superinduced a complaint, the nature of which puzzled the wise heads of the faculty to give it a name; but for which a cold climate was recommended. He, however, returned to Seringapatam, in May, 1801. "I must stay here," said he, in one of his letters, "as long as the season will permit, and then I propose to go round to Madras, and if I cannot get well, I believe I must try a cold climate." This was from Bombay, April 1801. His health appears to have so improved as to render the alternative of a sojourn in a "cold climate" unnecessary; as we find him, shortly after this period, engaged in preparing his official reports upon the state of Seringapatam: most important and valuable documents, and which would have done honour to an older head.

His promotion was now most rapid; he was made Brigadier General, and on the 29th April, 1802, he was promoted to the rank of Major General. At this period, the great Marhatta war commenced.

The Marhattas were a bold predatory tribe, who by "right of conquest" had extended their sway from Delhi, on the north, to the river Toombuddra, on the south; little less than one thousand miles. It comprehended the Delhi, Agra, Assinare, Mulwa, Geizerat, Candiesh, Baglana, Visiapoor, Konkan, Berar, Cuttack, Doulutabad; the population of which could not be less than forty millions, comprising various nations and tribes, nearly the whole of whom were Hindoos, with perhaps a tenth of Mahometans.



This immense empire was then divided amongst five chiefs, subject to the Peshwah or head chief, and whose combined forces are said to have numbered one hundred thousand infantry, and two hundred thousand cavalry.

We cannot suppose our readers so ignorant of Indian history, as to render a description necessary of the causes of this war; we shall proceed at once, therefore, to delineate such portions of it only as pertain to the part taken in it by Major General Wellesley.

Holkar having beaten Scindia, the general of the Peshwah's forces, and advanced upon Poonah, the latter claimed protection of the company, who agreed to afford assistance against Holkar, on the Peshwah's

ceding a sufficient territory for a subsidiary force, and discharging all foreign troops from his service.

The government of Madras ordered an army of nineteen thousand men, under General Stuart, to take the field on the north west frontier of Mysore. At the same time, the Bombay army was equally ready at Hyderabad. A detached corps of twelve thousand British and native troops, commanded by General Wellesley, crossed the Toombuddra, and directed their march to Poonah, supported at the same time by a subsidiary force from the Deccan;* having been informed that Amrut Rao, one of Holkar's chiefs, was advancing rapidly to "sack the city." The extraordinary march of thirty miles in sixty hours, in such a climate, put General Wellesley in possession of Poonah before the enemy could effect his object. Major Sherer, in his military memoirs, gives such a pathetic description of the influence of the climate upon European soldiers that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

"The climate and season considered (April), this was a prodigious exertion for the European part of his force; indeed for all. It is remarkable, however, but true, that for a brief campaign, the Europeans in India, from their pride and energy, and from a certain vigour of original constitution, will endure hardship, exposure to the sun, and fatigue, better than the majority of the natives; but afterwards alas! they pay the heavy price of their exertions. When the moral excitement has passed away, they often sink into supineness; disease invades them, and the gallant fellows wither into yellow and bloodless men, and while scarcely at mid-age they die. It is well to remark these things, for thousands upon thousands of soldiers in all armies, and in all countries, sink down into early graves which their own services have dug, without the *éclat* of battle, without one leaf of laurel to mingle with the unwelcome cypress."

The enemy, under Amrut Rao, did not make any stand against that portion of General Wellesley's force which had taken possession of Poonah, but retreated to a considerable distance. It was at this period that he attempted to detach Amrut from his adherence to Holkar. He thus describes the consequences of the enemy's temporary occupation of the country: "They have not left a stick standing at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from Poonah; they have eaten the forage and grain, have pulled down the houses, and have used the materials for fire-wood, and the inhabitants have fled with their cattle. Excepting in one village, I have not seen a human creature since I quitted the neighbourhood of Meritch; so that the result of your omitting to make some arrangement for the Peshwah, which was to occasion the re-establishment of his power, must have been the invasion of the Nizam's territories, if only for the subsistence of those multitudes in Holkar's suite, on their march to the countries to the southward of the Kistna. This last course might

* The Deccan country is situate between the Nerbudda and the Kistna.

have procrastinated the evil, as they might in those countries have found subsistence for another year; but then their next step would have been to seek it in the company's territories; the very sources from which we should have been obliged to draw our supplies in the contest which must have ensued."

From his camp at Panowallah (in advance of Poonah), we find General Wellesley making a combined movement with Colonel Stevenson, who had the command of the Nizam's army, and the subsidiary force at Gardoon, to the northward, intending to prevent Scindiah (the Killadar of Darwar), and the Rajah of Berar, who it was suspected would join the confederacy against the company, from making a dash at Hyderabad.

Being invested by the governor-general with fuller powers, and having already, by able negociation, detached Amrut Rao from the confederacy, General Wellesley next opened a correspondence with Scindiah, with a similar object, but this having no favourable result, he directed an attack to be made upon the fort at Barouch, and took the field himself on the 12th August. His first object was the town and fort of Ahmednugger on the plain. Between the two, a large body of horse was encamped, and the town itself was occupied by a body of Arabs, and a battalion of Scindiah's infantry. The walls of the town are very lofty, and covered by towers *without ramparts*, which the Arabs defended with great obstinacy, but they were at last forced to retire, and the British were warmly attacked by Scindiah's infantry, who were beaten back. Still the fort held out, and it was only when a battery was opened upon it the following morning, that it capitulated.

This was an important position, situate as it was on the frontier of the Nizam, and covering Poonah; and was considered by General Wellesley second only in importance to that of Vellore, in the Carnatic,*



From Ahmednugger he advanced on the Godavery, taking possession of Scindiah's territories on the south banks, and prepared to cross it in force, on the 18th, in a position north of the Nimderrah

* The Carnatic is situate to the south of the Kistna.

Ghaut, in his progress to Aurungabad; and on the 21st, in camp at Senboogaum, between which and the 24th, we find that he had crossed to the north of Godavery, and pitched his camp at Toka. At this time, Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had not violated the Nizam's territories, having Colonel Stevenson closely watching them. On his advance beyond Aurungabad, he learned that the emeny had passed Colonel Stevenson with horse only, and was proceeding upon the Godavery; and he writes with confidence of being able to strike an effective blow upon the clouds of the enemy's cavalry. Shortly after these movements, Colonel Stevenson having taken the fort of Jalnapoor, the enemy moved more to the southward and the eastward. On arriving at Pepulgaum, he learned that Hyderabad was threatened, when he by a rapid movement prevented the intended visit; the enemy returned to the northward, Barouch was taken by storm, and a horse camp was attacked with great gallantry by Colonel Stevenson, and completely dispersed.

On the 20th September General Wellesley was at Golah Pangree and found himself before an enemy more formidable than hitherto. The army opposed to him was now reinforced by sixteen battalions of foot, and a large train of artillery, commanded by French officers; it was evident that he was thus concentrating his forces to make some great attack near Bokerdun. The taking of the fort of Powaugur led to the battle of Assye. It is now that we see General Wellesley, for the first time, as the great moving power of a general engagement.

Having arranged with Colonel Stevenson, for a combined attack on the enemy's positions, that officer was detached by a western route, while the general proceeded by the eastern one, passing the defiles between Buanapoor and Jalna at the same time. Finding the enemy was collected in vast masses near to Bokerdun, the general advanced to Naulniah, and resolved to risk a battle.

We shall insert Major Sherer's account of this successful engagement, because it contains some vivid statements which the general's despatches withheld, with that modesty which is so identified with his character. "The camp colours were plucked from the ground, and the little army of Wellesley (four thousand five hundred strong) moved on, with the 19th light dragoons, and three regiments of native cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell; the general himself advanced to reconnoitre. The infantry followed; after a march of about four miles, from an elevated plain in front of their right, he beheld the Marhatta camp.* A host of nearly fifty thousand combatants, with horse and foot artillery, lay strongly posted behind the river Kaitna. A smaller stream, called the Juah flowed, and its water joined those of the Kaitna, at a point considerably beyond their left; having there

* The varied colours of the tents, each disposed around its own chieftain's banner with order or regularity, with "streets crossing and winding in every direction, displayed a variety of merchandise, as in a great fair. Jewellers, smiths, and mechanics, were all attending minutely to their occupations, and all as busily employed, as if they were at Poonah, and in peace."—*Victories of the British Army.*

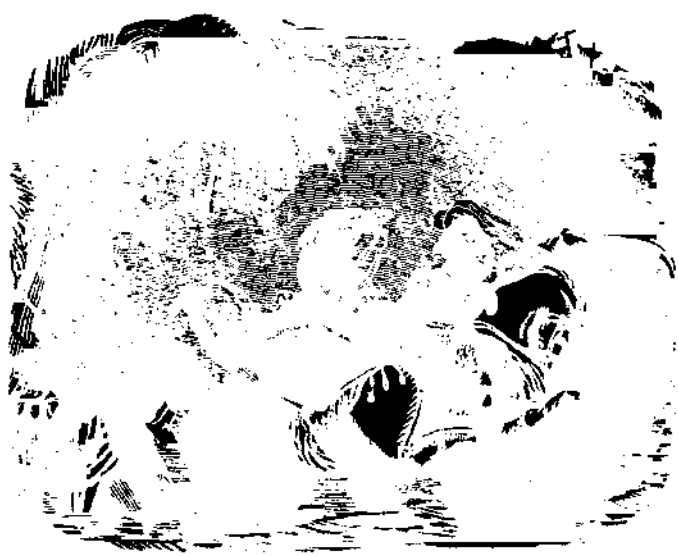
vacant peninsulated piece of ground of some space. The line of the enemy ran east and west, along the northern bank of the Kaitna. The infantry lay upon the left, and all the guns. The position of this wing was a little retired upon the Juah, having its *point d'appui* on the village of Assye, which leaned upon that river. The right consisted entirely of cavalry. The north bank of the Kaitna is high, rocky, and difficult; the first, for the most part, is unassailable.

"Upon his bay Arabian sat Wellesley, just opposite the enemy's right, then distant about a mile and a half, presenting to his view, in one magnificent mass, thirty thousand horses. The cavalry under Maxwell formed one brilliant line, and remained steady;—Wellesley with rapid glance surveyed the ground. From beneath the thick plumes of red horse hair, which drooped over their bronze cheeks, the manly eyes of the bold 19th dragoons looked on severely. The General resolved for battle. That this was the calm decision of a consulted judgment is not probable, but 'there is a tide in the affairs of men;'—he felt it swelling in his bosom, and took it at the happy ebb. A body of the enemy's horse moved out, advanced within half



a mile of the British cavalry, and threw out skirmishers, who fired a few shots. Some British troopers were ordered to drive back these skirmishers, and all again was still. The general, observing a spot with a few horses beyond the left of the enemy, where there was probably a ford, and which he saw they had neglected to guard, resolved to pass the Kaitna at that point, to throw his small force on that flank, to attack their infantry and guns, and thus to neutralize

the presence of their vast cavalry, or compel them to bring it into action under very confusing disadvantages, and on a more confined field—a bright and bold conception. The general, bidding Maxwell keep his present ground for a time, went back and brought up the infantry in person; with these last, in steady columns he now moved down the river. They marched silent and firm, every man in his place. It was to be the triumph of discipline. The courage of the heart was to be aided by the quick eye, the obedient ear, and the keeping calmly in the ranks. A cannonade played upon their line of march, as they approached the ford; it was distant and without effect. As they passed up out of the river, and the head of the column gained the clear ground above, a field battery within range opened upon them feebly. It was at this anxious moment of directing with care the formation of the lines for battle, that the orderly dragoon, riding close to the general, had his head torn away by a cannon ball. The horse, feeling the relaxed bridle, and collapsing limb of his rider, fell a trembling, and kicked and plunged frantically, till he got quit of the corpse. An incident not worth the notice, but for the moment of its occurrence, and the trouble it cost to those immediately near.



Under this cannonade General Wellesley formed up his troops in three lines: two of infantry and the third of cavalry, which, as soon as the columns had crossed the ford, rode smartly down from their position, and took battle station in reserve. As a watching check

upon the enemy's right, were left the Mysore horse and some cavalry of the Peshwah's, which marched with our army, but though useful here, they could not be ventured in the fight. The order of battle being skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindiah was compelled to make a new front. They did so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed reached, with its right, up to the Kaitna, and its left upon the village of Assye, on the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially to the leftwards, so numerous and weighty were their guns, and so thickly were they disposed immediately near the village. The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution; the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced, but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell, killed or lacerated, beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle, and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the general rose. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet: with the main body he soon forced and drove back the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge."

To make the picture complete, we must now borrow a little from the despatches of the general himself.

"At length the enemy's line gave way in all directions, and the British cavalry cut in among their broken infantry; but some of their corps went off in good order, and a fire was kept up on our troops from many of the guns from which the enemy had just been driven, by individuals who had been passed by the line, under the supposition that they were dead.*



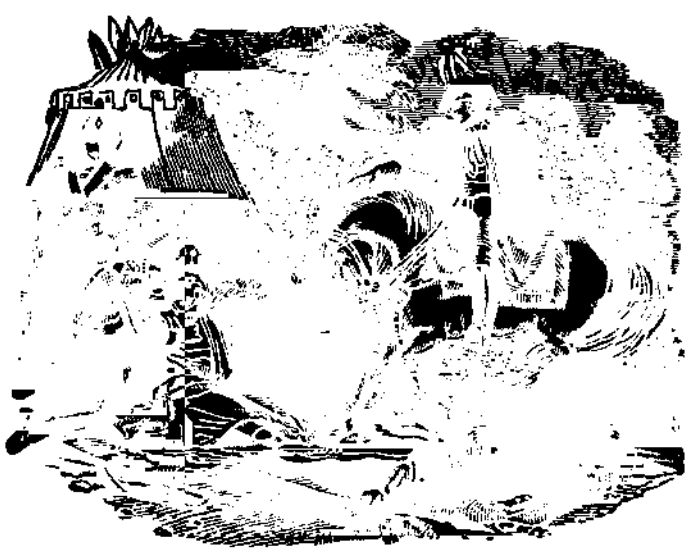
Maxwell's brigade, who had re-formed their ranks, and breathed their horses, dashed into the still disordered ranks of these half-

* "A stratagem often practised by native troops."—*Clarke.*

rallied troops—a desperate slaughter ensued; the Marhattas were totally routed; but the British cavalry lost their chivalrous leader, and in the moment of victory Maxwell died in front of the battle, pressing on the pursuit of a mingled mob of all arms, who were flying in disorder from the field. At length, when the last formed body of infantry gave way, the whole went off, and left in our hands ninety pieces of cannon.

"The victory, which was certainly complete, has cost us dear. The British loss amounted to nearly half their effective force; two thousand two hundred and one killed and wounded. The enemy lost from three thousand to four thousand men. I cannot write in too strong terms of the conduct of the troops. They advanced in the best order, and with the greatest steadiness under a most destructive fire, against a body of infantry far superior in number, who appeared determined to contend with them to the last, and who were driven from their guns only by the bayonet; and notwithstanding the numbers of the enemy's cavalry, and the repeated demonstrations they made of an intention to charge, they were kept at a distance by our infantry.

"The enemy are gone off by the Adjunta Ghaut, and I propose to follow them as soon as I can place my captured guns and wounded in safety.



"Colonel Stevenson arrived this morning at Bokurdun and Jamagine, so that he will be here this evening."

In this battle General Wellesley lost two horses—Diomed (formerly

belonging to Colonel Aston, an old campaigner), and another horse shot under him.

Almost all the staff had their horses either killed or wounded, or were struck in some place or other.

We should commit a gross act of injustice, if we did not insert the following amiable trait of character of General Wellesley, which is borne testimony to by an eye-witness.*

"He sent into every one (Camp Hospital) a dozen of Madeira, from his own stock; and that wine is neither cheap nor plentiful: to-day he was in amongst them before the camp was pitched, making enquiries, which are as honourable to his feelings as they are agreeable and gratifying to the poor invalids."

To shew the estimation in which this brilliant victory was held by the Indian Government, it is only necessary to quote the general orders from Fort William, bearing date October 30th.

"The governor-general, in council, has this day received from the Hon. A. Wellesley, the official report of the signal and splendid victory obtained by the troops under the personal command of that distinguished officer, on the 23rd of September, at Assye in the Deccan, over the combined armies of Dowlat Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. At the close of a campaign of the most brilliant success and glory in every part of India, this transcendant victory demands a testimony of public honour, equal to any which the justice of the British Government in India has ever conferred on the conduct of our officers and troops in the most distinguished period of our military history.

"The governor-general, in council, highly approves the skilful plan formed by Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley, on the 21st of September, for precluding the escape of the enemy, and for reducing their combined army to the necessity of hazarding a general engagement. His excellency, in council, also signifies his approbation of the magnanimity, promptitude, and judgment, with which Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley determined upon the instantaneous attack of the enemy, on the 23rd of September.

"During the severe action which ensued, the conduct of Major General the Hon. A. Wellesley, united a degree of ability, of prudence, and of dauntless spirit, seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

"The governor-general, in council, signifies his warmest applause of the exemplary order and steadiness with which the troops advanced, under a most destructive fire, against a body of the enemy's infantry, considerably superior in number, and determined to oppose vigorous resistance to our attack. The numerous infantry of the enemy were driven from their powerful artillery, at the point of the bayonet, with an alacrity and resolution truly worthy of British soldiers! and the firmness and discipline manifested by our brave infantry, in repelling

* Major General Sir J. Nichols.

the great body of the enemy's cavalry, merit the highest commendation."

But the moral consequence of this splendid victory was greater even than its military glory. It taught the native powers to believe that the British army could overcome every obstacle opposed to them; and, at the same time, lessened their opinion of the French officers who commanded their artillery, and who had promised, by its power, to annihilate the "fated army," as they called it; but above all, it led to distrust among the chiefs of the confederacy.

The very strong fortresses of Barhampoor and Asseerghur, capitulated immediately; and this enabled General Wellesley to ascend the Ghaunt in pursuit of the Rajah of Berar: he accomplished a march of one hundred and twenty-eight miles in eight days! and not only drove that chief to his own country (which he had no great difficulty to do) but entirely freed the Nizam from the attacks of the marauder.

One of the early effects of these rapid movements was, an offer of negociation from Scindiah for a suspension of arms, which was complied with by General Wellesley. This was a hollow truce on the part of Scindiah; but the general was not a man to be turned from his purpose by such flimsy stratagems; for, finding a part of the enemy's cavalry still in conjunction with the troops of the Rajah of Berar, making demonstrations, he resolved immediately to attack him. This was done on the instant, by the army forming two lines, the infantry first, and the cavalry in the second line supporting the right; the Mogul and Mysore cavalry on the left, with the right rather advanced, in order to press upon the enemy's left. The action began by a furious attack of Persian troops upon the 74th and 78th regiments, who maintained with them a desperate conflict at close quarters; and the former were wholly destroyed. At the same moment the cavalry of Scindiah charged the left of the British, and were repulsed with great slaughter. This was the signal for a general flight; and the whole of the enemy gave way, and scampered off in all directions, leaving the British masters of the field, and in possession of thirty-eight pieces of cannon, all their ammunition, tents, &c.

The enemy were pursued for several miles by the British cavalry, an immense body of baggage was captured, and their army completely routed. It is somewhat strange, that in this battle, which presented nothing like the formidable difficulties as that of Assye, that three entire battalions, which had displayed great bravery at the latter, upon being broken, were actually running away, and the general himself had no ordinary task to rally them, and bring them back to their duty.

General Wellesley continued to pursue his advantage against the Rajah of Berar, and encamped before the strong fortress of Gaisilghur, where we find him in December, 1803; the siege of which he was pressing most vigorously.

This fort is extremely strong, from its natural situation; being erected in a range of mountains between the sources of the Poonah and Taptee rivers. It stands on a lofty mountain in the very heart of this range, and consists of a complete inner fort, which fronts to the south where the rock is steepest. There is also an outer fort, which covers the approach from the north by the village of Labada; and all the walls are strongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. The communications with the whole works are through three gates; one to the south, with the inner fort; one to the north-west, with the outer fort, and one with the north wall. The ascent to the first is very steep, and is only practicable for troops; that to the second is wider, and is by a road formed for the communications of the garrison with the southern countries, but passing round to the west side of the fort, and exposed for a considerable distance to its fire; it is, besides, so narrow, as to make it impracticable for regular approaches, and the rock is scarped on each side; nor does it lead further than the gate. The communication by the northern gate is direct with the village of Labada, and in its direction the ground is level with that of the fort; but the road leads through the mountains for about thirty miles from Elichpoor, from whence the labour and difficulty of moving ordnance and stores were great in the extreme.

The batteries had made a breach, and the troops were ordered to storm; which they did in the most gallant style. Carrying the north-west gate, they escaladed the walls of the inner fort, when the place surrendered. This was the last effort of the haughty Rajah, who was now forced to submit to the terms dictated to him by General Wellesley, who, with consummate judgment, made his treaty with the Rajah alone, thus dividing his interests from that of Scindiah.

The Rajah, by this treaty, ceded to the company the provinces of Cuttach and Balasore, and bound himself never to keep in his service the subject of any power or state which might be at war with Great Britain. Thus, Scindiah finding himself without a single ally (for Holkar had never really taken part in the confederacy, although he tried to do a "little war" on his own account afterwards) was glad to treat upon any terms: and a most favourable peace for the company was made with him on the 30th of December, 1803.

General Wellesley had the gratification to receive the thanks of the governor-general, in council, as well as his brother's private approval of his conduct, both as a diplomatist and in his military capacity, for his splendid achievements, and the success and judgment he had shewn during the whole of this brilliant and successful campaign.

In writing to the governor-general upon the motives which influenced him to attack Scindiah at the battle of Argaum, which might be thought a violation of the armistice, he says: "I am delighted to find that you are pleased with our battle of Argaum. I do not know whether I detailed the causes of the departure from the armistice, in

this instance, in any of my public or private letters, but they appear fully on the minutes of the conferences.

"The fact was, that Scindiah complied with none of the conditions of the armistice, which had not been ratified at that time, and I attacked him, as I gave notice to his Vakeels that I should, on the succeeding day. They thought he was at too great a distance from me; and the intention of both Scindiah and Vincajee Bhoonslah, in drawing up their army, and apparently offering battle, was to impose upon the troops, and induce them to believe that we wanted confidence in our own strength. They would have drawn off at night, and we should have been obliged to fight a more desperate battle, in a position more favourable to the enemy under the guns of Gawilghur."

At this time he was suffering severely from the effects of the climate, particularly from lumbago, brought on by continual camp residence, and its consequent exposure. In April he returned to Bombay, where he was received in the most flattering manner—fully merited by his distinguished services—and was presented with a number of congratulatory addresses from various classes of the inhabitants.

A monument was erected also at Calcutta, in commemoration of the battle of Assye; he was presented by the citizens with a valuable sword, and by his own officers with an elegant gold vase. This costly



present was accompanied by the following address:—"The officers who served with the division of the army under your immediate command in the Deccan, are desirous of presenting you a pledge of their respect and esteem, and to express the high idea they possess of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguish you, they

request your acceptance of a golden vase, of the value of two thousand guineas, on which it is proposed to record the principal event that was decisive of the campaign in the Deccan.

"In conveying to you this mark of their esteem, they sincerely add their wishes for your future welfare and prosperity; and their hopes that when the public claims on your talents allow you repose, this vase may give pleasure to your social habits, by bringing to your remembrance events that add so much to your renown."

It is only necessary to recapitulate the effects of his brilliant services, and the results of the campaign, to prove how deserving General Wellesley was of the honours which he received. "From the 8th of August," says the official despatch of the Marquis Wellesley, "the day on which hostilities commenced, until the 1st of November, a short period of three months, the British army had conquered all the possessions of Scindiah in Guzerat; the City of Burhampoor, the Province of Cuttack, the Cities of Agra and Delhi, the fortified town of Ahmednugger, and the Fort of Alyghur, had been taken by storm, and five others reduced by capitulation.

"The enemy had been defeated in three general engagements at Delhi, Assye, and Laswarrah; and had taken two hundred and sixty-eight pieces of ordnance, five thousand stands of arms, two hundred and fifteen tumbrels, and fifty-one stands of colours, with a large quantity of stores, baggage, camp equipage and ammunition in the field; whilst the captures in the various forts amounted to four hundred and forty-five pieces of ordnance, making the total number seven hundred and thirteen. The rapid progress and happy result of these successful operations had restored the Peshwah to his sovereign authority at Poonah, and cemented the British alliance with that prince; had secured the succession of the legitimate heir of the Nizam, protected the British interests at Hyderabad from injury, and had confirmed the treaties by which the French were expelled from the Deccan; and, finally, had delivered the aged and unfortunate Emperor of Hindostan (the descendant of a long line of moguls), from misery and bondage."

Previous to General Wellesley's departure for Europe, which took place in March, 1805, in H.M.S. Trident, a series of fêtes, dinners, &c., was given to him by both the civil and military departments, and universal regret was felt on his leaving India. His excellency the governor-general, having resigned his high office, accompanied his gallant brother to Europe.



THE COMBAT OF ROLICA.

CHAPTER II.

1805—1808

DEPARTURE FOR HANOVER. MARRIAGE.—EXPEDITION TO COPENHAGEN.—WAR IN SPAIN.—SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.—CAMPAIGN IN PORTUGAL.—COMBAT OF ROLICA.—BATTLE OF VIMIERO. CONVENTION OF CINTRA.—BATTLE OF CORUNNA.—DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.



URING a short period, upon his return to England, Sir Arthur Wellesley remained unemployed. An expedition having been prepared to re-conquer Hanover, an army of thirteen thousand men, commanded by Lord Cathcart, sailed from the Downs in November, 1805, and landed at Bremen, where it was well received, and had every prospect of success. In this army Sir Arthur Wellesley filled an important office on the staff, and commanded a brigade.

The success of Bonaparte at Austerlitz soon disappointed those pleasing hopes; and the expedition returned to England, without accomplishing any object beyond creating some alarm.

Sir Arthur was now appointed to a home command, and was returned to Parliament, for the Borough of Rye, in Sussex; and made his maiden speech in the House in defence of his brother's government of India.

The charges were brought by Mr. Paull, and the principal of them "were, for having applied one million and a half to purposes not sanctioned by the company, and for having expended twenty-five thousand pounds per annum illegally; to purposes of ostentation and splendid profusion in his official establishment, which ought to have

come out of his own salary." It is scarcely necessary to say that the motion for a select committee of inquiry was negatived by a large majority; although upon various pretences, the debate was protracted for some time.

We must not omit to notice, that among his early parliamentary efforts was his able exposition of the absurd plan, then in contemplation by the government, of transporting negro troops from the West India Islands, and occupying their place by Sepoys, under the ridiculous idea, that by such interchange, to render the employment of Europeans unnecessary. To those who have the slightest knowledge of India, such a proposition could only create the most unbounded ridicule. Suffice it to say, that Sir Arthur Wellesley, in a clear and lucid speech, convinced the house of the utter impracticability of the scheme, and it was consequently abandoned.

On the death of the Marquis Cornwallis, then colonel of the 33rd regiment, Sir Arthur Wellesley was named to succeed him; having been its lieutenant-colonel thirteen years, and present with it for almost the whole of that time, during a period of active service.

A change of administration taking place at this time, and the late Duke of Richmond being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Sir Arthur Wellesley was made chief secretary. In the performance of the onerous duties of this office, if Sir Arthur did not display the shining qualities which have since distinguished some who have held that office, he evinced a sincere desire to make many local improvements; and this, together with his punctual business habits, more than compensated for the absence of more brilliant qualities as a statesman—many of which are shining, 'tis true, but shallow. Amongst the most useful of his labours, was the "Registration of Arms Bill" for Ireland, which, after much opposition, passed into law.

It was at this period that he married the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford. There was a somewhat romantic circumstance connected with the betrothment, which may be now mentioned without wounding female delicacy. It is said that the gallant soldier was engaged to his "ladye love" previous to his departure for India, and that, during his absence, that destructive enemy to female beauty, the small pox, attacked the lady, and its ravages had materially lessened her personal charms. It is also said that she offered to release the hero from his vows; but he, with the most chivalrous honour, refused this, and they were united accordingly.

It is not likely, however, that such an active spirit as Sir Arthur Wellesley would long remain idle, and we find him appointed to the command of the army of reserve, intended to act against Copenhagen.

It is impossible, even though at so great a distance of time, to speak of this expedition without a feeling of shame—for so gross a violation of international law was, perhaps, never committed. It is not our province, however, to draw the curtain which time has thrown o'er as base a transaction as ever reflected dishonour upon a nation

calling itself civilized; we have only to regret that, in the performance of our duty, we should have occasion to refer to it at all. In this unholy cause, an army, consisting of twenty thousand men, was placed under the command of Lord Cathcart, and a large fleet, under that of Admiral Gambier, one division of which was sent to the Great Belt, to blockade the Island of Zealand, and the other by the Sound to Copenhagen. It will be recollected, that the object of this large armament was to seize upon the Danish fleet (that of a friendly power), because the British minister *suspected* that it was the intention of Bonaparte to take possession of it, in furtherance of his design to raise up a naval power to oppose Great Britain, and thus to close the Baltic against our commerce. Even if this idea was ever entertained (and there are great doubts of it) we committed an injustice to prevent the possibility of our doing the like!

A proclamation was issued by the commander-in-chief, that if the Danes were willing to deposit their fleet with Great Britain, then the hostile force should be withdrawn. Thus insult being added to the injustice of the demand, the spirit of that gallant nation was roused, and all ranks flew to arms, animated with the most patriotic feelings. But, as in the case of unhappy Poland, might prevailed over right, and success attended upon injustice.



The atrocious bombardment of Copenhagen was carried on at an immense sacrifice of human life. Several of the public buildings were

destroyed, and the city set fire to in several places. At last the Danes, having done all that honour could dictate, or courage accomplish, and as the only means of saving their capital from total destruction, consented to deliver up their fleet.

The only operations of any consequence on land were carried on by Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the Island of Zealand. He wrote to the Commander in Chief from Rioge, which he had just taken possession of, that "The loss of the enemy has been very great; many have fallen, and there are nearly sixty officers and one thousand one hundred men prisoners. In their flight they have thrown away their arms and clothing; and many stands of the former have fallen into our hands. I believe that we have taken ten pieces of cannon; but I have not yet received all the reports from the detachments employed in the pursuit of the enemy."

Sir Arthur Wellesley was the chief officer employed in the negociation with the Danish authorities, for the final arrangements of the surrender of the fleet, and in which he displayed his usual promptitude and decision.*

On the return of the army to England, Sir Arthur Wellesley resumed his place in the House of Commons, where the first duty which devolved upon him was to return his acknowledgments for the vote of thanks granted to him, and the other general officers employed in the expedition to Copenhagen.

We now approach to a period when the great field was opened for the exercise of those brilliant military talents which he afterwards displayed—the Peninsular war; and it may not be altogether foreign to our purpose to state the causes which led to that tremendous struggle, and in which our glory and our interests were so identified—the maintaining of the independence of the Spanish and Portuguese nations.

The ambition of Napoleon, which sought almost universal empire, coupled with the acknowledged weakness of the Spanish and Portuguese monarchs, (particularly the former, who added to his imbecility, corruption and baseness of every kind) prompted the French Emperor to offer his mediation to arrange the differences between Charles IV., the then King of Spain, and his rebellious son, the Prince of Asturgas afterwards Ferdinand VII. Nothing could exceed the infamous state of the Court of Spain at this period. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace,† was the avowed paramour of the profligate queen, while Ferdinand, her son, was maturing (by the aid of the priests) a conspiracy against his sovereign and father, in the hope of placing himself upon the throne.

Napoleon, while he pretended to favour each party, was playing

* We are happy to record, that an act of tardy justice (after thirty-two years) has been rendered to some of the sufferers in this infamous attack. Parliament voted £75,000, to satisfy the claims of those who grievously suffered by it.

† Principe del Paz.—Southey's Peninsular War, Vol. 1, p. 64.

a deeper game to foil all, held out the lure of dividing the kingdom of Portugal between them; thus one part was to form a principality for Godoy, a second for the queen, and the lion's share was to belong to France.* In furtherance of these "honourable" views, a combined army of Spaniards and French, under Junot, was to occupy Lisbon: the cowardice of the King of Portugal, and the voluntary expatriation of the royal family to the Brazils, greatly favoured the apparent accomplishment of these designs.

Alarmed at what had taken place at Lisbon, the weak and vacillating Charles abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand, who was proclaimed king of Spain. To aid in the peaceful establishment of his kingdom, Murat, one of Napoleon's generals, marched upon Madrid. Immediately upon the entrance of the French into the capital, Charles IV. repudiated his act of abdication, alleging that it was forced upon him. Murat, consequently, (in the name of his master), refused to recognise Ferdinand as king. This was throwing off the mask too soon—a little more *finesse* was necessary before the curtain was drawn. Ferdinand was accordingly invited to Bayonne, to meet the Emperor Napoleon, and settle the preliminaries of a marriage with one of the Imperial family. Ferdinand did go; and was then informed that the fiat was issued, and "the House of Bourbon had ceased to reign in Spain," as that of Braganza had been summarily disposed of in Portugal, and Ferdinand found himself also a prisoner! This, together with the release from prison of the detested Godoy, roused the whole of Spain to action.

The first outbreak of the people was at Toledo, in 1806, which was easily put down by Dupont's corps. This was followed by insurrections at Aranjuez and Madrid. The rioters sacked the house of the obnoxious favourite, Manuel Godoy; the prince of the peace secreted himself from the fury of the mob, but his retreat being discovered, he was maltreated, and on the point of being killed, when the soldiers of the royal guard rescued him. Secret assassinations were nightly thinning the ranks of the French, both of officers and soldiers.

The most severe measures were adopted in Madrid to check these disorders, and for a time succeeded; but the great cities had already caught the patriotic influence, and Cadiz, Seville, Carthagena, Toledo, Vittoria, Valencia, Barcelona, &c., were in arms against the French, and great excesses were committed, particularly at Valencia:—"Grenada had its murders; Carthagena rivalled Cadiz in ruthless cruelty, and Valencia was foul with slaughter. Don Miguel de Saavedra, the governor of that city, was killed, not in the fury of the moment, for he escaped the first danger and fled, but being pursued and captured, was brought back and deliberately sacrificed. Bal-

* By one of the articles of this treaty, Spain was bound to assist France with an army against Sweden; and thirty thousand of her best troops, under Romana, were accordingly joined to the French army acting against the Swedes, at the very moment that Ferdinand was made prisoner at Bayonne.

thazar Calvo, a canon of the church of St. Isidro, then commenced a massacre of the French residents. For twelve days unchecked he



traversed the streets of Valencia, followed by a band of fanatics, brandishing their knives, and filling all places with blood: many hundred helpless people fell the victims of his thirst for murder; and at last, emboldened by the impunity he enjoyed, Calvo proceeded to threaten the junta itself; but there his career was checked. Those worthy personages, who (with the exception of Mr. Tupper, the English consul, then a member), had calmly witnessed his previous violence, at once found the means to crush his power when their own safety was concerned. The canon, being in the act of braving

their authority, was seized by stratagem, imprisoned, and soon afterwards strangled, together with two hundred of his band."*

The council of Castile, and the municipal authorities at Madrid (the mere puppets of Murat) first declared the throne vacant. then proceeded to the election of a new king; and their choice (if choice it could be called) fell upon Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother of Napoleon.

The new monarch took possession of his unenviable dignity on the 25th of June, and was proclaimed king at Madrid, amidst the thunders of the French artillery.

Insurrection now became general. The Asturias began the bold movement, established a local junta, and despatched two noblemen to seek the aid of England; Cadiz quickly followed the example, and, with the assistance of the British squadron, under Sir Charles Cotton, seized upon the French fleet in that harbour; the south and other parts of Spain were also in arms; peace was made with England, and immediate assistance promised.

The surrender of Dupont's army,† and the check which Moncey received before Valencia, animated the patriots to the most gallant exertions, and the most dreadful sacrifices. Palafox (a subaltern in the Spanish guards), who displayed considerable military talents, had, with some hastily gathered followers, made a noble stand at Tudela, disputed with him the passage of the Ebro, and, although routed by superior numbers, fell back upon Saragossa—the heroic defence of which stands prominently out for acts of daring courage, which the world's history can scarcely parallel;—soldiers, peasants, priests, and women, shared alike the dangers and glories of this memorable siege. The city was regularly invested by the enemy, under Lefebre Desnouttes, on the right bank of the Ebro. The town was surrounded by a low brick wall, presented no regular defences, and possessed very few guns in a state fit for service, but the houses were strongly contructed, some of stone, others of brick; they were mostly of two stories high, each story being vaulted so as to be nearly fire proof; the massive walls of the convents, both in and outside the walls of the town, afforded security to the numerous riflemen who lined them. The immediate vicinity of the town is flat, low, and marshy. The river Huerbay runs through the plain on the right, and the convent of St. Joseph covered the bridge over the river, having close to it a hill, called Monte Torrero; on this hill some stone houses were strongly entrenched, and occupied by one thousand two hundred men. The French had cut off the direct communication with Calatayud, and compelled the Baron Versage to retire to Belchite, with his irregular levies. Palafox had possession of the olive grove, and the strip of land between the hill before mentioned, and St. Joseph's convent, but his men, dispirited by their late defeats, were easily driven from their positions, and some indecision on the

* Napier. † The result of the well-fought Battle of Baylen.

part of Palafox, (who was about leaving the city), nearly put the enemy in possession of the place, one gate being actually occupied by them. Saragossa was all but taken; but, from some unexplained cause, the French retired. This gave confidence to the besieged; they redoubled their exertions, raised up defences in the streets, pierced loop-holes for musketry, making ramparts of sand banks, which they set about with so much vigour, that under the guidance of a few engineers, they raised up some formidable defences in twenty-four hours!



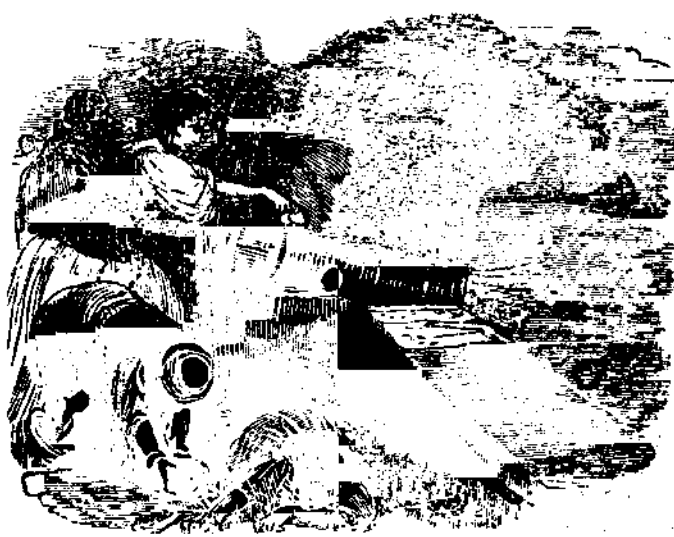
But Palafox, whose conduct appears to have created some suspicion of his fidelity, rashly left the city, and having joined (with some of his troops) Versage, at Belchite, most imprudently offered battle to the enemy, and was quickly beaten; he himself barely escaping with a few troops to Saragossa. In the meantime, Monte Torrero was attacked by Lefebre, and after a courageous defence, was taken by assault on the 27th June, 1808.

On the 30th, the enemy, being reinforced by General Verdier's division, having a large train of battering artillery, attacked the convents of St. Joseph and the Capuchins; at first, they were repulsed with slaughter, but at last succeeded in taking both by assault. The mode of attack was now changed by command of Bonaparte, and entrusted to Verdier only; a bridge was thrown over the Ebro, and the siege continued on its left banks.

During the whole of July, Verdier made several assaults upon the gates of El Carmen and others on the Portillo, but was beaten back with great loss upon all occasions. Being reinforced, the besieged made a sortie with two thousand men, to retake Monte Torrero, but they were defeated with the loss of their commander, and with many wounded, leaving numbers dead on their track to the entrenchments. On the 2nd of August, the enemy opened a tremendous fire against

St. Engracia and Aljaferia, throwing large shells at the same time; these latter were so powerful that they reached the Cosso (public walk), and blew up a powder magazine, by which several houses were destroyed, and numbers of the besieged killed. The sand bag battery, near the gate of Portillo, was still gallantly defended by the Arragonese. It was several times destroyed, but as often reconstructed under a heavy fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery was truly terrible. Six hundred women and children perished during the siege of this city, and above forty thousand of the Spaniards slain.

It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female, which has no parallel for daring intrepidity. Augustina, a fine young woman, twenty-two years of age, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of Portillo, at the very moment when the French had desperately wounded the last artilleryman, (said to be her own lover), who was able to serve the gun. The citizens and soldiers for a moment hesitated to re-man the guns, when Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hand



of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a vow never to quit it alive during the siege. The soldiers and citizens, ashamed of the momentary hesitation, and stimulated by so heroic an example, redoubled their efforts, instantly rushed to the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. For this daring act of intrepidity, Augustina received a small shield of honour, and had the word "Saragossa" embroidered on the sleeve of her gown, with the pay of an artillery-

man. Byron, in his own transcendant manner, has immortalized this heroic act by some splendid poetry:—

"The Spanish maid, arous'd,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the Anlace hath espous'd,
Sung the loud song, and dar'd the deeds of war;
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead,
Stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye, that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace;
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chace.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her, a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve, when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul;
Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall."

Wilkie, the great painter, has transferred it to his canvass with a vividness and truth, almost approaching reality. On the 4th of August, (the besieged refusing to surrender upon terms), the French stormed the city through a breach made in the Convent of St. Engracia, and penetrated as far as the Cosso. Here a terrible conflict was maintained. Every inch of ground was manfully contested—the enemy's cavalry poured in with irresistible impetuosity, and the besieged began to give way. All appeared lost; when the French, in advancing to the bridge over the Ebro, got into some confusion in the Arco de Cineja, a long narrow street, and began to plunder. At this moment they were assailed by a body of the besieged, who had rallied. They drove the enemy back to the Cosso; many of them perishing by the conflagration of the Convent of Francisco, which had been fired by the Spaniards. Night left the combatants opposite each other, on either side of the Cosso. A frightful accident which now occurred increased tenfold the accumulated horrors of this sanguinary contest. The Lunatic Hospital of the city had been taken and fired, and its wretched tenants released. Here were to be seen grinning maniacs, shouting with hideous joy, and mocking the cries of the wounded; there, others, with seeming delight, were dabbling in the crimson fluid

of many a brave heart, which had scarcely ceased to beat; on one side, young and lovely women, dressed in the fantastic trappings of "minds diseased," were nursing headless trunks and mutilated limbs,



which lay scattered around them; while the unearthly cries of the slavering idiot kept up a hideous concert with the shouts of the infuriated combatants; in short, it was a scene of unmingled horror, too fearful for the memory to dwell upon.

After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cosso, in the very centre of the city, and, before the day was closed, were in possession of one half of it. Lefebre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words: "Head Quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation." The brave Spaniard immediately replied, "Head Quarters, Saragossa. War at the knife's point."

The contest which was now carried on stands unparalleled. One side of the Cosso was held by the French soldiery, and the General directed their operations from the Franciscan convent; the opposite side was in possession of the Arragonese, who erected batteries at the end of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French had thrown up. The space between these was covered with the dead. Next day, the powder of the besieged began to fail; but even this dismayed them not; one cry broke from the people wherever Palafox came among them;—"they had still their knives—no capitulation." The night was coming on, and the French were making increased preparations for renewing the attack; at this moment the brother of Palafox entered the city with a convoy of

arms, ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, consisting of some volunteers of Arragon, Swiss and Spanish Guards.

This succour was little expected, and it raised the desperate courage of the citizens to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The war was now carried on from street to street, house to house, and even from room to room—the enemy infuriated to the uttermost by the impediments opposed to them. A priest of the name of Santiago Sass displayed the most undaunted bravery, fighting at the head of the besieged, and cheering and consoling the wounded and the dying. At the head of forty chosen men he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially useful to the defence of this devoted city. This most murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights; more indeed by night than by day; for it was almost certain death to appear by daylight within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the night the combatants frequently dashed across the street, to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there were often carried on into the houses beyond where they fought, from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near to each other, that a Spaniard, in one place, made way under cover of the dead bodies which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons. In the struggle for the piece of artillery thus gallantly seized, the rope broke, and the Spaniards lost their prize at the very moment when they believed themselves sure of it. A new horror accompanied the dreadful circumstances of this memorable siege—pestilence was about to be added to the accumulated terrors of this scene of destruction! Numbers of putrescent bodies, in various stages of decomposition, were strewed thickly around the spot, where the death struggle was still going on—the air was impregnated with the pestiferious miasm of festering mortality; and this, too, in a climate like Spain, and in the month of August! No circumstances appear to have so much embarrassed the besieged like this evil; the only remedy for which was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce; and it would have been certain death to the Arragonese who should have attempted to perform it, but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers; and in this manner the evil was in some degree lessened.

From day to day this heroic defence was kept up with unremitting obstinacy. In vain breaches were made and stormed—the besiegers were constantly repulsed; until, at last, Verdier received orders to retire to Logrono, and the French, after reducing the city almost to ashes, were thus compelled to abandon their attacks and retreat.

In Catalonia, too, the peasantry defeated General Swartz at Bruck, and pursued Chabran's division to the very gates of Barcelona; Girona

made head against the division of Duhesme; and many other cities and towns showed the most determined resistance to the enemy's advance, and made the most heroic efforts for their country's independence.

The same patriotic spirit which had shown itself in various parts of Spain, was not long in finding its way into Portugal; and the city of Oporto was the first to fly to arms. The flame spread quickly to both banks of the Douro, and, although Junot still kept possession of Lisbon, yet the French were constantly harrassed by the continued attacks of the peasantry; who became so bold by their successes, that they at last ventured to engage their enemies in the field, and in this, though worsted, they lost neither their courage nor their hopes. At Coimbra, a considerable city midway between Oporto and Lisbon, they established a Junta, having the bishop of Oporto at its head, and solicited arms and ammunition from England; which being granted, they armed many thousands of both infantry and cavalry.

Such was the state of things when the British Ministers resolved to send an army into Portugal.

A force, consisting of ten thousand men, was accordingly collected at Cork, in June 1808, and the command given to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, while busied in closing his labours as Secretary for Ireland, was surprised to find that the chief command had been transferred to Sir Hew Dalrymple, and the second to Sir Harry Burrard.

Sir Arthur, as previously arranged, preceded the expedition, and went direct to Corunna; where, having had several communications with the Junta of Galicia, it became his decided opinion that the descent should be made upon Portugal, in preference to any part of Spain.

He left Corunna, therefore, joined the fleet, and arrived at Oporto at the latter end of July. Here he found that, although the spirit of the people was decidedly good, yet, from want of organization, they could only muster from five to six thousand infantry, and three hundred cavalry; which could not be considered anything like an army fit to take the field; and even these were so badly disciplined, as to be unable to cope, with any chance of advantage, against such troops as the French.

Previous to determining upon the point most eligible for a landing, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh in these words,* alluding to the future command of the army. He states, "All I can say upon that subject is, that whether I am to command the army or not, or am to quit it, I shall do my best to ensure its success; and you may depend upon it that I shall not hurry the operations, or commence them one moment sooner then they ought to be commenced, in order that I may acquire the credit of the success.

"The government will determine for me in what way they will

* Despatches.

employ me hereafter; whether here or elsewhere. My opinion is, that Great Britain ought to raise, organize, and pay an army in Portugal, consisting of thirty thousand Portuguese troops, and twenty thousand British, including four or five thousand cavalry. This army might operate on the frontiers of Portugal in Spanish Estramadura, and it would serve as a link between the kingdoms of Galicia and Andalusia; it would give Great Britain the preponderance in the conduct of the war in the Peninsular, and, whatever might be the result of the Spanish exertions, Portugal would be saved from the French grasp. You know best whether you could bear the expence, or what part of it the Portuguese Government would or could defray; but if you should adopt this plan, you must send every thing from England—arms, clothing, ammunition, and accoutrements, ordnance, flour, oats, &c. These articles must find their way to the frontier partly by the navigation of the Douro and the Tagus, and partly by other means."

Sir Arthur Wellesley decided upon effecting a landing on the banks of the Mondego river. This was done on August 1st, by the advance guard; on the 2nd a spirited proclamation was issued by him and Admiral Cotton, and was hailed with universal joy by the Portuguese; on the 5th the whole of the troops had disembarked. These being joined by General Spencer's division, made an effective force of twelve thousand three hundred men.

Sir Arthur, with great judgment, though contrary to the advice and urgent request of the Portuguese General (Freire), preferred keeping the coast to marching further into the interior.

Having made preparations for a forward movement, he advanced upon Leyra on the 8th, where he was joined by five thousand Portuguese, but these troops were in such a state of disorganization, that they even plundered the magazine of their ally—the British.

On the 10th he was at Lugar, and on the 13th at Calvario. Here he justly complained of the obstinacy, or something worse, of General Freire, who attempted to thwart the British General in every way, but was at last reduced to reason, principally through the medium of his fears.

We have spoken of Sir Arthur Wellesley only in these operations, because his seniors held but the nominal command at this period, they not having joined the army.

Advancing upon Algobaca (the enemy retreated from his position without firing a shot), and finding that Junot had quitted Lisbon with the reserve, he resolved to give him battle on the 16th, by making an attack on Obidos, which was in advance of, and may be said to command Rolica, which village he intended should be the scene of the first battle.

The enemy were in force of six thousand men, and occupied the village. The British advanced guard, consisting of the 60th and 95th rifles, drove the French out, and pursued them some distance, when

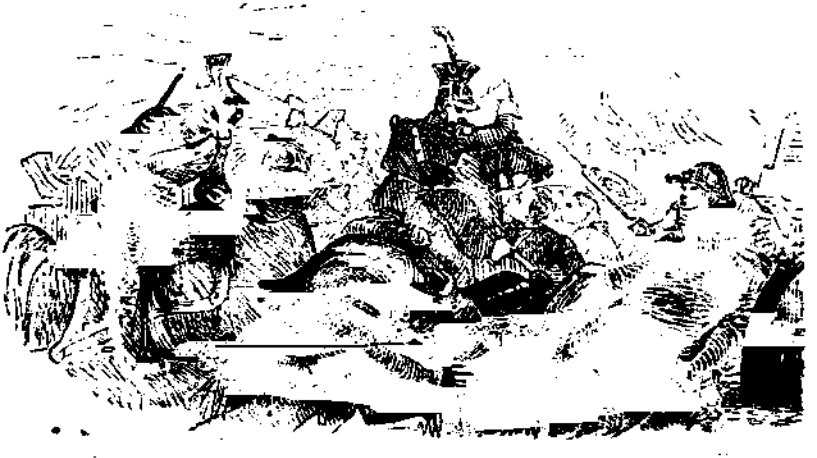
they were attacked by a superior force; but still they retained possession of the village, but the enemy retired.

La Borde, who commanded the French army at Rolica, had, as we have said, about six thousand men, of which five hundred were cavalry. Another division, under Loison, was near at hand, with five thousand more, hastening to the same spot; and Junot, with what troops could be spared from the defence of Lisbon, was in full march to the same point. It was, therefore, the object of Sir Arthur Wellesley to attack the former before his junction with the latter.

With this view he advanced to Villa Verde. The enemy was strongly posted upon the heights of Rolica, in vineyards and olive gardens; the only approach to which was by the valley of Caldas.

The British army advanced in these columns from Obidos (from which the enemy's piquets had been driven by the rifles). The right wing consisted of one thousand two hundred Portuguese and some cavalry, and were ordered to turn the enemy's left, and drive them to the mountains; the left wing was formed of Ferguson's brigade of infantry, three companies of rifles, some light artillery, and a few cavalry, to turn the enemy's right; the centre, consisting of four brigades, under Hill, Crawford, Nightingale, and Fane, four hundred Portuguese infantry, two brigades of artillery, consisting of nine and six pounders, were to attack the enemy's position in front.

The movements were so exactly timed, that the first positions of La Borde were carried, after a most gallant struggle; the enemy retiring quickly, but in order, and took his ground upon a still better position.



Thus far the operations had been completely successful. The centre had retreated, and both flanks of the enemy were threatened but still the fordable mountain passes, particularly those of the

Zambugeira, which was the second line of their position, were to be carried. These were attacked immediately by the different divisions, and after some sharp fighting, those on the left were quickly carried, but La Borde defended his right with great obstinacy and resolution, expecting every moment to receive support from Loison; but at last he was compelled to give way. He made three gallant attempts to retrieve the fortune of the day, and, even at last, made a most skilful retreat, covered by his cavalry. His loss was considerable, and three pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the victors; six hundred are said to have been killed and wounded, La Borde himself being wounded. The British loss was five hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners, including two lieutenant-colonels. At no period of the battle were there more than four thousand British troops engaged. Indeed, the very nature of the ground was such, that those who made the attack were alone in a situation to maintain it.

The consequences of this victory were soon felt. Loison, who was within a day's march of the scene of action, was obliged to fall back upon Torres Vedras, where he joined La Borde. Junot, in advance from Lisbon, had also reached Torres Vedras, where it was thought that they contemplated some combined movement. Wellesley, who was already aware of the arrival of General Anstruther on the coast with a large reinforcement, wisely kept coastwise, and proceeding by Lourinha, arrived at Vimiero, and effected his junction with Anstruther, without the enemy in any way attempting to molest him.

He now found himself at the head of sixteen thousand men, having eighteen pieces of cannon, and resolved to march upon Torres Vedras, and turn the enemy's position before he had time to concentrate his forces; but the *extremely cautious* policy of Sir Harry Burrard, who had just arrived, thwarted him in this determined project.

Fortune, however, destined him a surprise. In the middle of the night, he was apprised of the enemy's approach, under Junot, and the morning saw him making preparations to attack his advanced guard. We shall take the freedom of quoting the account of this battle from a modern author,* with no wish unjustly to appropriate his pages to our own use; but, because it is so exceedingly descriptive, that any one of ours would fall infinitely short of its vivid characteristics.

"Vimiero is a village pleasantly situated in a gentle and quiet valley, through which flows the small river of Maceira. Beyond and to the westward and northward of this village rises a mountain, of which the western point reaches the sea; the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the height, over which passes the road that leads from Lourinha, and the northward to Vimiero. On this mountain was posted the chief part of the infantry, with eight pieces of artillery;

* Alexander's Life of Wellington, p. 216.

General Hill's brigade was on the right, and Ferguson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights, separated from the mountain. Towards the east and south of the town lay a mill, wholly commanded, and most of all on its right, by the mountain to the west side, and commanding also the surrounding ground to the south and east, on which General Fane was posted, with his riflemen and 50th regiment, and General Anstruther's brigade, with the artillery which had been ordered to that position during the night. The ground over which the road passes from Lourinha commanded the left of this height, and it had not been occupied except by a picquet, as the camp had been taken only for one night, and there was no water in the neighbourhood. The cavalry and reserve artillery were in the valley between the hill on which the infantry stood, flanking and supporting the advance of the riflemen.

"About eight o'clock a picquet of the enemy's horse was first seen on the heights towards Lourinha, and, after pushing forward his scouts, soon appeared in full force, with the evident object of attacking the advanced guard and left of the British.

"Immediately four brigades from the mountains on the east moved across the ravine to the heights on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon. They were formed with their right resting upon the heights, and their left upon the other ravine which separates those heights from the range which terminates at the landing place at Maceira. On the last mentioned heights were posted the Portuguese troops, and they were supported by General Crawford's brigade.

"The advanced guard on the heights to the south and east side being sufficiently strong, General Hill moved to the centre of the mountain, where stood the great body of the infantry as a support to these troops, and as a resource to the whole army, in addition to the support of the cavalry in the rear of their right.

"The enemy opened his attack in strong columns against the entire body of troops on this height; on the left they advanced through the fire of the riflemen, close up to the 50th regiment, until they were checked and driven back by that regiment at the point of the bayonet. The French infantry in these divisions were commanded by La Borde, Loison, and Kellerman; the horse by General Margaron, and the simultaneous attack of all was like that of a man determined to conquer or to perish. Besides the conflict on the heights, it raged with equal fury in every part of the field; the possession of the road leading into Vimiero was disputed with persevering resolution, and especially where a strong body had been posted in the church-yard, to prevent the enemy forcing an entrance into the town. Up to this period of the battle the British had received, and, after a severe struggle, repulsed the attacks of the enemy; acting, however, altogether on the defensive. But now they were attacked in flank by General Ackland's brigade, as it advanced

to its position on the height to the left, while a brisk cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's column, by the artillery on those heights.

"The brunt of the attack was continued on the brigade of General Fane, but was bravely repulsed at all points. Once as the



French retired in confusion, a regiment of Light Dragoons (the 20th), pursued them with so little precaution that they were suddenly set upon by the heavy cavalry of Margaron, and cut to pieces with their gallant Colonel, who fell at their head.

"No less desperate was the encounter between Kellerman's column of reserve and the gallant 43rd, in their conflict for the vineyard adjoining the church. The advanced companies were at first driven back with great slaughter, but again rallying upon the next ranks they threw themselves upon the head of the French column in a ravine, and charging with the bayonet put them to the rout. At length the vigour of the enemy's attack ceased, they, pressed on all sides by the British, lost thirteen cannons and a great number of prisoners, but were still enabled to return without confusion, owing to the powerful protection received from their numerous cavalry; which, in fact, snatched the fruits of victory, as before, from the victorious General, who, with a few regiments of heavy horse, would have completed the enemy's destruction."

An incident occurred in this battle, so highly characteristic of Highland courage, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. It is very common for the wounded to cheer their more unfortunate comrades,

as they pass on to the attack. A man named Stewart, the piper of the 71st regiment, was wounded in the thigh very severely, at a very early period of the action, and refused to be removed; he sat upon a bank, playing martial airs during the remainder of the battle. He



was heard to address his comrades thus:—"*Weel, my bra' lads, I can gang na longer wi' ye a fightin, but deel burn my saul, if ye want music.*" For this the Highland society justly voted him a handsome set of pipes, with a flattering inscription engraved upon them.

Nothing could prove more completely than this battle the superiority of the British over the French troops, for we find that the best soldiers of the army, commanded by one of their most experienced Marshals, and their Generals of high repute, were fairly and completely beaten at all points, and although the enemy retreated in order from the field of battle, it was entirely owing to the want of cavalry to continue the pursuit.

This, coupled with the extraordinary conduct of the superior officers of Sir Arthur Wellesley, alone saved the French from total destruction; but we take the words of Wellesley himself, and let the reader judge in the matter.

"I thought it probable," he says, "that if I did not attack the enemy, he would attack me, and I prepared for the conflict at daylight, in the morning.

"I cannot say too much in favour of the troops; their gallantry and their discipline were equally conspicuous, and I must add, that this is the only action, that I have ever been in, in which every thing passed as it had been directed, and no mistake was made

by any of the officers charged with its conduct. I think, if General Hill's brigade and the advanced guard had moved upon Torres Vedras, as soon as it was certain that the enemy's right had been defeated by our left, and our left had pressed their advantage, the enemy would have been cut off from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him, if indeed any French army had remained in Portugal. But Sir Harry Burrard, who was at this time upon the ground, still thought it advisable not to move from Vimiero, and the enemy made good their retreat to Torres Vedras. Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived this morning, and has taken the command of the army."

And he adds, "that Sir Harry Burrard did not land till late in the day, in the midst of the attack, and he desired me to continue my own operations. And as far as I am personally concerned in the actions, I was amply rewarded for any disappointment I might have felt, in not having an opportunity of bringing the service to a close, by the satisfaction expressed by the army, that the second and more important victory had been gained by their old General. I have also the pleasure to add, that it has more effect than all the arguments I could use to induce the General to move on, and I believe he will march to-morrow. Indeed, if he does not, we shall be poisoned here by the stench of the dead and wounded, or we shall starve; every thing in the neighbourhood being eaten up. From the number of



dead Frenchmen about the ground, and the number of prisoners and wounded, I should think their loss could not be far short of three thousand men. The force which attacked us was very respectable, and probably not short of fourteen thousand men, including

one thousand three hundred dragoons and artillery, and three hundred Chasseurs à Cheval."

There cannot be two opinions upon this matter—that had the advice of Sir Arthur Wellesley been acted upon, the disgraceful Convention of Cintra never would have been heard of; but we must confine ourselves to the relation of the facts. After the battle General Kellerman, on the part of Junot, presented himself at the British head quarters, with certain proposals; these were acceeded to, and the convention was signed. It was in the following terms:—Portugal was to be delivered up to the British Army, and the French should evacuate it, with arms and baggage, but not as *prisoners of war*. That the French should be transported in *British vessels* to their own country; the French army should carry with it all its artillery, tumbrels, horses, and sixty rounds of ammunition for each gun, together with all the property of the army, private property, military chest, cavalry, horses, &c., &c.

The Portuguese were only made a party to this Convention, by an article which guaranteed amnesty or oblivion to all who had taken part directly or *indirectly* with the French. This saved many a head *of our allies* from a richly deserved punishment.

The British took possession of Lisbon on September 15th, and the French army was safely landed in their own country according to the terms of the Convention.

It will be easily conceived that this disgraceful Convention excited one burst of indignation, when its conditions were made known in England. Petitions were numerous to the throne and the House of Commons for inquiry, and even Sir Arthur Wellesley himself, although his gallantry was generally admitted, and admired as the victor in two well-fought actions—even he did not escape censure, as being a party to such an infamous compact.

The public voice was irresistible, and a court of inquiry was held, accordingly, at Chelsea; at which it was clearly proved that Sir Arthur Wellesley had, in signing the Convention, acted by the express orders of his superior officers; that he had remonstrated against some of the articles, which had even *been more favourable to the enemy*, but had been altered at his suggestion; that he had been most anxious to follow up his victory; and Colonel Torrens proved that, on the retreat of the French being announced, he, Sir Arthur, rode up to Sir Harry Burrard, and said, "Now, Sir Harry, is your time to advance upon the enemy; they are completely broken, and we may be in Lisbon in three days. A large body of our troops have not been in action; let us move them from the right on the road, to Torres Vedras, and I will follow the enemy with the left." To this Sir Harry replied, "that he thought a great deal had been done, very much to the credit of the troops, and that he did not think it advisable to do more, or to quit the ground in pursuit."

And Sir Arthur, in his evidence before the court, stated that he

had been called by Sir Hew Dalrymple out of another room to sign the treaty, which he read throughout; and, after making an observation, that it was a most satisfactory one, he signed it; but without at all making himself responsible for its contents.

The result of the inquiry was, that the board conveyed the king's disapprobation both of the armistice and the subsequent Convention; which was formally announced to Sir Hew Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief, and the public fully acquitted Sir Arthur Wellesley of any participation in the affair, except as obeying the orders of his superior officer.

The estimation of the army for "their old General," as they termed him, may be judged of by the facts, that a piece of plate, valued at a thousand guineas, was presented to Sir Arthur Wellesley by the general officers serving under him; and a similar one from the field officers, "as testimony of the high esteem in which they held him as a man, and of the unbounded confidence they placed in him as an officer."

In order to understand perfectly the situation of affairs in Spain, and, consequently, the very great difficulties which the British army had to surmount, both as opposed to the disiplined forces of France, and the questionable honesty of some of the "Spanish Patriots," it will be necessary to digress a little from the regular thread of our narrative, and trust to the patience of our readers for an excuse.

The British army which occupied Lisbon after the battle of Vimiero, and in virtue of the Convention of Cintra, was about fifteen thousand men, and as a third of that number was enough for the protection of the Portuguese capital, the first difficulty which presented itself was, "how the remainder of the army was to be disposed of."

It was Sir Arthur Wellesley's expressed opinion that, "from the moment of assembling an English army, the French would consider its defeat and destruction their first object, particularly if Bonaparte should himself be at the head of the French troops; and if the operations of the army should be near the French frontiers, he will have the means of multiplying, and will multiply, the numbers upon our army in such a degree as must get the better of them. For the British army, therefore, it was essential to have a retreat open, and that retreat must be the sea.

"The only efficient plan of operations in which the British troops can be employed consistently with this view, is upon the flank and rear of the enemy's advance towards Madrid, by an issue from the Asturias. If it be true, as is stated by the Austrian deputies in Lisbon, that their country is remarkably strong, and that it is secure from French invasion—if it be true that the ports of Santander and Gijou, the former particularly, are secure harbours in winter—and if the walls can give to both or either the means of making an embarkation, even if the enemy should be able to retreat

through the mountains—the Asturias is the country we should secure immediately, in which we should assemble our disposable force, and issue forth into the plains either by Leon or the pass of Reynosa.

"The army could then have a short, although, probably, a difficult communication with the sea, which must be carried on by mules, of which there are plenty in the country; it could co-operate with Blake's Galacian army, and could press upon the enemy's rear and flank, and turn his position upon the Ebro, which it is evident he intends to make his first line. To secure the Asturias within that country is the first object in Spain, and afterwards to assemble within that country your whole disposable force, after making the detachment to Castanos.

"There are some points of detail which must be attended to in these arrangements. The army now in this country might either be marched into Leon, or it might be embarked and transported to Gijou or Santander. The latter would be the quickest operation; by the adoption of the former its artillery, in its present form, might accompany it; but it must be recollected, that if the artillery should be kept in its present form, in case of retreat it must be left behind in the plains, as it is understood there is no carriage road across the mountains of Asturias.

"The troops, then, now in this country, in the Tagus, and sent to the Asturias, and ordnance carriages, ought to be sent from England without loss of time; which can be taken to pieces and carried by hand, or when put together can be drawn by horses. The reports which will be made by the officers sent to those countries will state whether cavalry can pass through them. I should think they might; as I see, that wherever a mule can go, a horse can likewise. If so, the cavalry from England should be landed in Asturias; if not, it should be landed at Corunna or Ferrol, and join the army in the plains through the passes of Galacia, which we know are practicable for cavalry.

"There remains to be considered only the operations of the Sicilian corps, consisting of ten thousand men. In the present state of affairs the Government would probably not deem it expedient to remove the corps from the Mediterranean. If the Spaniards should be able to make any head against the French, on the left of their line in Catalonia, and on the lower Ebro, this corps might reinforce that part of the Spanish insurrection, keeping its retreat open to the sea. This, however, would be very difficult, the French being in possession of Barcelona, and probably the siege of that place, aided by the insurgents of Catalonia, would be the most this corps would perform. And whether the operation should be successfully concluded, or the corps should be forced to re-embark in consequence of the approach of the stronger French force, it would materially aid the operations of the troops in the centre of Spain.

"The result of all these operations, which, for the present,

must be distinct, would be to confine the French to their line of the Ebro, and eventually oblige them to retire upon their own frontier.

"Time would be gained for the further organization of the Spanish government and force; by the judicious and effectual employment of which the British government would be enabled to withdraw its troops from Spain, to employ them in other parts of Europe. As for preventing the retreat of the French from Spain, it is quite out of the question. They have possession of all the fortresses on this side of the Pyrenees, through which mountains there are not less than forty passes by which troops could march. Besides, if it were possible, under these circumstances, to place an army in their rear, with the object of cutting them off from France, you might depend upon it, that all France would rise as one man for their relief, and the result would be the loss of the army so employed."

This masterly report—this almost prescient view of "coming events," was scarcely noticed by Lord Castlereagh, the minister to whom it was addressed! Sir Arthur Wellesley then solicited and obtained permission to return home, and to resume his duties, as Secretary for Ireland.

As predicted, Napoleon, with that celerity and energy which was so often displayed by him, when the greatness of the occasion required its exercise—collected, in an incredibly short space of time, an immense army of two hundred thousand men, most of them



veterans, who had partaken of the glories of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland. These, including the celebrated Imperial Guard, and a cloud of gallant cavalry, crossed the Pyrenees—there was also a reserve of forty thousand men collected at Perpignan. These highly disciplined troops were excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm,

by an address of the Emperor, as they passed through Paris, and by a promise that he would head them in person "to drive the hideous Leopard into the sea." Against this overwhelming force, the Spaniards had only the scattered bands of Castanos, Blake, Cuesta, and Palafox; and although they and their troops exhibited the most indomitable courage, and an exemplary patience under innumerable disadvantages, the French grand army reached Vittoria without the least interruption; Blake was in position in the valley at Villarcayo; the Asturians were close at hand; Romana at Bilboa, and the Estremadurans at Burgos.—With more valour than discretion Blake made an attack upon Zornosa. The enemy made a feint to retreat; Blake, flushed with what he vainly imagined to be victory, pursued them with avidity, when he suddenly came before twenty-five thousand French troops under the Duke of Dantzic, and was furiously assailed. Blake, after a gallant defence, was obliged to retreat in great confusion upon Bilboa. He rallied however, and was again in the field in a few days; fought a brave action with Villate, and was this time successful.

With the vain glory of his nation, he next attacked the strong city of Bilboa. Here he was beaten by Marshal Victor, and lost two Spanish Generals, and a great number of men. Romana, who had joined Blake, renewed the action, with his veterans: they were made prisoners; but their brave chief escaped into the mountains. Napoleon now assumed the chief command of his immense army; immediately on his arival at Vittoria, he took the field, and routed with great slaughter the hastily-levied troops of the Conde de Belvidere—one whole battalion, composed of the students, of Salamanca and Leon, fell, to a man.

The army of the centre, under the command of Castanos, which was composed of fifty thousand men, with forty pieces of cannon, was, after a hard fought battle, totally routed at Tudela.

A gallant stand was made at the last stronghold of the Spaniards—Somosierra; and such was the determined courage of the artillery, that three columns of French infantry were swept away by the fire of their guns; but a furious charge of the Polish lancers, although at first checked, rushed up the pass, cut down the gunners, and the day was gained. This opened the road to Madrid; which, after a brief attack, the Ritero being carried by storm, surrendered at discretion, and Bonaparte was thus master of the entire country.

Affairs were in this posture, when Sir Hew Dalrymple, being recalled, and Sir Harry Burrard having resigned, Sir John Moore was made commander-in-chief, and was to have thirty-five thousand men under his orders; ten thousand of which were to be sent from England, to land on the coast of Galicia, and join him with all speed; General Baird was to march at the same time from Corunna, and Sir John Hope from the same point, but by a different route.

Sir John Moore left Lisbon at the latter end of October, and was at Salamanca by the middle of November, and on the 23rd the other divisions of the army had arrived at the places assigned to them. Sir David Baird had already reported himself at Astorga, when General Moore received positive information that the French had entered Valladolid, which was within three days' march of the British, in great force. This was quite enough "to stir the blood of ordinary men;" but Moore was not an ordinary man, and his courage rose, and his genius developed itself the more, the greater the obstacles became which were opposed to it.

And these obstacles were not such only as the presence of the enemy created: confidence in the courage of his troops, and the resources of his own great mind, would have been fully able to overcome them. But his efforts to rouse the natural torpidity of the Spanish character were useless. In vain he urged the junta of Salamanca to active exertions—they could talk about patriotism, &c., but he could not even get mules and carts from them! And when he found that retreat was the only chance to save his army, then it was that a senseless clamour was raised against him by the Spanish authorities of what he *ought to do*, what *their* armies *had done;* and even the British envoy, Mr. Frere, was so thoughtless (to say the least of his conduct) as to join in the absurd cry against the British General. Nay, he went so far as to offer *his advice* upon the future operations necessary to be taken!

> "They'll sit in their chimney corners
> And presume to judge of what's done
> I' the Capitol!"

Thus harrassed on all sides, Sir John Moore sacrificed his own better judgment, and yielded in degree to the clamour—it being his original intention, when he found that retreat was inevitable (Napoleon having drawn round him an overwhelming army), to do so upon Portugal, via Cuidad Rodrigo—he, however, advanced to attack Soult, who was near Burgos.

When Bonaparte heard of his advance, he is said to have exclaimed, with feelings of pleasure, "Ah! Moore is the only British General fit to contend with me. I shall advance against him in person;" at the same time directing Soult, if attacked, to fall back upon Burgos, but at the same time to push on a division to Leon, while he himself would advance from Benevente, at the head of seventy thousand men, to cut off Moore's retreat into Galicia.

Sir John Moore, who penetrated this design of Napoleon, was not to be caught. On December 14th, General Stuart, with his horse, surprised a French detachment, and completely routed it. On the 26th the British army was concentrated at Mayorga and Melgar Adaxo, and consisted of twenty-three thousand men, of which two

thousand three hundred were cavalry. Soult had with him sixteen thousand infantry, and one thousand two hundred horse, and was at Saldanha.

A gallant attack had been made by Lord Paget upon the enemy's cavalry, whom he defeated in splendid style, took two colonels, and one hundred and fifty men prisoners. On the 23rd, Moore having directed Romana to advance from Mansilla (which he omitted to do), he planned an attack upon the French at Saldanha, and the British soldiers were "eager for the fray," when news arrived that the enemy was advancing at every point, and that fifty thousand men, under Napoleon in person, were rapidly coming up from the Guadarama, and another body was in march from Talavera. This compelled Moore again to retreat, and he crossed the Esla just twelve hours before the French advanced-guard came within sight of his banks; so ably had he foiled the manœuvres of his great opponent; and on December 24th, the British army commenced the passage of the river.



The day previous Lord Paget had an affair with a detachment of the Imperial guard, under the command of Bonaparte himself. The intelligence soon after received by Sir John Moore, of the absolute submission of Madrid, determined him to make a retrograde movement to Toro, instead of pushing on to Valladolid; thus continuing that retreat which afterwards ended so unfortunately for the general cause; though, certainly, without diminishing the lustre of the British arms. Moore had still hopes of meeting with Soult in his march to Sir David Baird, and that, if possible, before he could receive reinforcements; and, also, before any of the enemy's force could be pushed forward on his right flank to endanger his retreat On December 25th, Lord Paget, by a well concerted movement,

attacked and defeated the advanced guard of the enemy's cavalry at Sahagun, to the number of seven hundred. The weather was extremely cold, and the ground covered with deep snow, yet Paget resolved to cut off this detachment. He marched, accordingly, at two o'clock in the morning, and sent General Slade with the 10th hussars along the Cea, to enter the town, whilst he approached it by another direction, with the 15th dragoons and the horse artillery. Although the surprise of the picquets was well arranged, still, by the escape of two men, the enemy was on the alert. Proceeding, he was discovered, ready formed, close by the town. Each manœuvred for some time to outflank the other; the ground was most unfavourable to the British, from a hollow in front of their position; Paget, however, seized a favourable moment, when the French having wheeled into line, he made a fierce charge upon them. The shock was overpowering; they dispersed in every direction; a great many were killed; and two lieutenant-colonels, and one hundred and fifty-seven privates, were taken prisoners; the whole of the British force being no more than four hundred. Several other skirmishes took place during the early part of the retreat.

On the 26th Lord Paget fell in with a detachment of the advanced guard of Bonaparte's own army at Mayorga. His lordship immediately ordered Colonel Leith, with two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, to attack this corps, which had halted on the summit of a steep hill. One of these squadrons advanced briskly up the hill; on approaching the top, where the ground was rugged, they were exposed to a brisk fire from the enemy. Notwithstanding which, having stopped to refresh their horses for a short time, they made a dash, overthrew the enemy, killed many of his men, and took a hundred prisoners. This was a brilliant little affair, which received its deserved applause. On the 27th the rear-guard crossed the Esla, and blew up the bridge, a few minutes before the enemy came in sight, and continued so near that the British rear-guard was almost always engaged.

The army halted at Benevente to refresh after their truly harrassing march. On the 29th the infantry were again in motion, covered by the cavalry, on the immense plains near to that town. Here it was that the French Imperial guard, six hundred strong, under General Lefebre Desnouttes, having forded the river, made a dash and drove in the picquets; but a reinforcement of German hussars coming up, they rallied, and giving ground, by order of General Stewart, they drew the enemy into the plain. Lord Paget, at the head of the 10th, made so sudden and gallant an attack, that the Imperial guard were forced to give way (their officers declaring that this was the first time that they had ever been beaten), numbers were killed, and General Lefebre and seventy men were made prisoners.

The retreat continued during the most awful weather, and

under every privation which it was possible to conceive, to Astorga, where they were crossed in their march by Romana's army; the appearance and condition of which was so wretched, that Colonel Jones says, "that it was more like an ambulatory hospital than an army."



The conduct of the Spaniards of all classes, not even excepting the authorities, was infamous to their allies in this memorable retreat; they seemed to think the British were foes, instead of the defenders of their country. So bad, indeed, was their conduct to the soldiery, that in many cases it brought upon them fearful reprisal; which the general checked by making some severe examples. Several times the enemy attacked, but was always met and repulsed. In one of these the celebrated French General Colbert (said to be the finest man in their army), was killed at the head of his regiment.

On the march from Villa Franca to Lugo, the army changed positions, the cavalry being in advance, and the infantry in the rear. Sir John Moore now determined to make Corunna the scene of his embarkation instead of Vigo, as originally fixed on.

On his arrival at Lugo, Sir John resolved to give the enemy battle, he called in the different divisions, and concentrated his army. The bridge of Constantino was a point of importance to the enemy, and was ably and gallantly defended. The French, under Soult, soon came upon the field; but he was received by a heavy cannonade, which drove him back from his attack upon the centre of the British line, and a brisk charge by some light brigades quickly

repulsed him, with severe loss. It was on this occasion, that a body of the French having driven in a few of our light troops, and turned the flank of the piquets on the 92nd, that Sir John rallied them upon the instant, and charged at their head, until Major Roberts took the command, and he, continuing the charge, drove the French back and defeated them, killing their commander; but not without being himself twice wounded in the hand.

The armies remained in battle-order all the next day, but the enemy made no effort to renew the contest;—in the night Moore continued his retreat. When the British arrived at Betanzos, they found their loss amounted to two thousand men. Here he halted again, to give time for the stragglers to join their respective regiments. They were now within sight of their long wished for goal—Corunna; where the worn out and weary soldiers expected a little rest; but they had yet to fight a desperate battle, the foe was at their heels, and left them not a moment's pause. By some mismanagement the expected transports had not yet arrived. The town of Corunna is strengthened by batteries, and guns mounted at all points; the citadel is also strongly fortified, but both are commanded by a hill at a short distance; this precluded the possibility of Moore sustaining a long siege, but his ever-active mind rose with the difficulties opposed to him, and preparations were hastily made to give the enemy a warm reception, as well as measures taken to facilitate the embarkation of the army. A magazine of powder, which contained four thousand barrels was blown up (shaking the town to its centre by the explosion), the horses of the cavalry were shot, and the sick and materiel put on board the transports which arrived soon after, and it was intended that the whole of the army should follow on the 16th.

To the valuable lives lost in the retreat (though not by the sword of the enemy) must be added that of General Anstruther, whose services were always of the most brilliant kind. He was an elegant scholar, and could write as well as he fought. In Holland and in Eygpt his conduct was deserving of all praise. At Vimiero, when Sir Arthur Wellesley sent one of his aids-de-camp to say that a corps not then warmly engaged should be sent to his assistance, he coolly replied, "Sir, I want no assistance, I am beating the French, and am able to beat them whenever I meet them, with such brave fellows as these," pointing to his gallant division. With Moore he commanded the reserve, and the fatigue and anxiety to which he was exposed, were so incessant and so great in the extreme, sleeping constantly in the open air, and undergoing every fatigue and privation of the common soldier, that his constitution sunk under it, and he fell a victim to his untiring zeal in the service of his country. He was buried in one of the bastions of the citadel gate of Corunna.

The position of the British army was as follows:—General Hope

occupied a hill to the left with one division, with which he commanded the road to Betanzos, as the height sloped away gradually in a curve towards the village of Elvina, where General Baird's division commanded, taking a semicircular sweep to the right. On Baird's right, the rifle brigade formed a barrier across the valley, and joined themselves to General Fraser's division, which was drawn up about a mile from Corunna, near the Vigo road. The reserve, under General Paget, occupied a village on the road to Betanzos, about half a mile in the rear of General Hope. On the 12th (we are compelled to retrograde a little, in order better to explain the relative positions of the opposing armies) the French appeared, moving in force on the opposite side of the river Mero, and soon taking up a position near the village of Perillo, and occupying the houses along the banks of the stream, they menaced the British left flank. On the 14th, the enemy's forces being greatly increased, they commenced a cannonade, but which our artillery replied to in such gallant style, that the French guns were withdrawn. On the morning of the 16th all preparations for going on board the transports were completed, and four o'clock that afternoon was fixed on for the embarkation of the army. Intelligence was now given that the enemy was getting under arms, and his light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill upon our right wing, the advanced picquets already firing. Lord Bentinck's brigade, consisting of 4th, 52nd, and 50th regiments, maintained this post. It was a bad position; and what rendered it more critical was, that it if should give way, the ruin of the army was inevitable. General Paget, therefore, was ordered to advance with the reserve, to support the division of Lord William Bentinck. The French now opened a heavy cannonade from eleven heavy guns, well placed upon the hills. Two strong columns, one from a wood, and the other skirting its edge, advanced upon the right wing; their column bore down upon the centre, whilst a fourth advanced slowly upon the left, and a fifth remained halfway down the hill in the same direction. The enemy had a decided superiority, not only in numbers but in the weight of their cannon; and they fired with so much precision, that their balls in their bounding reached our reserve, and even caused some destruction there. The village on the right now became an object of the most obstinate contest. At this moment Sir David Baird, while leading on his division, had his arm shattered by a grape shot. The two lines of infantry advanced to meet each other. They were separated by stone walls and hedges, but as they closed, it was remarked that the French line extended beyond the right of our troops; and a body of the enemy was seen moving up the valley to turn it. Soult's intention clearly had been to force the right of our army, and by thus interposing between us and Corunna, cut us off from embarking. But having failed in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to out-flank us. Half of the 4th regiment (king's own)

was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. The manœuvre was performed well, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire—this was exactly what Sir John Moore wanted to be done. He rode up to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope; who got over an enclosure in their front and charged most gallantly. The General, ever an admirer of valour, exclaimed, "Well done the fiftieth—well done my Majors," (alluding to his having caused them to be promoted to that rank). This gallant regiment, so bravely led, soon drove the enemy out of the village of Elvina with great slaughter, but in the conflict Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Major Stanhope received a mortal wound.*

Sir John now made up to the 42nd, and addressed them in these words, "Highlanders, remember Egypt," they rushed on, driving the French before them, until they were stopped by a wall.

Sir John accompanied them in the charge, expressing his admiration of their steadiness and gallantry. He then sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the Highlanders, upon which the officer commanding the light company conceived, that as their ammunition was nearly expended, they were to be relieved by the guards, began to fall back, but Sir John quickly perceiving the mistake, said to them, "My brave 42nd, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed, and all moved forward. Captain Hardinge now returned to report that the guards were advancing. While he was speaking and pointing out the situation of the battalion, a hot fire was kept up, and the enemy's artillery played incessantly on the spot. Sir John Moore was too conspicuous. A cannon ball struck his left shoulder, and forced him to the ground. He raised himself, and sat up with an unaltered countenance. Captain Hardinge dismounted, and, grasping his hand, seeing him anxiously watching the 42nd, which was warmly engaged, told him that they were advancing—when his countenance brighted up. "No sigh," says Napier, "betrayed a sensation of pain; but in a few minutes, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt, the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bare of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil by the dragging of the shot." His friend, Colonel Graham, seeing the horrid laceration, rode off immediately for surgeons. The General was now carried from the

* All affecting incident occurred when this gentleman was being buried. After the battle, his brother (also an officer) while taking a last look at his beloved remains (the grave being just then filled up) a rifle shot from the French advanced posts struck him in the side, penetrating his cloak, which was strapped on his horse before him. The ball, although broken in force by the cloak, was still sufficient to make him reel in his saddle, and he fell upon the newly-made grave of his brother, slightly wounded!

field in a blanket, by a sergeant and a party of the 42nd. As the officers placed him in the blanket his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound; Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is—I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Hardinge observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not prove fatal, and expressed his wish that he might be spared to the army. Moore turned his head, and looked stedfastly at the wound for a few seconds, and replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible." As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might look again upon the field of battle and listen to the firing, and he was pleased when the sound grew fainter and more distant. A spring waggon came up bearing Colonel Wynch, who was also wounded; the colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told that it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed on the waggon. Sir John, with great composure, asked one of the Highlanders who bore him, whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best, and the man replying that he thought the blanket would not shake him, he thanked the Colonel, and ordered them to move on, saying with a smile, "I think so, too." The tidings of this unfortunate disaster were carried to Sir David Baird, when the surgeons were dressing his shattered arm. He instantly ordered them to desist, and run to attend Sir John Moore; but when they arrived and offered their assistance, he coolly said, "You can be of no service to me, go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful." The soldiers proceeded with their wounded general to his lodgings, (the men in tears as they paced along). In carrying him through the passage of the house, they met the general's faithful servant, François, who seemed stunned at the sight; but Sir John said to him, smiling, "My friend, this is nothing." We quote the interesting particulars of his few remaining hours from the narrative of Colonel Anderson, which was drawn up the morning after the gallant general's death. "I met the general in the evening of the 16th, being carried in a blanket and sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark, squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Anderson, don't leave me.' He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows. 'Anderson, you know that I always wished to die this way.' He then asked, 'Are the French beaten,' which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in; speaking with great difficulty, he added, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can; tell them—every thing—say to my mother,' here his voice quite failed, and he was evidently agitated. 'Hope—Hope, I have much to say to him—but—cannot

get it out—are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?" (Here a sign was made by Colonel Anderson, not to inform him that Captain Burrard, son of Sir Harry, one of his aides-de-camps, who was wounded in action, had died two days after.) I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colbourne has my will and all my papers. Major Colbourne now came into the room. He asked the Major 'if the French were beaten. It is a great satisfaction for me,' he added, 'to know that we have beaten the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told that he was not, he said, I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.' On being told that Captain Percy and Captain Stanhope, third son of the Earl, were in the room, he spoke to both—after some interval he said, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister'—he then pressed Colonel Anderson's hand close to his body, and in a few minutes expired without a struggle!"

We now return to the battle field. General Paget in the meanwhile hastened up with the reserve to the support of the right wing, Colonel Beckwith also hurried on with the rifle corps, repelled the enemy, and advanced so far as nearly to carry off one of their guns; but a corps, greatly superior in number, moving up the valley at this crisis, forced him to fall back; Lord Paget however attacked this body of the French, repulsed it, and pressed forward, dispersing every thing before him, till the enemy, perceiving his left wing was now quite exposed, drew it entirely back. The French now advanced in the centre upon Generals Manningham and Leith; the ground here being lofty and favourable for the playing of artillery, the enemy was speedily repulsed. The position on the left was also strong, and the attack there equally unsuccessful. But the body of the French having got possession of a village on the road of Betanzos, and continuing to fire from it, they were instantly attacked by some companies of the second battalion of the 14th regiment, and were quickly driven from that position. Night was now coming on, and the French had fallen back in every direction; the firing however did not entirely cease until it was quite dark. No battle was ever better contested under such manifest disadvantages; the force of the French exceeded twenty thousand men, while that of the British did not amount to fifteen thousand; besides, the enemy were greatly superior in artillery. Our troops were in a state of misery to which no army, much less a British one, had ever been reduced, but by a total defeat. It had lost its military chest, stores, baggage, horses, women and children; in a word, every thing but its honour and indomitable courage; from five to six thousand men, and as many horses, had sunk under the fatigues of the retreat. The British loss in the battle of Corunna was eight hundred men, that of the enemy more than double.

Orders were given by General Hope for the troops to the

their position about ten o'clock at night; this was done with remarkable order: the artillery which had remained unembarked was now withdrawn, but the picquets remained at their posts until five o'clock in the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn. The army was, in the meantime, embarking in the transports before daylight, except the rear guard under Generals Beresford and Hill, which remained on a promontory near the town to protect the embarkation. The French pressed their light troops towards the town, by eight o'clock a. m., on the 17th, and soon after took possession of the heights of St. Lucia, which command the Harbour, but made no attempts to impede Major General Hill's division, which embarked at three o'clock p. m., and this was followed by the brigade of Beresford, with the remainder of the wounded, on the same night.

The weather being most tempestuous, the difficulties attendant on the embarkation were very great, and the French having brought cannon to an eminence which commanded the beach, before the rear-guard were on board, several of the transports were obliged to slip cables, and the embarkation was completed at a sandy beach on the outside of the town. Still misfortune pursued them:



on the voyage to England, the Dispatch transport was lost, and the Honourable Mr. Cavendish, Honourable Mr. Waldegrave, Captain Duckenfield, one hundred and thirty three non-commissioned officers and privates, and sixty eight horses of the 7th dragoons, and four women, perished!

The melancholy duty of consigning to its last resting place the

mortal remains of Sir John Moore was performed at midnight of the 16th. The body was carried to the grave by Colonel Graham, Major Colbourne and his aides-de-camp, the grave been dug by a party of the 9th regiment. No coffin could be procured, and the body, which was not undressed, was wrapped by his sorrowing brothers in arms in a military cloak and blankets; the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the gallant remains laid in its cold and silent yet honourable bed. These "maimed rights" consigned to



its resting-place one of the ablest commanders of a British Army, a short biography of whom will, no doubt, be acceptable to our readers.

This gallant soldier was the elder son of the celebrated Doctor Moore, the author of "Zelucco." He was born at Glasgow on November 13th, 1761. He received the rudiments of his education in his native city, and completed his studies on the continent, whither, in 1773, he accompanied his father, who was then in the suite of the Duke of Hamilton as medical attendant. He entered the army as ensign of 51st foot in 1776; soon after he was appointed as Lieutenant in the 82nd, and went with that regiment to Nova Scotia, where he remained during the whole of the American war, having had little opportunity of seeing any active service, except at the defence of Penobscot, where he narrowly escaped being cut off by a superior force. At the peace in 1783 his regiment was reduced, and he was returned to Parliament for the Scotch burghs of Lanark, Linlithgow and Peebles, by the interest of the Duke of Hamilton, who obtained for him in 1788 a majority in the 60th. He shortly after exchanged into his old regiment the 51st,

of which, in 1790, he became the Lieutenant-colonel, by purchase. In 1795 he distinguished himself in Corsica, particularly at the siege of Calvi, where, though severely wounded by the bursting of a shell, he entered the Mozello fort at the head of the Grenadiers, in such gallant style, that General Stuart, who had witnessed his conduct, rushed forward and embraced him with enthusiasm. After its capture, he was for a short time Adjutant General of the island, but returned to England at the end of the year. He next served as Brigadier General, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in the West Indies. In the expedition against St. Lucia, he displayed such gallantry at the capture of Morne Fortunee, that Abercrombie eulogised it as deserving the admiration of the whole army. The island being subdued, Moore was appointed its governor, and soon succeeded in putting down bands of armed negroes, who still kept up a sort of guerilla warfare against the troops. Being attacked a second time with the yellow fever, he was obliged to return to England in 1797, with Sir Ralph Abercrombie, under whose orders he soon afterwards served in Ireland, where he assisted against the rebels at New Ross, defeated them near Wexford, and obtained the rank of Major General.

He was next employed in the campaign of 1799 in Holland, whence he returned severely wounded in the face and thigh. He had been previously wounded in the hand by a ball striking against the spy glass which he was using at the time.

Early in 1800 he was sent, still under his friend Abercrombie, to Egypt. Here he defeated a fierce attack of the French in such a gallant style, that Bonaparte described it as a master-piece of generalship, and Moore was much and deservedly eulogised. At the battle of Aboukir he behaved with his usual bravery, and, though severely wounded in the leg, refused to quit the field, until it was announced that the French were defeated. For these services he was made a Knight of the Bath.

At the peace of Amiens he was placed on the home staff, and on the breaking out of the war was stationed at Stangate, in Kent. He was next employed as Lieutenant-general, and second in command of the force in the Mediterranean, under General Fox. He succeeded the latter officer in 1807, and early in the following year he was sent in command of a subsidiary force, in aid of the king of Sweden, but in consequence of some personal dispute with that monarch, he returned to England. He was soon after sent to act under Generals Dalrymple and Burrard; and, although this appointment was contrary to military etiquette, Moore nobly sacrificed his own feelings to his high sense of duty, and declared, that "if the king commanded him to act as an ensign he should certainly obey." His superiors in command having been recalled after the convention of Cintra, he assumed the chief command of the British army in Spain.

In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to describe his last brief but brilliant campaign, and its melancholy termination. That he accomplished all that could be done, under the circumstances, which military talent and courage could perform, there cannot be a second opinion. His conduct in that memorable retreat extorted praise even from his enemies, who were too generous to withhold commendation where it was so justly earned. Napoleon said, that "Moore's talents and firmness alone saved the British army from destruction; he was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent; he made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." Wellington declared, that "he saw but one error in Sir John Moore's campaign," and Soult described him as "taking every advantage that the country afforded, to oppose an active and vigorous resistance."

In person, Sir John Moore was tall and graceful, and his features, until worn by hard service, are said to have been particularly handsome. He was possessed of strong natural eloquence, great powers of conversation, and ready wit. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he was not too severe in the exercise of his power. He died unmarried. His grateful country erected a monument to his memory, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his townsmen another at Glasgow. His generous enemy, Marshal Soult, equally honoured the noble dead and himself by erecting a tablet to his memory on the spot where he fell at Corunna; and thirty years after, the gallant old soldier was deeply affected, on viewing his tomb at St. Paul's, and spoke of his merits as a lamenting friend.

So should the brave, the brave esteem. Honour to the generous old warrior who bestowed the tear of affection on the tomb of a gallant foe!

But the most affecting and elegant testimonial to his memory, is to be found in the following beautiful lines, the production of a gentleman named Wolfe, who died early in life, ere his highly poetic mind had time to develope fully its brilliant conceptions.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his confined bed,
And smooth'd down his narrow pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

It is most gratifying to record the generous and honourable conduct of a gallant enemy; such acts humanize, in some degree, the repulsive features of "grim visaged war," and shed glory on the truly brave. Colonel Napier bears this testimony to the noble conduct of both Soult and Ney. "When the French renewed the attack at Elvina, my brother was, with a few men, in advance of the village, for the troops were broken into small parties by the vineyard walls, and narrow lanes. Being hurt he endeavoured to return, but the enemy coming down, he was stabbed and thrown to the ground with five wounds, and death appeared inevitable, when a French drummer rescued him from his assailants, and placed him behind a wall.

"A soldier with whom he had been struggling, irritated to ferocity, returned to kill him, but was prevented by the drummer. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and with a kindness and consideration uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges), would have been destruction to his profesional prospects. The Marshal also obtained for the drummer the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days to Corunna, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney, and that Marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend, rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French Consul, supplied him with money, and gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop here, for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waved all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold

intimation of his captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English, prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve till exchanged."

On January 25th a vote of thanks passed the House of Commons to the general officers, &c., who had been engaged at Vimiero and Corunna, which was carried with a single dissentient, Mr. Whitbread, who wished the name of Sir Harry Burrard to be included. A motion being shortly after made in the Commons, on the subject of the campaign in Portugal, Sir Arthur Wellesley explained his views in the late expedition, and declared his intention to have been that of engaging the enemy as near to Lisbon as possible, and to have followed up his advantages: adding most emphatically, that had the enemy been vigorously followed after the battle of Vimerio, there would have been no reason for *concluding a convention!*

Sir Arthur Wellesley having held the office of Secretary for Ireland during his absence, both at Copenhagen and Portugal (the duties being performed by a deputy left in this country), a notice of motion was given by Mr. Whitbread to the following effect, "That the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland is an effective office of the highest responsibility, which cannot be held by any person absent from the realm, and that the emoluments of that office ought not to be enjoyed by any person who is rendered unable by his situation to perform the duties thereof." Upon the debate which ensued, Sir Arthur explained, "that when he was appointed to the Secretaryship, it was with a clear understanding that his acceptance of that situation should not preclude him from assuming any military command. Under this impression he had gone to Zealand, and afterwards to Portugal, and in both cases having found the office vacant on his return, he had resumed its duties. But on both occasions he had relinquished all claim to a continuance in it upon quitting the country, so that he should have no reason to complain, had he found the office occupied by another. That it was not so, was attributable to the noble duke at the head of the Irish government, who had very kindly expressed his wish still to avail himself of his (Sir Arthur's) services." In the course of the debate it came out, that although Sir Arthur Wellesley had held the Irish Secretaryship during his absence abroad, still *that he had not received one shilling* of the salary attached to the office.

Upon Lord Castlereagh moving the previous question, Mr. Whitbread withdrew his motion, expressing himself as perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and being only desirous that it should not be established as a precedent.

A treaty of peace was now entered into by Great Britain with Ferdinand the Seventh, by which the succession of the Spanish crown was guaranteed to Ferdinand, and such successors as the

Spanish nation should acknowledge, whilst the government of that country engaged never to cede to France any part of the territories or possessions of the Spanish monarchy, in any part of the world; making common cause against France, and not to make peace with that power, except by common consent.

We shall now take a hasty glance at the situation of Spain, after the battle of Corunna, and then proceed with the account of the new expedition, about to be entrusted to Sir Arthur Wellesley, and destined to act in Portugal.

The French army under Soult took possesion of Corunna, which capitulated on the 19th of January, 1809, and immediately after Ferrol (a well garrisoned fortress) surrendered to him, by treachery, as was alleged. Within a week he was on the march, at the head of twenty thousand men direct for Oporto; he was soon on the Portuguese frontiers without being encountered by any opposing force, but on crossing the Tuy, and on approaching the neighbourhood of Braga, he found General Friere at the head of some thousand "rash levied numbers," Silverira, with a smaller force at Tros-os Montes, while Romana with ten thousand was stationed at Coimbra and Montery; these armies, united, probably amounted to eighteen thousand men, but in so extended a line of position as proved, at once, to such a general as Soult, the probability of an easy conquest. A numerous rabble (they could not be esteemed soldiers), part only of which were armed with the ordinary weapons of war, formed a second line of defence; these were called the Lusitanian legion, and a third line, which was composed of all kinds of "brave defenders of their country," hastily levied by the Bishop of Oporto, covered that city. The positions occupied by the Portuguese were admitted to be capable of successful defence; they were defended by two hundred pieces of cannon, and with ordinary courage might have "laughed a siege to scorn." Soult arrived before the walls of Oporto on the 27th of January, made a feint attack on the left of the intrenchments, and while the Portuguese were opening a tremendous fire upon an imaginary force in that quarter, the French army advanced by another route, stormed and took the (esteemed) impregnable positions one after another, forced the redoubts, and with two battalions took possession of the city at the point of the bayonet.

During the assault, a trait of French generosity was exhibited, which would be gross injustice to withhold mention of. When the first battalion had forced its way to the principal bridge of the city, a terrified throng of old men, women, and children, took refuge in the boats; some of these gave way, and numbers were in great danger of perishing in the flood, but the French soldiery, with the humanity ever attendant upon true courage, bravely dashed into the waters, and vied with each other in their exertions to save the drowning people, and numbers of lives were preserved; such acts need no eulogy.

The British army in the north of Portugal was under General Cradock (who had despatched General Cameron's division to form a

junction with Moore); upon that General becoming acquainted with the retreat and death of Moore, and the subsequent withdrawal of



the remains of his army, he directed Cameron to check his progress and return to Lisbon by way of Sacavem, after destroying the bridges of Villa Velha, and Abrantes.

The duke del Infantado had, in the mean time, advanced at the head of twenty thousand men from Cuenca, from whence he despatched a force under Venegas, to surprise the enemy at Tarancon, but that General suffered himself to be surprised, and fell back upon Carascoza, being soundly beaten by Marshal Victor.

Saragossa was once more formidably besieged by a large force (said to be nearly forty thousand men), under Marshals Mortier and Moncey—again the enthusiasm and moral courage of the besieged was excited to the utmost, nor was it found wanting at the hour of peril. On the 29th the French trenches were regularly opened, a terrible fire from numerous guns was kept up incessantly—most desperate conflicts took place before the enemy became masters of the ruined walls; every street, every house became the scene of a bloody and deadly strife.

The gallant defenders of that noble pile (the University) resisted for a long time the impetuous attacks of the furious assailants, and yielding at last only to the o'erwhelming influence of the miners. With a loud explosion its massive walls were rent asunder, heaved in awful convulsion for a moment, and then came tumbling down, crushing all beneath. The citadel, the churches, convents, and every tenable place, were contested for with the most deadly obstinacy—the women, the aged, and the children, had been placed in the cellars for safety—want

and pestilence reigned among them, and thousands found their last sad resting place. Amidst these accumulated horrors, the spirit and courage of the defenders of the city never failed them. But while these almost superhuman efforts were making, Palafox, he who had shone by his daring acts in the field of battle—he who had thrown a bold defiance at the enemy at the former siege, was nowhere to be found in this the hour of danger. Nay, it is even said (oh! shame to manhood), that for a whole month he shut himself up in a secure and vaulted retreat, which he never left, and passed his time in ease and sensual indulgence. At last the city was taken; and the enemy, on gaining possession, found the corpses and bones of more than forty thousand persons strewing the ground. Out of fifty thousand men who inhabited the city when it was invested by the French, scarcely twelve thousand living skeletons were to be found when the enemy took possession of this scene of desolation and ruin. Thus fell Saragossa after two heroic defences! General St. Cyr, with eighteen thousand men in Catalonia, had been scarcely opposed by the Spaniards in his approach to Barcelona, (if we except a gallant check he received at Rossas, where the opportune arrival of Lord Cochrane in the gulf, and the landing of fifty marines, and some seamen, who kept possession of Fort Trinidad, repelling the most formidable attacks until December, when the town was taking by storm); notwithstanding which, however, Cochrane succeeded in blowing up the works at Fort Trinidad, and embarked his gallant fellows, with scarcely the loss of a man.

After the fall of Rossas, St. Cyr advanced upon Barcelona, which was invested by General Vives (who had succeeded the Marquis del Palacio), at the head of a large Spanish force in strong positions at Llenas, and protected by twelve pieces of artillery. St. Cyr, who *had not a single cannon,* boldly attacked, and, after a very short struggle, the Spaniards retreated in all directions, leaving two thousand prisoners, guns, &c., in possession of the French; the rout was so complete, that not one Spanish column retreated in any thing like order. The French followed up their success by entering Barcelona, attacking the Spaniards beyond the river, defeating them, and, without a day's pause, pushed on for Tarragona.

The scattered forces of Vives, having in some degree rallied, were united with a few veteran battalions and Swiss regiments under General Redding, who had been appointed to succeed the imbecile Vives; and which, with a new and extensive levy, mustered a force of twenty-eight thousand; but here, too, the besetting sin of Spanish tactics—a greatly extended line—produced their defeat. St. Cyr, with his usual promptitude, made a furious attack upon the weak centre of the Spanish force under Castro, separating their wings, routed it, and falling instantly upon their left wing, defeated it with great slaughter, and captured their artillery and magazines, and advanced quickly against Redding himself; the latter, who was a man of unquestioned

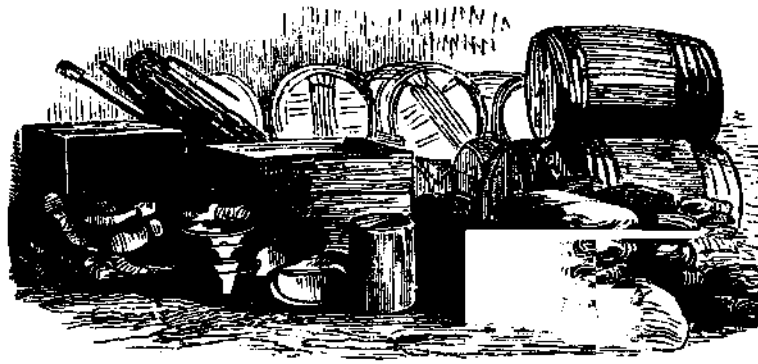
courage, and of the most indomitable resolution, nothing daunted by the defeat of his left wing, rallied his troops, and attempted to cover Tarragona, by falling back through the pass called the Col de Riba, but being attacked by the French, under Southam, he was compelled to accept of battle under numerous disadvantages; he was routed, although the greater part of his army got safely into Tarragona; but the brave Redding, who did all that mere courage could prompt or execute against such a tactician as St. Cyr, was mortally wounded, and died a few days after the action. Blake took the command of this army after the death of Redding, and succeeded in obtaining some advantage over Junot, by a successful attack upon, and defeat of a detachment of one thousand men; which victory put Blake in possession of Alcanitz.

Suchet, one of the most able of the French Marshals, succeeded Junot, and expected to march only to victory. At the head of eight thousand men and some cavalry, he attacked Blake's army (certainly numerically superior to his own), in his strong positions; the action was not long doubtful; the French were seized with a sudden panic and fled, leaving numbers dead upon the field, and the whole army completely disorganized. Blake advanced immediately into Arragon, with the intention to re-take Saragossa; Sir Robert Wilson (who had command of the Lusitanian legion) had brought his irregular troops to some discipline, and maintained himself gallantly at Ciudad Rodrigo. Sir John Cradock, who was threatened on all sides by superior numbers (the French having advanced to Merida, and were *en route* to Lisbon by the Tagus), was entertaining serious thoughts of embarking his army for England. Victor was marching from one triumph to another over the army of Cuesta, and at Medellin, with he aid of the force under Latour Maubourg, almost annihilated the Spanish forces in that part of the country.

At almost the same time, the French, under general Sebastiani, who was at the head of a large cavalry force in La Mancha, had defeated the Spaniards, pressing them to the difficult passes of the Sierra Morena, and although they attempted to make head against him at Ciudad Real, they were totally routed.

Such was the critical situation of affairs in the Peninsula, when the English cabinet resolved to reinforce the British army at Lisbon, and to take effectual and prompt measures to carry on the defence of its old ally, in the most energetic manner. At the same time the Portuguese regency offered to place their army upon a new and organized system, under the command of a British General; this offer was made to Sir Arthur Wellesley, but was declined by him, he having reason to expect more important duties and higher destinies.

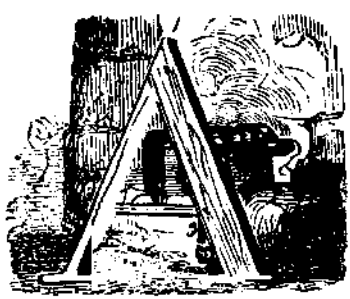
This difficult task was at last undertaken by General Beresford, whose high military talents and great decision of character, soon brought about a manifest improvement in the Portuguese army; and English officers were encouraged to take commissions in that service.



CHAPTER III.

1809—1802.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE BRITISH ARMY.—TAKING OF OPORTO.—BATTLE OF TALAVERA.—MASSACRE AT VALENCIA.—MURDER OF THE BISHOP OF CORIA.—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY CREATED VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.—SIEGE OF GERONA.—BATTLE OF ALMEIDA.—TORRES VEDRAS.—RETREAT OF MASSENA.



APPOINTED Commander-in-Chief of the army intended to act in Spain and Portugal, and (having previously resigned his office as Secretary for Ireland), Sir Arthur Wellesley set sail for his command, and landed at Lisbon on the 22nd of April, 1809, having arranged his plan of advance upon Oporto. This is the second city of Portugal; its population at this time was about forty thousand, and it has four suburbs; being regarded as a garrison town it had a military governor. The remains of the ancient Moorish walls and gates are still to be seen in many places, yet the town can only be considered, strictly speaking, as an open place, and without any other than a temporary defence.

The mouth of the river is covered by a small fort, called San Joas de Foz, near which, on the coast, there is a market town. Besides this work, there was on the northward a bastion on the very beach, and on the south side opposite was a redoubt, called Santa Catharina, flanked in its turn for defence by a few smaller batteries. Sir Arthur's route of march (finding there was no direct communication between the armies of Soult, and Victor), was to move directly against Soult, and beating the various French corps in detail, then to retrograde and attack Victor on the banks of the Tagus. At the same time he directed Beresford to co-operate by advance on the Douro. The whole force under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley was fourteen thousand, five hundred infantry, one thousand five hundred cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery. On the 10th of May, the advanced guard and cavalry crossed the Vouga,

with the intention of surprising four regiments of French cavalry, a battalion of infantry, and some guns, which occupied a position about eight miles from that river; this, as far as regards the surprise, was not effected, but the enemy were driven back with some loss. On the 11th the advanced guard continuing their march by the high road to Oporto, Major General Hill's division moving on a parallel line, by the road from Ovar, at Vendas Novas they fell in with the enemy's advanced guards, which consisted of four thousand infantry and a body of cavalry, strongly posted on the heights of Grijon, their front being protected by the woods and broken ground. The attack commenced, and the enemy's left flank was turned immediately, by a well directed movement of Major General Murray; at the same time the Portuguese attacked their right, and Major Way's brigade made a charge upon the infantry in the centre; these attacks were successful, and the enemy gave way; in pursuit, many prisoners were made.

The consequence of this little affair was, the French re-crossing the Douro, and afterwards destroying the bridge. The difficulty of obtaining boats having been soon overcome, the first battalion of the Buffs, with Paget at their head, soon passed the river, and sustained for some time the attack of the French force, manfully keeping their ground, until seconded by the advance of the 48th and 64th foot, and a Portuguese battalion of General Hill's brigade. "Every thing considered," says an eye witness, "the passage of the Douro was certainly one of the most brilliant achievements on record. The troops had made a forced march of eighty miles from Coimbra, in three days and a half, and the whole of the artillery was got on, though some parts of the road was so excessively bad that it seemed wonderful how the guns ever got through them.

"The current of the Douro is very rapid, the opposite banks high and steep, in possession of the enemy, and we were ignorant of his forces and defences. There was no means of crossing the river, except, in such small Portuguese boats as the enthusiasm of the people brought to us at their own peril from the French side of the river, and the troops that first passed had to wait till these boats went backwards and forwards, and necessarily brought over the remainder."

"Notwithstanding such difficulties, Sir Arthur Wellesley did not delay one moment in crossing the river. The animation and bravery of the troops seconded his activity of mind; the enemy's defences were soon taken, himself defeated at all points, a vast number of prisoners made; and when the pursuit was ordered to cease, one sentiment of regret pervaded all. The bridge of the Douro being destroyed, there was no means of getting over the artillery, and only sixty dragoons had already crossed. Under these circumstances Sir Arthur Wellesley durst not in prudence pursue, though we have since learned from some English officers, who were with the French army, and afterwards made their escape, that the confusion was so great, and the troops so

entangled with baggage, &c., that the greatest part of them must have been taken prisoners if we had continued the pursuit. The country was so hostile to the French, that they could get no information of our movements; the advance from Coimbra was therefore unexpected, and it was so rapid that they were completely taken by surprise.*

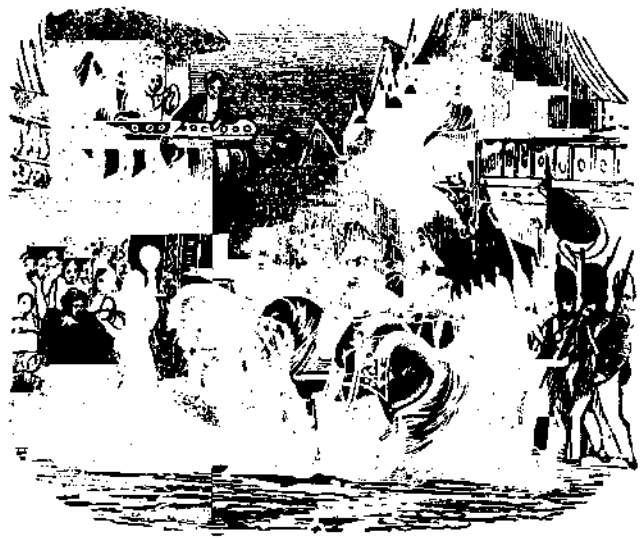
The attack of Soult upon the small force of Paget (who was wounded early in the action), was so tremendous, that its state seemed very critical, when the opportune arrival of General Murray from Avintas, who made a brilliant attack upon the enemy's left flank, and also that of General Sherbrooke, who had crossed the Douro at the ferry with the brigade of guards, turned the fortune of the day, and the enemy retreated in confusion towards Amarante, leaving behind him five pieces of cannon and some ammunition-waggons, with many prisoners. This victory opened the gates of Oporto to Sir Arthur Wellesley and his gallant army: thus, his masterly movements fully accomplished the objects which he sought.

The conquerors found seven hundred sick and wounded of the French in the hospitals of Oporto, who were treated with the utmost humanity, and the French surgeons were allowed to attend them. The excesses committed by the French creating some fear of reprisal on the part of the inhabitants of Oporto, Sir Arthur Wellesley deemed it necessary to issue a proclamation, recommending forbearance, under severe penalties for its infraction. "Marshal Soult's dinner," says the author we have before quoted, "was preparing, and was actually eaten by Sir Arthur Wellesley. Some of the captured Generals were taken in the streets of Oporto, many men were killed in the streets by the 29th regiment, and General Laborde's baggage was taken just beyond the entrance of the city.

"The scene was altogether beautiful and perfectly unique; the day was very fine, and the tide being in, the river was quite full."

Immediately opposite to Oporto is the town of Villa Nova, where we embarked to cross the river. Here, on the beach, was raised an immense standard of white cloth, on which the sign of the cross was embroidered; the opposite walls of Oporto were lined with people, waving white handkerchiefs to us, expressing by their signs and gestures their extreme anxiety for our passing the river; the Portuguese rowed their own boats, and the animation these poor fishermen displayed, and their exertions to get us quickly over, were very striking. The houses, as we passed through the streets, were principally closed for fear of being pillaged by the French in their retreat, but the balconies were full of people, chiefly women, and from one end of the shore to the other, there was a continued line of white handkerchiefs waved to us from the balconies. The British loss in the action was only one hundred and twenty killed and wounded. The city of Oporto was entered on the 12th of May, and on the following day Sir Arthur Wellesley was preparing for the pursuit of the enemy. At

first it was uncertain by what road the French were retreating, and the Commander-in-Chief took one route, at the same time dispatching General Murray by another. It was at length discovered, that



Soult had retreated towards Chaves, and Sir Arthur pushed on to Villa Nova, and was on the 14th within three leagues of them. At Braga on the 15th, he was joined by General Murray; at Salamonde, where they overtook the enemy's rear guard, a contest ensued, and many prisoners were taken, besides some guns on the heights. The pursuit of the French was so rapid, and his confusion so great, that but for the coming night his destruction would have been inevitable.

"The sufferings of the French army in this retreat were dreadful," says an officer who was present. "The road as we went along was strewed with wrecks of their army, dead horses, muskets, ammunition, knapsacks, bodies of French soldiers murdered and stripped by the peasants, and now and then a solitary soldier lying on the road-side, and dying from fear, want and fatigue.

"The scene at the bridge over the Cabado was most striking and affecting. The bridge is very narrow, and the confusion had been so great, that the cavalry in passing had trampled down the infantry—vast numbers of men and horses had been precipitated over the battlements. The bed of the torrent was covered with drowned horses, or such as had been lamed in their fall; the banks were strewed with baggage of every description—arms, knapsacks, dead horses, dead bodies, &c.; and if to this assemblage of sad and melancholy desolation, you add the effects of the surrounding scenery, immense mountains, a furious and rapid torrent, forcing its way among piles of rocks,

and continually augmented by long cascades from the mountains, you may form some opinion of the sort of feelings which such a view must inspire.

"The quantity of plunder collected in Oporto by the French must have been enormous; there is hardly a species of property but what we found in their knapsacks that were thrown away—plate of every description, jewellery, quantities of money, womens' ornaments, and clothes of all sorts. A man of the 83rd regiment got a bar of solid gold, another found one of silver."*

In his retreat the enemy left behind him his sick and wounded, and the road from Penafiel to Mont Alegre was strewed with the carcasses of horses, and mules, and French soldiers, who had been put to death by the peasantry, before the British advanced guard could save them. Sir Arthur Wellesley observes, that "this was the natural effect of the species of warfare which the enemy had carried on in Portugal." The French soldiers," he added, "had plundered and murdered the



peasantry at their pleasure, and he had seen many persons hanging on the trees by the sides of the road, executed for no reason, that he could learn, excepting that they were not friendly to the French invasion, and usurpation of the government of their country." He said also "that the route of their columns could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they had set fire." During this retreat more than five hundred prisoners were taken by the British; but it was well ascertained that the loss of the enemy was much greater—scarcely less, perhaps, than one fourth of his force. As was justly observed, "when an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, baggage, and any thing that can strengthen it, and can alone enable it to act together as a body, and at the same time abandons those who are entitled to its protection, but retard its progress, it must then be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed, with any

* Clarke, vol. I, p. 186.

prospect of being overtaken, by an army which has not made the same sacrifices."

In the pursuit the British army suffered most dreadfully from the incessant rains, which made the roads (at all times bad) nearly impassable; but the steadiness and enduring patience of the British soldiery overcame all obstacles. A noble example was set by the brigade of guards who headed the column, which received, as it merited, the thanks of the commander-in-chief.

Having received information that the French in Estramadura had a large force moving upon Alcantara, Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered the brigades at Braga to return to Oporto; and shortly after the whole army retrograded in the same direction. Learning the fall of Alcantara, and justly supposing that the enemy would directly invade Portugal, the army crossed the Mondego on the 26th of May, and re-entered Oporto.

During this stay in this city, Sir Arthur exerted himself by unceasing remonstrances and entreaties; now appealing to their pride, and then to their fears, to rouse the patriotic feeling of the Portuguese nation. "All the exertions of Great Britain," he observed, "and all that the valour and discipline of British soldiers can effect, will not save Portugal, and secure her independence, unless the *people of Portugal exert themselves in their own cause*; and it is particularly incumbent on the nobility, and persons of great fortune and station, to set the example of that devotion to the service of their country, and of that strict attention to the rules of military discipline and subordination, which can alone render any exertions useful, and lead to that success to which all must look forward with anxiety." Nor were these all the difficulties (exclusive of the more immediate duties of his command) which he had to contend with. Jealousies rose between the British officers in the Portuguese service, and some general officers resigned in consequence; and the task of reconciling these differences required the exercise of both firmness and moderation. Whilst at Oporto Sir Arthur Wellesley endeavoured to arrange the plan of operations with the Spanish General Cuesta, to drive Marshal Victor from his positions, which threatened Andalusia. This bigotted old blockhead (Cuesta), too ignorant of warfare to know what to do, and too obstinate and self-opinionated to be taught by wiser heads, would, however, pursue his own course, and only consulted the British commander-in-chief when he had got himself into some danger, by his obstinacy or his imprudence. It is not to be disputed, that even the British army was in a state of great disorganization,—the numberless privations they had suffered, the arrears of pay due to them, and, still more, their state of inactivity, had engendered insubordination, and moral laxity,—so great, indeed, that their plunder of the inhabitants was by no means unfrequent. "I have long been of opinion," says Sir Arthur, in his letters, "that the British army could bear neither success nor failure, and I have had manifest proofs of the

truth of this opinion in the first of its branches—the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern. The town Mayor of Lisbon, if he has the orders, will show you, if you wish to read them, those that I have given out upon this subject. They have plundered the people of bullocks among other property, for what reason I am sure I do not know; except it be, as I understand is their practice, to sell them back to the people again.

"I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will mention this practice to the Ministers of the Regency," (this is said to Mr. Villiers), "and beg them to issue a proclamation, forbidding the people in the most positive terms to purchase anything of the soldiers of the British army. We are terribly distressed for money; I am convinced that three hundred thousand would not pay our debts, and two months pay is due to the army. I suspect the Ministers of England are very indifferent to our operations in this country. I rather suspect that Sir John Cradock has detained the "Surveillante" at Cadiz, and that this is the reason why that ship has not returned with the dollars in exchange for our gold."

Such were a few of the difficulties which the British General had to contend with. Every excuse may be rendered for the conduct of the army—the men were without the common necessaries of life; nay, some even wanted shoes; the hospitals were crowded, and, although General Crawford had arrived with a reinforcement of five thousand men, the commander-in-chief could only calculate upon bringing into the field a force of twenty thousand; the inability, or rather the unwillingness of the authorities to provide means of transit to the stores, even when collected by the Commissariat, increased in a material degree the distresses of the army.

It was under all these disadvantages that, at the end of June, the British army commenced its march into Spain by the north bank of the Tagus. The plan of operations was to form a junction with Cuesta's force, near the Tieta, and to make a demonstration, by an advance upon Madrid.

The Spanish army at this period consisted of forty thousand men, under Cuesta, and that commanded by Vanegas to twenty five thousand men. The latter was detached for the purpose of preventing a junction of Victor with the force under Sebastiani, but he was forced to retreat into the Sierra Morena.

The French army was composed of sixty thousand men; being an union of Victor's, Sebastiani's, and that of Joseph Bonaparte, which had advanced from Madrid. They had retired from Torremocha, and were now in a position at Talavera de la Reyna; Ney and Soult were in force on the north side of the valley of the Tagus, but were kept in check by the Portuguese army under Beresford; while a division of the Spanish army was ordered to occupy Bejar and the important pass of Perales. Perhaps we are in some degree anticipating dates,

but we have now stated the relative positions of the oppo ing armies, to give a more perfect notion of the ensuing operations

"On the 6th of July we entered the city of Placentia,* the capital of Estramadura. The inhabitants welcomed our entrance by waving their handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and other demonstrations of joy. Placentia is a large but not a handsome town, has old Moorish walls, and is situated on the river Xerto, over which it has two bridges: some of the houses are extremely large. In one private mansion we had accommodation (that is to say, room—for the furniture and inhabitants were gone) for two thousand men, besides stabling for most of our horses. In this neighbourhood most of the mountains are tipped with snow, which is brought to the town in considerable quantities, for the purpose of cooling creams, lemonade, &c. Placentia is also famous for its manufacture of chocolate, and has, besides, a number of respectable shops, though their tenants were at first afraid of opening them to us; their recent visitors, the French, not being accustomed to trouble themselves with accounts. A most seasonable supply of shoes was also procured here for the soldiers, many of whom had been totally barefooted, and wofully foot-sore, for several preceding days."

"We left Placentia," says the same authority, "on the 9th, and halted in a valley three miles off. This situation was delightful and beneficial—a beautiful clear stream of crystal water in our front, and in our rear the snow clad mountains I have spoken of. On the evening of the 10th we received an unexpected route, and returning through Placentia marched two leagues to Malpartida; a village containing about four hundred inhabitants, and nearly the same number of miserable hovels.

"Here the French had pillaged to excess, and the consequent misery of the inhabitants may be conceived, but cannot be described. I know nothing of philosophy; but in spite of my partiality to the army, and zeal in the service, common sense and unavoidable observation will sometimes obtrude reflections by no means favorable to war or its promoters; and when I have heard the people of this country and of Portugal censured, and, indeed, very much abused, for not furnishing all the supplies we require, I have caught myself asking the question,—what is it to the cottager or the farmer—what to the half-starved inhabitant by whom his misery is occasioned? Whether by friend or foe, his crops and his cattle are alike consumed? Wherever we move in anger, desolation tracks our progress; wherever we pause in amity; affliction mourns our friendship. The seat of war is unavoidably the seat of woe; and though the English in general pay honestly for what they are obliged to take, what recompense is this to a man who is obliged to abandon the place he has cultivated, and the necessaries of life, which not even money can procure. In the present case, however, we must derive what comfort we can from

* Sherer's Memoirs, vol. I.

the reflection, that compared with the French we constitute the lesser evil, and that our cause, under Heaven, is just."

But the army did not absolutely break up from Placentia until the 17th, and reached Oropese on the 20th, where a junction was formed with the Spanish force. Previous to this, Sir Robert Wilson had advanced from his positions, and arrived on the Alberche on the 23rd, with the Lusitanian legion and a small Spanish and Portuguese force; whilst Venegas, having broken up from Madrileyos, was able to cross the Tagus by a ford at Puente Duenes, and to arrive at Argand about the same time.

Before we describe the forward movements of the combined army to Talavera, we cannot refrain from quoting a truly graphic description* of Sir Arthur Wellesley's visit to Cuesta's army, which was in the camp near the Col de Mirabete, when the British General inspected the forces of the Spanish commander. "The guides who were



conducting Sir Arthur and his adjutant-general, lost their way, and they did not arrive at the Spanish encampment till it was already dark. The troops, however, who had been four hours waiting, were still under arms, with the veteran Cuesta at their head. Sir Arthur was received with a general discharge of artillery; and a number of large torches being lighted up, he passed the entire line in review by their red and flaring blaze. In this manner he passed about six thousand cavalry, or at least Spanish horse. We name this, only for the purpose of shewing with what description of force they were allied, and how little was to be expected from them. They were

* Journal of an Officer.—Clarke, vol. I, p. 191.

drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry. They were all remarkably fine-looking men, but many of them were extremely young; too young for service; in fact, raw recuits of a boyish age. With the exception of a few battalions, they were very ill appointed, not clothed in uniform, and were in general in want of shoes. It was immediately seen from their position under arms, and from the awkwardness with which they handled their firelocks, that they were a raw undisciplined levy. There were a few corps, of regularly appointed effective soldiers, such as the Irish brigade, the marine battalion from Cadiz, and the provisional battalions, formed out of the wreck of those brave grenadiers who had fought so well, and had fallen in such numbers in the early part of that fatal battle at Medellin. To speak generally, however, the army was little better than a crowd of peasants, disposed in battalions, after the rule of military organization; armed, indeed, partially like soldiers, but unacquainted with a soldier's duty. Again, their cavalry was well mounted, but very ill-disciplined, ignorant of the most common movements and formations, and, with the exception of a very few corps, miserably equipped, and not fit to take the field. Such was the Spanish army! Such, in character, were they all! Seldom one so good —many greatly inferior. We are as sure as if we had been by the side of Sir Arthur, that, as he rode down the Spanish line, and saw the stout Iberians in the red light of the torches which were held aloft as he passed along, and as he listened to the noisy welcomes of the cannon, and the loud confusion of sounds, when battalion after battalion shouted to receive him, he was forcibly reminded of India, and of all the noisy parade of those half-disciplined hosts which are formed in pompous array before the elephants of the native princes. When, on the 21st of July, Cuesta passed through Oropesa, Sir Arthur, in turn, drew out the British army; and the brave old soldier (for, with all his faults, prejudices, and obstinacy, he was as brave as an aged lion) looked upon the firm battalions of the English with an admiration he could not repress.

The combined armies moved from Oropesa on the 22nd, and the advanced guards attacked the enemy's outposts at Talavera, where their right was turned by the 1st Hussars and the 23rd Light Dragoons, under General Anson, and by a division of infantry under Major General Mackenzie; and they were driven in by the Spanish advanced guards, under the command of General Sargas and the Duke d'Alberquerque. The united armies now approached the enemy rapidly, the columns were formed for the attack of the position of Talavera de la Reyna on the 24th July: but the attack being postponed until the morning of the 25th, by desire of General Cuesta, the columns were again put in motion and the different corps advanced, when it was found that the enemy had fallen back to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos, evidently with the intention of uniting with Sebastiani.

From the want of sufficient means of transport, which the central Junta failed to supply, Sir Arthur was reluctantly obliged to remain at Talavera, instead of pursuing the enemy in his retrograde movement.

Cuesta, however, followed the enemy's line of march from the Alberche, and pushed on his advanced guard to Torrijos on the 24th of July; and Sir Arthur detached two other divisions of infantry, and a brigade of cavalry, across the Alberche to Casalegos, under General Sherbrooke, with a view to keep up the communication with Cuesta, and also with the force of Sir Robert Wilson at Escalona. From some unfortunate cause Vanegas had failed to bring up his force in time, and had remained at Damiel, in la Mancha. This delay had enabled the French to collect their detachments between Torrijos and Toledo, in which latter place they left a garrison of two thousand men.

The French army, therefore, now consisted of Victor's with Sebastiani's corps, and of seven thousand or eight thousand men under Joseph Bonaparte, who held the chief command, having under him Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and General Sebastiani. With this formidable force the French assumed the offensive; and on the 26th attacked Cuesta's advanced posts at Torrijos. These were obliged to fall upon the left bank of the Alberche, the British under Sherbrooke still retaining their positions at Cassalegos—the enemy being at Santa Olalla.

Every thing convincing Sir Arthur that the French were determined upon a general engagement, he took a favorable position in the vicinity of Talavera. Cuesta joining him on the morning of the 27th, Sherbrooke was ordered to return with his corps, and take his station in the line; while Mackenzie, with his division of infantry, and a brigade of cavalry, as an out-post in the wood on the right of Alberche, was to cover the left flank.

The position now taken by the troops extended rather more than two miles; the ground was open on the left where the British army was stationed, and it was commanded by a height, on which was *(en echellon)* and in second line, a division of infantry, under Major General Hill. Between this height and a range of mountains still further upon the left, was a valley, not at first occupied, as it was commanded by the height itself, and the range of mountains appeared too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The Spanish troops formed the right of the whole, and they extended immediately in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus. This part of the ground was covered by olive trees, and much intersected by ditches. The high road leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a heavy battery, in front of a church which was occupied by Spanish infantry. All the avenues of the town were defended in a similar manner; the town was occupied, and the remainder of the Spanish infantry was formed in two lines, behind

the banks on the roads which led from the town, and to the right and left of the British force.

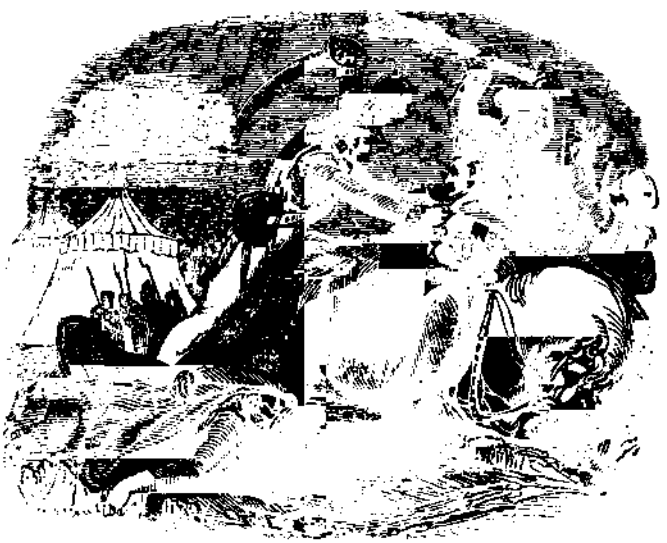
In the centre between the two armies there was a commanding spot of ground, on which the combined armies had begun to construct a redoubt, some open ground in its rear; and at this spot Brigadier General A. Campbell was posted, with a division of infantry, supported by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons, and some Spanish cavalry in his rear.

The operations now commenced. At two o'clock on the 27th the enemy showed himself in strength on the left bank of the Alberche and manifested an intention to attack the division of General Mackenzie. This was done by the enemy fording the river, and attacking with a superior force, under Generals Lapisse and Chauldron Rousseau. But as it was not the intention of Sir Arthur that the action should begin here, he ordered Mackenzie to retire, and take his place in the line, which he did in the most soldier-like style; but experienced some loss. Other divisions of the French now crossed, and advanced within gun-shot distance. Here they commenced a heavy cannonade on the British left, and attacked with fury the Spanish infantry with their horse, to win the town; but they were bravely met and repulsed. This continued until nine o'clock at night, and then the attack wholly ceased at this point. Victor, who was fully sensible that the height occupied by General Hill's corps was the key of the British position, made every effort to gain possession of it; in furtherance of which Ruffin was ordered to attack the hill with three regiments, Vilatte to support him, while Lapisse was to make a feint on the centre of the



allied force, to serve as a diversion from the main object of attack. A furious attack was accordingly made as soon as night had come on. This was for a moment successful, and the enemy gained possession of the height; but General Hill instantly retook the important post with his division, at the point of the bayonet. At midnight the attack was renewed with increased fury, but was gallantly repulsed.

The French attribute this failure to the fact of one of their regiments having lost its way! The loss was very severe on both sides at this well-contested point. Both armies rested on the field that night—if a state of perpetual alarm could be called rest—where the cavalry slept, beside their horses, with their bridles round their arms: and the videttes of each army are said to have fired upon their own countrymen in mistake for their enemies. A whole body of German troops (whether intending to desert or not, is doubtful) got intermingled with the British army, and suffered frightfully in the melée. Al-



though darkness covered the field, men fought hand to hand, and even with the butt end of their muskets, after they had discharged their pieces—too impatient to re-load them. The French, being by this time convinced that any attack was hopeless, either upon the town where the Spaniards were posted, or upon the centre where, from the rugged nature of the ground, the olive-yards which protected it, and the works which had been thrown up, the position was very strong, determined to renew their attempts upon the left, as the only vulnerable point. Here, therefore, they made a third desperate attack at day-break, with three regiments, under General Ruffin, in close columns. They advanced rapidly, and, as they thought, triumphantly; but when nearly on the summit of the hill, they were charged by Hill's division, and gallantly beaten back, although they retired in good order.

Sir Arthur, for the better security of this point, now sent two brigades of horse into the valley on the left of Alberquerque, who had been ordered by Cuesta to a position too confined for active opera-

tions, and who, seeing the British cavalry charged by very superior numbers, very judiciously and opportunely gave valuable assistance, and the British kept their position. Cuesta's ignorance and obstinacy gave place to the necessity of the occasion, and left the duke to choose his own place, which he did in soldier-like style. To dispossess this body the enemy sent out a cloud of tarailleurs to the heights on the left of the valley; but this proved of no advantage to him, as Cuesta immediately dispatched Bassecourt against these with the fifth division of Spanish infantry, and he was dislodged with great loss. About eleven o'clock the enemy intermitted the attack, the troops rested, and cooked their dinners in the field; wine and a little bread were served out to the British army. In one part of the field a small brook, which runs into the Tagus, crosses it, and it is even said that men of both armies met on its banks, slaked their thirst at the same moment, and in mutual admiration of each other's bravery, shook hands and interchanged mutual civilties. Their deadly weapons were for the moment thrown aside, and they beheld each other as brothers! During this interval, also, the wounded on both sides were removed; and in many cases British and French soldiers were to be seen rendering mutual assistance to the brave fellows who had fallen.

At noon the battle re-commenced, by Victor ordering a general attack upon the whole line. His own three divisions were to attack the hill once more; Sebastiani was to form his first division in two lines on the left of Lapisse; Leval, with a brigade which had just arrived on the field, was to be stationed to the left of this division, a little in the rear; still furthur left, Milhaud, with his dragoons, was to observe Talavera. Latour Maubourg's infantry, and Merlin's light horse, formed in the rear of Victor, to support his corps, and to advance into the open ground now occupied by him, as soon as he should have won the hill. The reserve was placed in a third line behind the corps of Sebastiani. From the moment this general attack began the fire of musketry was unremitting; like the perpetual roll of drums, overpowered at intervals by the deeper thunder of the heavy cannonade. By an error of the newly-arrived corps of Leval, the French allege their attack failed, attributable in the first instance to the ruggedness of the ground, intersected as it was by the olive trees and the vines; and, instead of forming *en echellon* in the rear, it had advanced to the front, and before it had time to deploy into line, was furiously attacked. Although Sebastiani sent a brigade to its support, and it fell back to its proper position, yet the delay was fatal to the movement. Sebastiani (upon the forming of the line) waited until Victor began the attack. Lapisse now crossed the ravine, supported by the cavalry of Latour Maubourg, and two batteries of eight pieces of cannon each. Vilatte covered the valley, and made a demonstration on the hills, while Ruffin skirted the chain of mountains to the left, and tried to turn the flank of the British army.

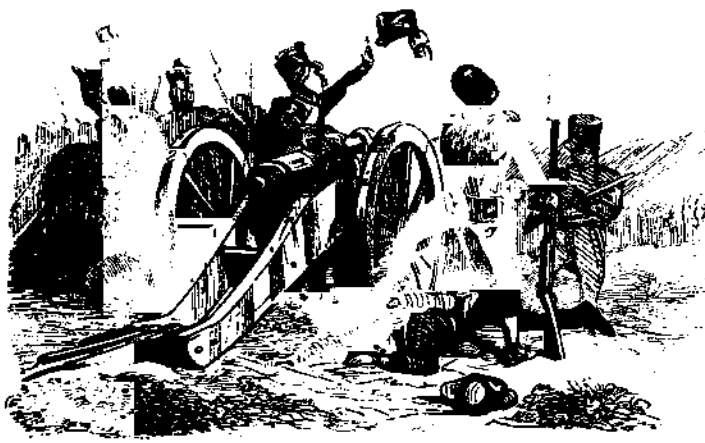
This attack upon the hill was tremendous, but nothing could penetrate the indomitable ranks of Hill's divison; again it failed, Lapisse fell mortally wounded, and his men were driven back;



Victor himself rallied them, and brought them once more to the fatal point, but their retrograde movement had exposed Sebastiani's right, and there also the French suffered severely.

But with his accustomed daring, Victor once more led his troops to that hill which had proved so fatal to its former assailants; Vilatte supporting him by advancing from the valley. Then it was that General Anson's brigade, which consisted of the 1st German light dragoons, the 23rd dragoons, with Fane's heavy cavalry, were ordered to charge them; the French were formed in two solid squares; these were protected by a deep ravine, which was not seen until the British horse were close upon it, the enemy keeping up a terrific fire from his guns and musketry. The effect of this was dreadful in the extreme; before they could check the speed of the horses, numbers fell into the ravine, and many were swept off by the artillery. A small portion, however, did get over, and were led in the most gallant style by the Honourable Major Ponsonby, up to the bristling bayonets of the enemy; dashing between the squares of infantry (upon whom they could make no impression), they charged a regiment of chasseurs which supported the enemy's infantry, but they were now attacked with fury by the reserve, surrounded,

and nearly destroyed; losing two thirds of their men, a few (among whom was Lord William Russell) succeeded, by the most desperate efforts in getting back to their own lines. Unavailing in its immediate effects for a time, as this charge was, yet the desperate valour of the British horse seemed to astonish the enemy, and their efforts were not renewed for some time upon the hill, which was now covered with heaps of the dying and the dead. The attack upon the centre of the British and Spanish lines was made at the same time; here General Campbell was supported by Eguia and Henestrosa, and by some Spanish horse: this attack was quickly repulsed, and while the Spaniards turned their flanks, the English took the enemy's cannon. A column



of German troops advanced with undaunted bravery, reckless of every thing but of preserving to the death their proverbial high military character; this devoted body was received by General Sherbrooke's division with such a murderous volley that they staggered, and the whole British division rushing forward with the bayonet, the Germans were driven back, and fell almost to a man.

But the brigade of guards, ever the foremost where the battle raged, having in their eagerness advanced too far, were attacked by the French reserve, and at the same time were exposed to a brisk fire from the enemy's artillery in the wood; in a few minutes all the mounted officers were killed, and more than two hundred men. At this period the attack was so perseveringly maintained by column after column, that the fate of the day was very doubtful. Sir Arthur, at this moment, with the most admirable decision, secured the long-contested victory. Perceiving the too hasty advance of the guards, and its consequences, he ordered immediately a battalion of the 48th regiment, from the higeht,

to the support of the guards; and this, with the assistance of General Cotton's cavalry, saved the brigade, whose destruction seemed inevitable. The broken guards passed through the intervals of the 48th regiment, re-formed behind them, and then in their turn supported the regiment which had preserved them. Upon their advance, the enemy, whose valour seemed now to fail him, fell quickly back. The guards renewed the huzzas with which they had charged; the shout of victory was echoed along the whole British line, and the battle was gained, although at intervals the enemy's artillery cannonaded the allies; yet he made no other effort to renew the contest. It was now night; and the British and Spanish troops lay in a position on the well-fought field, expecting a renewal of the attack at day-light; the moon rose, but with dimned light; the air was cold and damp, for the dew fell heavily; the troops were without covering or food; even water, it is said, was scarce, but all fared alike, from the general to the meanest soldier, and all alike were patient and full of hope, confident that if the morrow was destined to see a renewal of the conflict, their courage would bring them through it with honour. The French watch-fires blazed along the whole front of their lines. Scarcely had morn,

"—with her rosy fingers,
Unbarr'd the gates of light,"

when the British army was under arms, and in battle array; but it was then discovered that the enemy had retreated during the night, and his rear guard was only visible on the left of Alberche. Thus ended this sanguinary battle, than which, none was ever more bravely contested, to the horrors of which was added a frightful circumstance;—towards the close of the action, the long dry grass which covered the field was set on fire, and hundreds of wounded of both armies were destroyed, more by the raging element than the severity of their wounds! This tremendous day was dearly purchased. Twenty pieces of cannon only were taken, and the prisoners were few. The loss was very severe; of the British army it consisted of Major General Mackenzie, and Brigadier General Langworth, and thirty four other officers, seven hundred and sixty seven non-commissioned officers, rank and file killed, while Major General Hill and Brigadier General A. Campbell, one hundred and ninety-five officers, and three thousand, seven hundred and eighteen rank and file were wounded, besides ninety officers and six hundred and forty-four others missing.

The Spanish lost one thousand two hundred and fifty killed and wounded. During the battle, Sir Arthur Wellesley was very nearly taken prisoner while observing the attack upon Mackenzie's division by Lapisse and Chauldron Rousseau; and he also narrowly escaped being wounded, as two bullets passed through his

clothes without doing him any injury. The French combined force was nearly forty-eight thousand men (if we include the corps under Leval, which came into the field on the second day), while the actual British force did not amount to twenty thousand men. The French loss was ten thousand put *hors de combat*. The brunt of the second day's action was entirely borne by the British army, for the enemy found the position taken up by the Spanish army too strong to admit of any chance of its being successfully assailed. The presence of Cuesta's army was, however, of advantage, from the security which it gave to the right wing of the British army, and equally serviceable was the active duties performed by the divisions of Alberquerque, Bassecourt, and two battalions under Brigadier General Whittingham, who greatly assisted the last charge of the brigade of guards.

A reinforcement under General Crawford arrived on the field, but not until after the battle was over, although the troops had used every exertion by forced marches to participate in its dangers. On the 31st of July, at night, the enemy withdrew his rear-guard, the whole army marching towards Santa Olalla, as if with the view of taking up a position in the vicinity of Guadarama.

Immediately after the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley was declared Generalissimo of the Spanish armies, a circumstance which, it was hoped, would produce more unity of design in the Spanish proceedings, both civil and military, and infuse into their councils a spirit worthy of the occasion, which now called for its prompt exercise. The harrassing duty which Sir Arthur Wellesley had performed since he left Oporto, had brought on ague and fever, and he was compelled to sojourn at Lisbon to recruit his health; this temporary leisure enabled him to confer with his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, who had been appointed ambassador extraordinary from Great Britain to the Junta at Cadiz, at which city he arrived on the very day of the late battle, and where he was received with every demonstration of respect and joy.

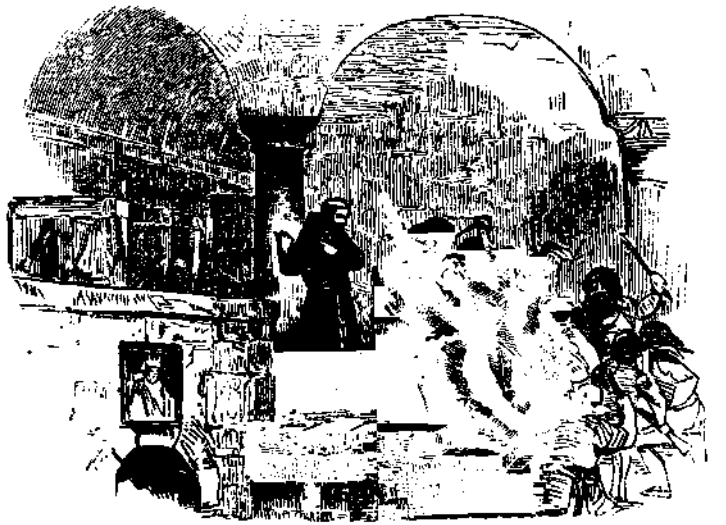
Major General Ronald Mackenzie, who fell so gloriously in the late battle, was the representative of a very ancient Highland family. He began his military career in the marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General Mackenzie of that corps; and for some time previous to 1794 did the duty of Adjutant to the Chatham division. Upon the death of his uncle, from whom he inherited some fortune, he quitted the marines, and became Major of the 2nd battalion of the 78th foot. In 1795, he joined the 1st battalion of his regiment at the Cape, and with it proceeded to India, where he served with distinction under Colonel Mackenzie Frazer. He returned to Europe in 1801, he was shortly after made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and was afterwards placed on the northern staff as Major

General, which rank he held when, at his own solicitation, he was removed to the command of a brigade in Portugal, in 1808. He was in parliament four years for the Sutherland boroughs, and afterwards for that country. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier, and a mild and most friendly man. The service lost in him a most excellent officer; his friends an estimable and amiable companion. His regiment was devoted to him, and his memory is still cherished by it.

The contempt and hatred with which the French looked upon the Spanish army, both officers and men, knew no bounds, and was manifested upon all occasions; while to the British their conduct was always respectful, and sometimes even courteous. Many are the tales told of the outbreaks of these malignant feelings, and though doubtless many are grossly exaggerated or highly coloured, according to the source from which they came, yet there can be no doubt but that the horrors of the war were greatly accumulated by these fiendish proceedings, and the glory of the Spanish nation tarnished by the frightful atrocities committed by them. The horrible conduct of the Valencians to the French in that city, display the feelings of devils rather than men—although we could willingly believe, for the honour of human nature, such things to have been impossible; yet we have the authority of one* not likely to exaggerate such matters, considering his known political bias, and whose high character for honor and veracity forbids a doubt of his accuracy for a moment to be entertained. His hatred of the French, and every thing anti-monarchcial, is the besetting sin of his otherwise splendid work. There were many French residents in Valencia; the abominable conduct of their government towards Spain had made them objects of hatred as well as suspicion, and at the beginning of the disturbances most of them very imprudently took refuge in the citadel. Calvo (this wretch, P. Balthasar Calvo, was Canon of the church of St. Isidro at Madrid) denounced them to the mob as being in correspondence with Murat and the French troops, for the purpose of betraying the city. The Junta had no military force at their command, and they were too much confused or intimidated to employ that moral force which, with due exertions on the part of the magistracy, may generally be brought into action. The British Consul (Mr. Tupper) was one of their number; he represented to the French the imminent danger to which they were exposed while they remained there, collected, as it were, for slaughter; and instructed them to retire into the different convents and name such of the inhabitants as they supposed would be willing and able to associate for their protection. But thinking themselves safer where they were, they were not to be persuaded. By this time the Canon had collected instruments enough for his bloody purpose; in

* Southey, vol. I, p. 284.

a large city ruffians will never be wanting, till the police of cities, and the moral condition of the inferior classes, be very different from what they are thoughout Christendom; and that he might have sure subjects at his command, he had opened the prisons, and let their inmates loose. On the 5th of June, when the evening was closing,



Calvo led his rabble to the citadel, and forced some friars to accompany them. Little resistance was made by the guard; the Frenchmen were led out one by one into an apartment; to be confessed by the friars like condemned criminals, then thrust out by some of these infatuated and infuriated wretches, felled with bludgeons, and dispatched by the knife. When the Junta heard that this horrible massacre was going on, they called out the monks and friars; and sent them to the scene of slaughter, carrying the Host uncovered, and with lighted tapers, chanting as they went. At that sight the wretches ceased from their murderous work: and, smeared as they were with blood, knelt by the bodies of their dead and dying victims in adoration. But Calvo, more obdurate than the very murderers whom he directed, called on them to complete what they had begun; he intimated to the religioners, that if they interposed on behalf of the French, they should be considered as accomplices with them, and partake their fate; and they, intimidated by the threat, and appalled by the dreadful objects before them, withdrew, when that spirit of heroic devotion, which looks upon martyrdom without dismay, might surely have prevented further bloodshed, and redeemed the Valencians from the shame of the foulest excesses, by which a cause, righteous in itself, was sullied. The massacre continued all night, a hundred and seventy

one persons were butchered: and when the day broke it was perceived that some ten or twelve of these victims were still breathing. The effect which this produced upon the murderers shows how certain it is that the religioners would have softened them, had there been one man among them with the spirit of a martyr. Struck with compassion, and without making their intention known to Calvo, as if they knew him to be immitigable, they removed these poor sufferers to the Hospital, and assisted in binding up the wounds which they had made. There still remained about one hundred and fifty French in the citadel; the mob, satiated with blood, and now open to feelings af humanity, determined upon sparing them, and removing them to a place of safety. The Canon consented to this, which it might have been dangerous to oppose; but his lust for blood was still unsatiated. He ordered all the French to be confessed be-



fore they left the citadel; then fastened two by two with ropes, and marched them out toward the place appointed. On the way he halted the mob, and holding up a paper, declared that it had been found in the pocket of one of the Frenchmen, and that it contained an engagement on the part of his countrymen in that city to deliver it up as soon as an enemy should appear before it. The multitude, with whom bold assertions, if according with their passions or prejudices, always pass for proofs, believed this preposterous charge; and, with renewed ferocity, falling upon the remnant, whom they had resolved to spare, massacred them all. Calvo then led them to the houses of the French, in search of those who had remained at home, when the

greater number took shelter in the citadel; these also were dragged from their hiding places, and in the same deliberate manner confessed and butchered. One circumstance alone occurred, which may relieve the horror of this dreadful narrative. M. Pierre Bergiere had acquired a large fortune in Valencia, and was remakable for his singular charity. It was not enough for him to assist the poor, and the sick, and the prisoner, with continued alms; he visited them, and ministered to their wants himself, in the sick room and in the dungeon. Yet his well-known virtues did not exempt him from the general proscription of his countrymen, and he, too, having been confessed and absolved, was thrust out to the murderers. The wretch, who was about to strike him, was one whom he had frequently relieved in prison, and



upon recognizing him withheld his arm; calling, however, to mind that Bergiere was a Frenchman, he raised it again; but his heart again smote him, and saying "art thou a devil or a saint that I cannot kill thee?" he pulled him throughthe crowd and made way for his escape. During these atrocities the Junta seemed to have been panic-stricken, making no effort to exert an authority which never was so much needed. The Canon was not satisfied with this timid and unwilling acquiescence; he wished to involve them in the responsibility for these wholesale murders, or to bring them into discredit and danger, by making them act in opposition to the wishes of the multitude whom he guided. With these views he commanded five Frenchmen to be led to the door of the hall, wherein they held their sittings, and sent in a messenger to ask, in his name, for a written order to put them to death. The intention was readily understood, but the mo-

ment was not yet come for acting decisively against the merciless demagogue, and the Conde of Corvellon replied, "you have killed many Frenchmen without an order, and none can be wanted now." Mr. Tupper went out to the assassins, and addressed them on behalf of the prisoners; he was struck at with a knife, by one who called him a Frenchmen himself; the blow was parried, voices were heard crying that he was an Englishman, and one man declared that he would put to death the first person who should offer insolence to the British Consul. But any interposition for the miserable French was in vain; they were knocked down and stabbed, and their bodies were left upon the steps of the hall. There were still several Frenchmen concealed in the city, who were in danger every moment of being discovered and massacred. Mr. Tupper, when he found that all appeals to the humanity of the mob were unavailing, had recourse to a different method, and proposed to an assembly of ruffians, armed with knives, which they had already used in murder, and were eager to use them again in the same service, that the survivors should be given up to him, that he might send them prisoners to England, promising in exchange for them a supply of arms and ammunition from Gibraltar. By this means their lives were preserved. The Canon Calvo was now in that state of insanity which is sometimes produced by the possession of unlimited authority. He declared himself the supreme and only representative of King Ferdinand, and was about to issue orders for dismissing the Conde of Corvellon from his rank of Captain-General, dissolving the Junta, and putting the Archbishop to death. A sense of their own imminent danger then roused the Junta. They invited him to join them and assist in their deliberations. He came, followed by a crowd of ruffians who filled the avenues when he entered the hall; he demeaned himself insolently, and threatened the assembly, till P. Rico, a Franciscan, one of the most active and intrepid in the national cause, rose, and called their attention to a matter upon which the safety of the city depended, and then denounced the Canon as a traitor, and called upon the members immediately to arrest him. Calvo was confounded at this attack;—when he recovered himself, he proposed to retire, while the Junta were investigating his conduct; they well understood his intention, and voted that he should immediately be sent in irons to Majorca: and before the mob, who at his bidding would have massacred the Junta, knew that he had been accused, he was conducted secretly under a strong guard to the mole, put in chains, and embarked for that island. The Junta then acted with vigour and severity: they seized about two hundred of the assassins, had them strangled in prison, and exposed their bodies upon a scaffold. The Canon was afterwards brought back, and suffered the same deserved fate. What confession he made was not known; he would not permit the priest to reveal it, farther than an acknowledgement that God and his crimes had brought him to that end."

While, or rather after these and similar atrocities were committed upon the French, it is not to be denied that their own conduct was equally marked with baseness and dishonour, even setting aside the original infamy of the invasion by them of both Spain and Portugal, and the subsequent occupation of the fortressess and strong holds. Their pretended *friendly* interference to reconcile the differences between Charles, the imbecile King of Spain, his infamous minister Godoy, and the scarcely less infamous Prince of Asturias (Ferdinand VII.*) was but a *ruse* to give a pretext, flimsey as it was, for further interposition, and (as was to be expected) ultimate military occupation;—the bait was too tempting to be resisted. The treaty of Tilsit had left Napoleon's legions nothing to do, and the very inactivity of a warlike population like France had danger in it for internal government!—some field must be found for its active services—the Peninsular afforded the nearest, and apparently, the most easy of accomplishment. Our pages have described with what degree of probability these expectations were realized.

Our present business, however, is to endeavour to trace the causes of that ferocious individual hostility with which the war was carried on by the Portuguese and Spaniards against the French. At the Convention of Cintra,† British Commissioners were named to carry the civil part of it into effect. By the final report of their proceedings, they state that the conduct of the French had been marked by the most shameful disregard of honour and probity, publicly evincing their intention of carrying off their plundered booty, and leaving acknowledged debts unpaid. "Finally," adds the Report, "they (the French,) have only paid what they were obliged to disgorge and were not permitted to carry off. The British Commissioners had represented to General Kellerman that whatsoever the words it could never be the spirit of any convention, that an army should, as a military chest, or otherwise, carry off public money, leaving public debts unpaid; they had called upon him, for the honour of the French army and nation, to act justly; and yet, unmindful of any tie of honour or of justice, the French army had taken away a considerable sum in the military chest, leaving debts unpaid to a very large amount." Such was their conduct in Portugal; we shall soon have occasion to describe, that in Spain it was still more atrocious, and brought upon them fearful, terrible retaliation. Our readers must bear with us in this somewhat retrograde detail, but we write not in a partisan spirit, and our predilection is only for the truth.

When the French under Sebastiani arrived in the city of Talavera, the wiser inhabitants fled‡ before their arrival, preferring the miseries of emigration to the insults and atrocities which the must otherwise have endured; for the exactions of heavy contributions, which reduc-

* He was accused of attempting the life of his father and sovereign, as well as that of his profligate mother.

† Southey says it should be that of Torres Vedras. ‡ Southey.

ed half the people to beggary, was the least evil those towns endured that fell under the yoke of the French. Everywhere the soldiers were permitted to plunder; no asylum could secure the women from



their unrestrained brutality; churches and convents were profaned with as little compunction as dwelling houses were broken open; and, in many instances, the victims were exposed naked in the streets.

The Spanish government exclaimed loudly against these enormities. "In other times," they said, "war was carried on between army and

army, soldier and soldier; their fury spent itself upon the field of battle, and when courage, combined with fortune, had decided the victory, the conquerors behaved to the conquered like men of honour, and the defenceless people were respected. The progress of civilization had tempered the evils of hostility, till a nation, which so lately boasted that it was the most polished in the world, renewed, in the 19th, century, the cruelties of the worst savages, and all the horrors which make us tremble in perusing the history of the eruptions of the barbarians of old. Like tigers, these enemies made no distinction in their carnage; the aged, the infants, the women; all are alike to them, wherever they can find blood to shed." Nor were they less energetic in their appeal to the Spanish nation to persevere in its resistance to the French. "What resource have you," said they, "in submission and cowardice. If by this abasement you could purchase a miserable existence, that perhaps with base minds might exculpate you. But you fly to your houses to perish in them, or to be idle spectators of the horrors which these ruffian soldiers are preparing for you! Yes! wait for them there, and they will not tarry long ere they come and shed before your eyes the blood of the innocent victims whom you will not defend. Old fathers, wretched mothers, prepare to receive your daughters, released from the arms of an hundred barbarians, only when they are in the act of death! or if they recover life, to curse it only in the bitterness of unextinguishable shame! tell them to reproach those cowardly husbands, those base lovers, who are content to live and see them plunged in this abominable infamy. But they will not be suffered to live; hand-cuffed and haltered, they will be dragged out of their country; they will be made soldiers by force, though they would not become so from honour and a sense of duty; there they will be exposed in the foremost ranks to the fire of the enemy; there they will not be able to fly; the toil, the danger, and death will be theirs; the glory and the sport will be their conquerors; and the crowns which they win will be for the tyrant—the cause of all this misery." These were the breathings of true patriotism; the language of those who felt the sacred influences of true liberty; would to God it had been always as energetically followed.

But to resume the more immediate subject of our history. It will be remembered that the plan of operation settled by Sir Arthur Wellesley with the Spanish General, Cuesta, and those under his command, included the occupation of two most important points on the Tagus, viz, the Puerto de Banos, and the Puerto de Penales;* the former of which was to be occupied by the Spaniards, under the Marquis de la Reyna, whilst the latter should be held by the Duke de Parque, with a detachment from the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo..

* And thus cut off the communication between Victor and the French forces in the north of Spain.

The British General having some well founded doubts of the ability of the Spaniards to spare a sufficient force, as respected the latter, directed Marshal Beresford, before the late battle, to place his corps as near as might be possible to that point; and, with regard to the all-important position of Puerto de Banos, he relied with confidence upon the assurances of Cuesta that he would detach a large division to secure its occupation. With these expectations, it was with no ordinary surprise that Lord Wellington received information that twelve thousand rations had been ordered at Fuente Duenos, for the 28th (two days after the battle of Talavera), and twenty-four thousand at Los Santos, for the same day, for a French corps which it was believed was in full march to Puerto de Banos.

This intelligence being found to be correct, Cuesta displayed the utmost anxiety for the safety of that important post, and wished that Sir Robert Wilson should be detached to occupy it; but as that active officer was of more use in his positions in the mountains of Escalona, by keeping up a direct communication with the patriotic Spaniards at Madrid, the British General did not comply with such a request. With the most extraordinary obstinacy Cuesta could not be prevailed upon to send any part of his own army to the spot thus threatened, and as it was thought that this was only a feint to cover more enlarged movements on the part of the enemy, things were suffered to remain in *statu quo*. At night Cuesta was again urged to dispatch Bassecourt with his force to the point; this was not done until the *third day* after, when the French had already entered Bejar; and then it was *too late*.

Mortier commenced his advance from Salamanca on the 27th, Soult in three days afterwards, and Ney on the 1st of August, their joint movements being directed to the same point. The French advance-guard fell in with the outposts of the Marquis de la Reyna, at La Calzala, drove them in and pursued them to Bejar, and the Colde Banos, which latter was but feebly capable of defence, the Spanish corps consisting only of six hundred men, having but twenty rounds of ammunition; this detachment merely attempted to blow up the bridge of Cuesper de Hombre, which failed, and they retreated without firing a shot! The battalions at Bejar ran away as soon as they caught sight of the French; but the pass was so formidable by nature, that Mortier hesitated for two days before he advanced, and did not march upon Placentia until he was well assured of the Spaniards' retreat. The French then took quiet possession of Placentia; this was of the greatest consequence, because it interrupted Sir Arthur's communication with Portugal, and thus enabled the French to manœuvre on his rear, if he advanced either upon Madrid or remained at Talavera.

Thus the British General had but the choice of evils; on the one hand, the enemy, thirty thousand strong, consisting of the corps of Soult and Ney, and perhaps those of Joseph Bonaparte and Jourdan,

were on one side in possession of the high road to the passage of the Tagus, at Almarez; the bridge of which had been destroyed, though the boats still remained on the river; and on the other hand, he had Victor's corps in his front, which, allowing for the loss in the late battle, still consisted of twenty-five thousand men, and also deducting the detachment engaged to watch the Spaniards under Venegas; this large force Sir Arthur had every reason to expect would advance to Talavera, as soon as it was known that Cuesta had retreated. From these difficulties he could only rescue his army by a retreat, or by giving battle to Soult and Ney, who would probably fall back until the coming up of Victor, and then he would be opposed to a French army of more than fifty thousand men.

Beside this, Sir Arthur had reason to believe that as the Marquis de la Reyna would not be able to remove the boats from the Almarez, they would be destroyed by Soult; his only mode of retreat therefore was by the bridge of Arzobispo, and there take up defensive positions on the Tagus; wisely considering that the sooner the defensive line should be taken the more likely the troops would be able to defend it against the united French army.

"Having taken every precaution,* he marched to Oropesa with the intention of either compelling Soult to retreat or giving him battle. At five in the evening he learned that the enemy were at Naval Moral, not more than eighteen miles distant, thus having placed themselves between him and the bridge of Almarez, as if they meant to cut off his retreat across the Tagus. An hour afterwards dispatches came from Talavera, enclosing an intercepted letter from Jourdan to Soult, wherein the latter was told that the British army was at least twenty-five thousand strong, and yet he was ordered to bring it into action wherever he could find it: from this Cuesta inferred, that Soult could not have less than thirty thousand men, and this was the precise number at which the friar, on whom the letter had been found, stated his army. But the most grievous part of the intelligence was that Victor was again advancing, and had reached St. Olalla; and that Cuesta, seeing himself threatened both in front and flank, and apprehending that the British would require assistance, was determined to march to join them. Painful as it was thus to abandon the wounded, he considered that he must have abandoned them if he were driven from the position, and that position being now opened on the left, he did not think himself able to maintain it. Sir Arthur immediately wrote to represent that the danger was far less imminent than Cuesta apprehended; the enemy he thought were not likely to attack Talavera, nor to occupy the British long. It would be time to march when he knew that the French had forced their way at Escalona, or were breaking up from St. Olalla. Victor was completely alone, and Sebastiani and the Intruder* occupied by Vanegas. At all events, he urged him to delay his march till the next day, send off his commis-

* Southey, vol. 2. p. 424.

were arrived at the bridge of Arzobispo. Soult's force, he said, was certainly overrated. Sir Arthur's mistake upon this subject arose from his being ignorant that Mortier had formed a junction with this army. He supposed that it consisted only of the corps of Soult and Ney, who had brought out of Galicia eighteen thousand men, the remains of thirty-six thousand with which they entered that country. Cuesta, however, was better informed, and he himself altered his opinion of the enemy's force, when he considered the positive orders which the Intruder had given for attacking the British army; supposing it to consist of twenty-five thousand men. Cuesta had not asked Sir Arthur's advice, and did not wait to receive it; he left Talavera before it reached him, marched all night and joined the British at Oropesa soon after daylight on the 4th of August. His apprehension of danger to himself was well founded; it was not without great exertions and heavy loss that the combined armies had repulsed the French at Talavera; well, therefore, might he despair of withstanding them alone, if they returned to the attack. But the danger, which by this hasty retreat he averted from himself, he brought upon Vanegas and Sir Arthur; and the latter, in addition to the mortification of having the wounded fall into the hands of the enemy, saw himself exposed to an attack in front and in rear at the same time, by two armies each superior to his own. It was absolutely necessary to retreat, otherwise nothing but two victories could extricate the troops from their perilous situation, and they were little capable of extraordinary exertions, not having had their full allowance of provisions for several days. The bridge of Almarez had been destroyed, and when the Marquis de la Reyna abandoned his post at the pass, he made for that point, with the intention of removing the bridge of boats that had been placed there; the boats, indeed, might



still be in the river, but it was thought impossible to reach Almarez without battle. If he moved on to give the enemy battle, the French

from Talavera would break down the bridge of Arzobispo, and thus intercept the only way by which a retreat was practicable; the same danger would be incurred if he took a position at Oropesa. Nothing remained, therefore, but to cross at Arzobispo while it was yet in their power, and take up a defensive post upon the Tagus. On the day, therefore, that Cuesta formed his unfortunate junction, Sir Arthur retreated by this route, and crossed the Tagus. Cuesta followed on the night of the 5th.

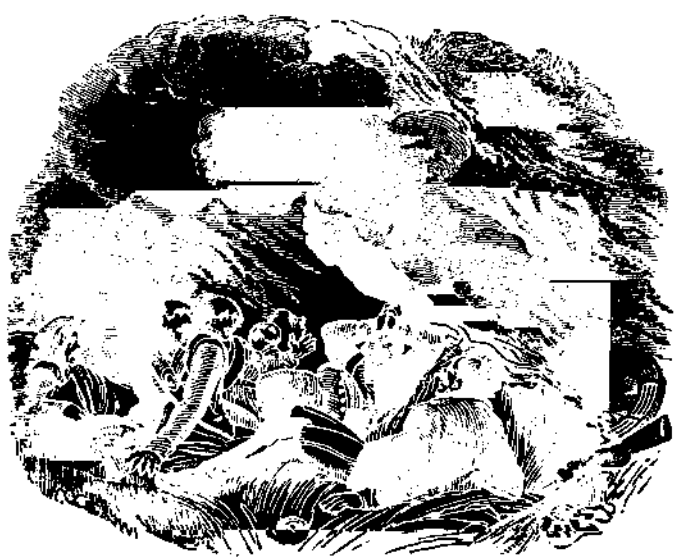
The British wounded, &c., in number five thousand, had been left at Talavera, under charge of Colonel Mackinnon, who had been directed, in case of the enemy's approach, to take the route of Puenta del Arzobispo, and from thence to Merida. Here he could only obtain from the Spaniards seven waggons to remove a few of the wounded! and he was forced to leave two thousand of them behind, trusting to the French for their relief and sustenance. In this he was happily not deceived, Marshal Mortier, to his honour be it said, not only treated the poor wounded and helpless soldiery with humanity, but with kindness and attention! This noble trait of conduct was borne testimony to by a British Commissary, who had been taken prisoner, and allowed to come away. He reported, "that the British officers and soldiers were doing remarkably well, and that they were not only well fed, and well taken care of, but, in fact, preferably to the French troops!" While these movements were being made, the corps under Sir Robert Wilson was at Escalona: that active officer put himself in communication with Cuesta, and marched through the mountains of Banos, where he was fiercely attacked by the division of Marshal Ney, and although opposed to a superior force, he defended his positions with great gallantry. Being informed by a peasant, of the advance of the enemy, he retreated and took post in front of Banos, with his picquets in advance of Aldea Nueva, selecting such points of defence as the exigency of the case permitted. The enemy's cavalry advanced upon the high road, and drove back his small cavalry post; but a picquet of Spanish infantry which he concealed, poured on the enemy a steady and well directed fire, which killed and wounded many of them. At this period two hundred Spanish infantry, who were in advance before Aldea Nueva, continued, under the direction of Colonel Grant and their officers, to maintain their ground with great bravery, until the enemy's cavalry and mounted chasseurs in considerable bodies appeared on both flanks, and forced them to give way. These troops now advanced in great numbers in every direction, and rushed to cut off the legion posted between Aldea Nueva and Banos; but, by the steady conduct of both officers and men, the enemy could only advance gradually, and with a severe loss from the commanding fire thrown into them. At this critical juncture, however, the Merida battalion gave way on the right, and thus laid open a road which cut behind the main position of Sir Robert's corps, so that he was obliged to order a retreat

on the heights above Banos, where he again felt the necessity of sending a detachment to scour the road of Monte Major, by which he saw the enemy directing a column. At this period the Marquis d'Espagne came up with his battalion of light infantry, and in the most gallant manner took post along the heights commanding the road to Banos; this enabled Sir Robert to send some of the Merida battalion on the mountain to the left, so as to command the main road which the enemy had attempted to ascend. The Marquis's corps of light infantry, and the detachment of the legion on its right, continued, notwithstanding the enemy's fire of artillery and musketry, to maintain their ground; but at six o'clock in the evening three columns of the enemy mounted the height on the left, gained it, and poured in such a fire on the troops below, that longer defence was impracticable, and the whole were obliged to retreat to the mountains on the left, leaving open the main road, along which a considerable body of cavalry immediately poured. The battalion of Seville had been left at Bejar, with orders to follow the proposed march of Sir Robert Wilson's detachment; but when he was forced to return, and the action commenced, it was ordered to Banos, to watch the Monte Major road and the height in the rear of the left. When the enemy's cavalry came near to this battalion, an officer and some dragoons called out to the commanding officer to surrender, but a volley killed him and his party, when the battalion proceeded to mount the heights, in which movement it was attacked, and surrounded by a column of cavalry and a column of infantry, but cut its way through and cleared itself, killing a great many of the enemy, especially of the cavalry.

After a resistance of nine hours, and without artillery, Sir Robert was obliged to retreat, but this he did in good order, though in the presence of a very superior force. Ney having thus forced this important pass, hastened on to Salamanca. Sir Robert's loss was not considerable, and he halted two days at Miranda de Castenas to rest his men, and collect his stragglers. Sir Arthur Wellesley had fallen back upon Deleitosa, at which point he could defend both Almarez, and the lower parts of the Tagus. Cuesta was at Arzobispo, but, with his usual incapacity and obstinacy, exposed himself to a severe defeat. On the 7th he moved to Peraleda de Garbin, leaving only two divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, under Alberquerque, to defend the passage of the river. This was an egregious blunder, or something worse, for the French, who were in force on the opposite banks, had already attempted to gain the bridge, and were hastily erecting batteries. The bridge was strongly defended; there were several batteries, with embrasures, connected by a covered way.

Relying with stupid confidence upon the strength of the positions, he did not leave men enough to defend them, but withdrew the greater part of his army to more convenient quarters! Mortier, who commanded the French advance-guard, continued the erection of his

batteries, to direct the attention of the Spaniards to the defence of the bridge: at the same time he desired Dombrowsky, the chief of his staff, to ascertain if the Tagus was fordable; he having observed that the Spaniards, when they watered their horses, were able to wade a considerable distance into the bed of the river, and this not more than two hundred yards from the bridge, and the Spanish batteries! Soult, who had now arrived, resolved to ford the river at the time when he calculated the Spaniards would be taking their *siesta;* he judged most accurately of the Spanish character! The Spaniards, depending upon the river as an effectual defence, never considered it necessary to enquire how far it could be relied upon! The passage was accomplished almost as soon as they suspected the attempt; the works of the bridge were taken in the rear; the artillerymen were cut down at their guns; the works were instantly demolished, and the way opened for Gerard's infantry! The Spanish cavalry, under Alberquerque, were reposing under some trees; at the first alarm, they made a charge to support their countrymen, which for a moment checked the French; but the latter soon re-formed, the Spaniards were forced back, and horse and foot fled, leaving behind them their ammunition, baggage, and all their artillery. The French estimated the loss of the Spanish at one thousand six hundred men, most of whom were cut down in a pursuit from which every man returned with his sabre red with blood. The loss of the French was trifling. An equally frightful circumstance took place



here as at Talavera; the herbage took fire! the wind spread the flames far and wide; stubble, dry shrubs, groves of ilex and of olives

were in a moment on fire, and the cries of the wounded were frightful; the muskets which the fugitives had thrown away in their hasty retreat, went off with loud reports during the night; cartridges and cassoons of artillery exploded in every direction. Never was the surprise of a detachment more complete, or defeat more disgraceful. The most ordinary caution would have saved the Spanish army; their loss, although not great in number of men, was considerable in artillery and material. It appears, indeed, that Soult advanced under the sole expectation of catching the "Spanish napping," for he really had no intention of carrying the war into Estramadura. Ney had intended crossing the Tagus, and of taking possession of the defiles of Deleitosa and Xaraicejo, thus to cut off the retreat of the British army into Portugal; but Sir Arthur had so well secured those defiles, as well as the passage of the Tagus, that Soult was ordered back to Salamanca, to defend, with Kellerman, that part of the country against the Duke del Parque and the Conde de Norona.* The retreat of Cuesta from Talavera, however much both the former and subsequent conduct of that general may deserve censure, was, under his circumstances at least, an excusable measure. About one thousand five hundred of the wounded were left, whom there was no time to remove, most of whom, indeed, were not in a fit state to bear removal. Cuesta had hardly began his march before the French were in sight. When Victor entered the town, he found some of the wounded French and English alike lying on the ground in the Plaza.

After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing which they did not understand, and that was how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of both nations, who were lodged together, one Englishman and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first. Many had already died in the square, and the stones were covered with blood. Victor ordered the townsmen to come with spades and besoms, remove and bury the dead and cleanse the Plaza; he was speedily obeyed, and then the French said the place was fit for them to walk in. This was done a few hours after they entered the town. The next day the troops were assembled at noon, and liberty of pillaging for three hours was allowed them. Every man was provided with a hammer and a small saw for the purpose, in his knapsack, and they filed off, by beat of drum, in regular parties to the different quarters of the town upon this work, as a business with which they were well acquainted. Nothing escaped their search; *they discovered corn enough to supply the French army for three months*;† these magazines had been effectually

* Southey.

† The British army were for days without food.

concealed, both from the Spanish and English generals, and their owners were now punished for their treachery to their own countrymen and their allies, by the loss of the whole. Dollars enough to load eight mules were also found, hidden beneath some broken wheels and rubbish, in a yard belonging to one of the convents! The behaviour of Victor to the wounded English deserves more especially to be mentioned, because Soult* was carrying on the war with unrelenting barbarity. From Placentia he laid waste the fertile vale in which that city stands, with fire and sword. Serradilla, Peonsan, and several other places, were burnt by his troops, who, when they were not otherwise employed, went out upon the highways, robbed every person whose ill-fortune compelled them to travel this miserable country, and usually killed those whom they had robbed. Don Juan Alvarez de Castro, the Bishop of Coria, in his eighty-sixth year, was murdered by these wretches.† When Lapisse, in the month of June, marched from Salamanca to Alcantara, the bishop, with great difficulty and fatigue, escaped; but the hardships which he then endured were too much for one in such extreme old age, and when Soult quartered himself in this part of the country he was confined to his bed, in the village of Los Hoyos. Had he moved he must have died upon the road; it was therefore not a matter of choice but of necessity that he should remain and take his chance. Three of his clergy and some of his domestics



remained with him, and a few old men took refuge under the same roof, thinking the presence of their venerable pastor would render it

* We doubt very much the accuracy of this—Ed.

† Southey.

a safe asylum. The French entered the village, and took possession of the house where the old prelate lay in bed. His chaplains met them, and entreated protection for their spiritual father, and his domestics waited upon them, hoping to obtain favour, or at least to escape injury. But after these ruffians had eaten and drank what was set before them, they plundered the house of every thing which could be converted to their own use, and destroyed whatever they could not carry away. They then fell upon the unhappy people of the house, one of whom they killed, and wounded six others; lastly, they dragged the bishop from his bed, and discharged two muskets into his body.

Cuesta's conduct after the affair at Talavera was inexplicable; he not only committed the most enormous blunders himself, but by his orders and counter-orders to Vanegas, led the latter into the most serious difficulties. The success at Talavera seems to have so elated Cuesta that he scarce knew what he was about; he wrote to Vanegas, directing him to advance upon Madrid, saying "this operation must oblige Victor to detach a large part of his force to protect the capital; in that case the allies would pursue him to that city, and if any unforeseen accident should compel him (Vanegas) to retreat, he might fall back upon Arganda, and along the skirts of the mountains." Vanegas, who was then at Ocana, with his advanced guard, pushed on to Aranjuez; he moved therefore his head quarters to the latter place, and advanced upon the capital. Twelve hours had scarcely elapsed when Cuesta wrote to him again to say that Victor had marched towards Torrijos or Toledo. This movement placed Vanegas in great difficulty, for if the French should reach Toledo they would fall on the rear-guard of the Spaniards, or if they pushed on by Torrijos they would arrive at Madrid before him. Again, he received a dispatch from Cuesta warning him of the risk of a general action with his troops against the well-disciplined forces of the enemy. In this perplexity, Vanegas determined upon remaining at Aranjuez, and taking the chance of a general action rather than retreat. Learning, on the 5th, that the French were advancing in force by the ford of Anover, he ordered Lacy to cross the Queen's Bridge (the only one left over the Tagus there) and afterwards to destroy it, while he himself marched his reserve from Ocana to the height on the left of the road between there and Aranjuez, in which position he could resist any attack on the Toledo side of the ford, and at the same time be equally ready to support the retreat of Lacy's division upon Ocana.

Lacy could not affect his object before an attack was made upon his rear-guard by a large body of cavalry, coming from Cuesta de la Reyna, but they were well met by the Spaniards, who retired in good order, broke down the bridge, and took post upon the heights which covered it. At the end of the broken bridge were three battalions of Spanish troops, under Requelme, who had with him four

pieces of artillery: there was another battalion in the Plaza de S. Antonio. Miguel Panes, a man of great courage and resolution, was posted with two companies and two eight-pounders to defend the broken Puente de Barcas. The broad ford, or Vardo Largo, the Calle de la Reyna, and other posts, were also well defended, besides a reserve on both sides of the road to Ocana and in the palace, on the left of which were the whole of the cavalry, ready to charge the enemy in case he should force the passage of the river; these were in the celebrated gardens; in these gardens the battle was fought. About two o'clock, a.m., the enemy appeared on the right bank of the Tagus, and made a fierce attack upon the whole lines. They opened a tremendous fire upon all the Spanish posts, more particularly upon the ford of Don Antonio's garden; and the reserve hastened to support it.

The gallant Panes, who commanded at Puente de Barcas, was at this moment struck by a cannon ball which carried away his leg; the wound was so dreadful that a single glance convinced him that it



was mortal. "Comrades," he cried, "I implore you to stand by these guns till death. I am going to heaven." As the soldiers bore him from the field his only anxiety was that the post should be maintained, and another officer should take his place instantly; the noble fellow died a soldier's death soon after. Every other post was as bravely defended, and the French at the close of the night retired. The Spanish loss in this affair was from two to three hundred, but the French had more than one thousand put *hors de combat;* and it is said that the whole of Sebastiani's force was engaged. The enemy, after

this check, re-crossed the Xarama, and prepared for a fresh attack upon the other side of that river. Vanegas concentrated his forces so as to meet any attack in front, and prevent him from being cut off in his retreat (should such a retrograde movement be necessary) upon Toledo. The occupation of La Mancha, and the keeping alive the rising spirit of the people, depended upon the stand which Vanegas, at this point, could make against the French. Unwilling therefore to abandon the province where he had been so well received, and elated perhaps by the recent success of Lacy, at Aranjuez, he resolved to give the enemy battle at Almonacid; in this resolution he was strengthened by the belief that the French were only fourteen thousand strong. Had this been done as soon as determined on, Vanegas might perhaps have had no cause to regret doing so; but while he was hesitating, Victor had opened a communication with Soult, and Joseph Bonaparte had joined Sebastiani with the reserve on the 9th of August.

On the morning of the day which Vanegas had set apart for rest, his position was reconnoitred, and he was himself attacked by a force nearly double his estimate of it! The Spaniards had just time to form in battle-order when the action commenced. The French, fully sensible that the fate of the day depended upon the position of the hill on the left of the Spanish position, Laval was ordered to attack it with two divisions; these being formed in close columns, by divisions and brigades, attacked the hill both in front and on the right at once. This was well defended by the Spaniards, and the slaughter of the enemy great; two chiefs of battalion being killed, and many others wounded. Nor was the loss of the Spaniards less severe; the colonel who commanded on the hill was wounded, and before the reserve could come up, the Spanish troops gave way; and these, instead of re-forming when the reserve arrived, fell back tumultuously upon it, the whole became one mass of confusion, and the important position was lost. The French now attacked in flank, and although Lacy with much judgment faced round, and with great gallantry sustained for some time the fierce onset, and Don Nicholas Chacon with two hundred cavalry in square, stood their ground admirably; yet, as the latter and some of his best officers and men had already fallen, they were forced to give way. In the centre the attack was as fierce, and was equally successful, and the Spaniards fell back upon the whole of the line. Vanegas now took up a sound position behind Almonacid. He was again attacked on all points, and his cavalry beaten back in all their charges. The day was lost, and the Spaniards obliged to retreat; the reserve, under Vigodet, covering the rear. This was done in good order to Herencia, where an alarm being raised that the enemy were before them to cut off the retreat to Valdepenas, a sudden panic seized upon the troops, and these very men, who had behaved gallantly in the late action, dispersed in the utmost confusion! The

French estimated the loss of the Spaniards at four thousand killed and wounded, the same number prisoners; this was probably an exaggeration, although the loss was undoubtedly great, particularly in artillery and baggage. The French had now accomplished all that they attempted; they had forced Cuesta and the British beyond the Tagus on one side, and had freed the province of La Mancha on the other. Vanegas had been forced by the loss of the late battle into the passes of the Sierra, and could no longer make head against them, although he was attempting to rally his forces with the most praiseworthy industry.

We now return to the retrograde march of the British army.

"On the 11th of August* we proceeded, or rather receded, about three leagues, and hutted in a dismal valley on the banks of the Elmonte river, distant about a mile and a half from the village of Jeracigo; this village, like most others I have seen in Spain, consists of an overgrown church and a cluster of pigstyes, denominated dwellings; the church here has been gutted and degraded into a stable; but its roof is of very handsome Gothic construction.

Truxillo, August 20th. This is a considerable town, capable of containing ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; it is built upon an eminence commanded by a large Moorish castle, and surrounded by a vast track of rocky and productive land. It contains a square, neatly surrounded by piazzas. In this square is the family mansion of Pizarro, this being his birth place, and it is the best house in the town. There are, besides, several handsome monasteries and churches; in one of the latter (that dedicated to Santa Maria) is a plain marble slab, in memory of that warrior, whose deeds and misdeeds are well known. Here is also another tablet to a nephew of the no less celebrated, but much more harmless, Cervantes. The interior of this church, particularly the roof, exhibits the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture I ever beheld; it appears to have been very recently and completely repaired; but being now, like many other religious houses in this country, converted to a barrack, it is, I fear, in a very fair way of dilapidation.

23rd., *to Madelin.* The approach to which has a very striking appearance, coming suddenly upon the banks of the winding Guadiana. On the summit of a rock on the opposite bank is a large and very handsome Moorish castle, whilst the same view presents one of the most beautiful bridges I ever saw. The Guadiana is the second largest river in Spain, and is wide but shallow at this place, and not used here for the purpose of navigation. The Moorish castle stands in a most commanding situation, and contains within its walls a church, an ample amphitheatre, and many monastic cells; all at this time desolate and deserted. The bridge has twenty very finely turned

* Journal of an Officer.

arches, of different sizes, but elegant symmetry; upon a small column, erected above the largest arch, is a splendid coat of arms, surrounded by a coronet, and beneath these are the numerous names and titles of a nobleman who built it. From the castle is a most commanding view, comprising seven towns and a most extensive plain,* which plain is formed into a sort of semicircle by a chain of mountains; all this part of Spain seems to be divided by nature into these sort of districts or sections. The village or town of Madelin is but a poor place, though somewhat superior to those we have lately passed through.

24th *August.* From Madelin to Merida we had a long march of six leagues. Merida stands upon the Guadiana, and is the largest and best town I have ever seen since quitting Talavera. The river here is deeper and broader than at Madelin, and from the length of the bridge must be extremely wide in the winter season. The bridge has no less than fifty-six arches, but one third of them are at present dry; in none of them is there the least regularity of architecture or beauty in symmetry; there is less appearance of desolation in this town, and more of cultivation in its vicinity, than I have anywhere witnessed throughout Spain.

The churches here, the usual resort of both idle and curious travellers, offer nothing worth writing about. The town is well worth exploring, as it possesses the remains of an amphitheatre, an aqueduct, and many other Roman antiquities.'

The retreat of the British Army continued by this route to Badajos, as Lord Wellington* originally determined. The sufferings of the army were very great, and not confined to the want of provisions, and the means of transit for their heavy baggage. Our readers will remember that vast magazines of corn were found *concealed* when the French, under Victor, entered Talavera; yet the English were in such a state of distress, that from the 3rd to the 7th of August *they had no bread,* and no more than seven thousand pounds of biscuit to be divided among thirty-thousand mouths, and then the whole supply was exhausted.

"The army," writes the Commander-in-Chief, "will be entirely lost if this treatment continues. If efficient measures had been taken by the Government when the distress of the British troops was first represented to them, the benefit must, ere this, have been experienced. There had been no neglect on the part of Mr. Frere,† the evil was owing to the poverty and exhausted state of the country; to the inactivity of the magistrates and people; to their disinclination to taking any trouble except that of packing up their property, and removing when they heard of the approach of a French patrole;

* On the news of the Battle of Talavera arriving in London, Sir Arthur Wellesley was created Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and Baron Duoro of Wellington, in the county of Somerset.

† The British Ambassador in Spain.

to their habits of insubordination and disobedience; and to the want of power in the Government and their officers."

Cuesta's obstinacy and want of good faith greatly increased the evil; his own cavalry were well supplied with barley, while hundreds of British horses died for want of it; and being applied to after the battle of Talavera for ninety mules to draw the British artillery, in place of those lost in the action, and there were at that time hundreds employed in drawing empty carts, yet he refused to part with any, and was mean enough to take away five mules which Alberquerque had furnished! they being useless; their guns having been taken. Nay, he even went so far as to assert that his own troops were in want of necessary food, because all that he had ordered for their use had been intercepted by the British and their commissaries! This was indignantly denied by the British General, who declared that instead of his troops having intercepted the supplies for the Spanish army, the very contrary was the fact, for on the day of the correspondence he was carrying on with Cuesta, "an English commissary arriving at Truxillo with bread and barley for the British army, was stopped on the way and deprived of all his barley and part of his bread by a detachment of Spanish horse."

"It was useless," he said to the British Ambassador, "to complain; but we are not treated as friends, much less as the only prop on which the cause of Spain can depend. But besides this want of good will, which can easily be traced to the temper of the General, there is such a want of resources in this country, and so little exertion in bringing what is to be found, that if the army were to remain here much longer it would become totally useless. The daily and increasing loss of horses from deficiency of food, and from the badness of what there is, is really alarming."

Two days after Cuesta had made his complaint of the British troops (which was wholly unfounded), that General was seized with paralysis, and he resigned his command, and Don Francisco de Eguia succeeded to that post. In common fairness it must be stated, that the Junta now exerted themselves to provide the army with the long-wanted supplies, and sent Lorenzo Calvo, one of their own body, and a man of energy and active habits, to remedy the evil; but notwithstanding this show of exertion, from some cause or other, the same system was continued, for we find the British General writing to the Marquis Wellesley still in language of bitter complaint. "Since the 23rd of last month," he says, "the horses have not received their regular deliveries of barley, and the infantry not ten days' bread. I have no doubt the Government have given orders that we should be provided as we ought to be, but orders are not sufficient. To carry on the contest to any purpose, the labour and services of every man and every beast in the country should be employed in the support of the armies, and these should be so classed and arranged as not only to secure obedience to the orders of the government, but regularity and

efficiency in the performance of the service. Magazines might then with ease be formed and transported wherever the armies should be stationed. But as we are now situated, fifty thousand men are collected upon a spot which cannot afford a subsistence for ten thousand, and there are no means of sending to a distance to make good any deficiency. The Junta have issued orders, which for want of arrangement, there are no persons to obey, and the army would perish here if I was to remain, before the supplies could arrive." "As for the promise," he added, (such had been made) "of giving provisions to the British army, to the exclusion of the Spanish troops, such a proposal can only be made as an extreme and desperate measure to induce me to remain in Spain; and were it practicable, I could not give my consent to it. The Spanish army must be fed as well as the British. "I am fully aware," he continued, "of the consequences which may follow my departure, though there is now no enemy in our front; but I am not responsible for them, whatever they may be. They are responsible, who, having been made acquainted with the wants of this army more than a month ago, have taken no effectual means to relieve them; who allowed a brave army which was rendering gratuitous service to Spain, and which was able and willing to pay for every thing it received, to starve in the midst of their country, and be reduced by want to a state of inefficiency; who refused or neglected to find carriages for removing the soldiers who had been wounded in their service, and obliged me to give up the equipment of the army for the performance of this necessary act of humanity!"

It was under such truly discouraging circumstances that Lord Wellington began his retreat to Badajoz. He halted (after marching for eight days) at Merida, and was still without the provisions for his army, which had been so faithfully promised! and it was only by the energetic proceedings of the Marquis Wellesley that he obtained even a partial supply. Nor were these the only ills which were inflicted upon this gallant force. * "From causes which physiologists have not yet been able to ascertain, the country where they were quartered upon the Guadiana, is peculiarly unhealthy during the dry season, when that river ceases to be a stream, and, like its feeders, is reduced to a succession of detached pools in the deeper parts of its course. The troops suffered so much more than the natives, because the disease laid stronger hold on constitutions which were not accustomed to it, and partly from the peculiar liableness of men who congregated in camps to receive and communicate endemic maladies, that more than one third of their whole number were on the sick list; and the inhabitants of the country, aware as they were that this plague belonged to it, ascribed its greater prevalence and malignity among the strangers to their having eaten mushrooms, holding the whole tribe themselves in abhorrence, and not thinking the ordinary

* Southey's Peninsular War, Vol. 2, p. 511.

causes of the disease could account for the effects which they witnessed.

If the Spanish armies, from the want of discipline, and the undoubted incapacity of their commanders, were unable to make head against the French troops in the field, their activity and daring courage, while engaged against them in guerilla warfare, were the means of greatly harassing the enemy, and compelling him to double and sometimes treble the guards of the convoys; intercepting and cutting off his isolated detachments. As the sphere of their



daring exploits was usually the mountain passes, fastnesses, &c. which abound in Spain, particularly in the range of the Pyrenees; and, as those bands were composed of hardy mountaineers and contrabandistas, every bush and crag was so familiar to them, that while they generally attacked in ambuscade, their escape from regular forces was as certain as their attacks were sudden and successful. Among the many who earned gallant reputations in this irregular warfare, were Juan Porlier, in Asturias, and Juan Martin

Diaz, in Castile; the latter better known as the "*Empecinado*," * and for Don Marians de Renovales. The deeds of gallant daring of the Empecinado appear more like the fables of romance than the unadorned facts of history. This daring guerilla had been a soldier for a short time previous to the "war of independence," but had returned to his peaceful occupation of an agricultural labourer; he was at this time only sixteen years of age. When the intelligence of the detention of Ferdinand at Bayonne reached Spain (March 1808), the Empecinado was the first to make war against the French, having persuaded two of his neighbours to take up arms!—one of these was a boy of sixteen, named Juan Garcia. They took post upon the high road from France to Madrid, near Aranda de Duero, to intercept the French couriers; this he soon accomplished, and thus he got his first horse and arms: this was continued by these "warriors," until, by their success, their band numbered fifteen. With these he performed the most daring exploits, cutting off convoys, intercepting supplies, treasures, &c. In a few months he found himself at the head of one thousand five hundred men of daring courage. By his intelligence, activity, and bravery, he was enabled to do the enemy incalculable mischief. In vain were armies sent to surround his band, he baffled them all, shut up garrisons, destroyed depôts, &c., until the name of Empecinado became a terror to the French invaders. He was greatly assisted by the peasants, who, although unarmed, served to intimidate by their presence every small force which he encountered; and he gave no quarter. This inspired the greatest terror of his name; besides, he was so strict in the discipline of his followers, and so disinterested in the division of spoil, that he was the idol of his band, who were always ready and willing to undertake any exploit at his bidding. Among the many daring operations of this chief, one particularly is deserving of remembrance. A convoy was conveying in a carriage a lady, the relative of Marshal Moncey. The coach was escorted by twelve soldiers in the centre of two columns of six thousand each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado, with only eight of his followers, was concealed close to the town of Caravras. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage, and when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, and he effectually eluded the long and strict search which was made after him. He was only able to save the life of one of the servants and the lady, who being pregnant, she was sent to his own house, and every attention was shown her. The convoy was a very rich prize, consisting of money, jewels, &c. This, with his

* From his swarthy complexion. He was a native of Castrillo de Duero, all the inhabitants of which are so called by the neighbours because of the deposit in the little streams which runs through their town, which is called Pecina—black mud.

characteristic generosity, he divided a portion of among his men, reserving only a small share for himself. But the greater part he



conveyed to General Cuesta, at Salamanca, for the general coffers; thus proving his disinterested feeling, as the junta had directed that all spoil seized by the guerillas should belong exclusively to them.

As might be expected, this daring chief had many hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion, while engaged against a large force he

sought out the French commandant, and they were soon in fierce personal encounter; the officer wounded the Empecinado by a thrust of his sword through the arm, which also penetrated his side. This only seemed to increase his courage and to double his exertions; he skilfully avoided a second blow aimed at him (for he was now disarmed), suddenly seized the Frenchman by the neck, dragged him off his horse, fell with him, but continued to keep uppermost; the officer refusing to surrender, the Empecinado held him fast with one hand, while with the other he snatched up a stone and beat out his brains!

On another occasion, while rallying his troops (for he was now at the head of a considerable force) upon the heights of the Rabollar, he was nearly made prisoner by some Spaniards in the pay of the French, and finding every other hope of escape impossible, he threw himself down an immense precipice, rather than fall into their hands! He was saved, but the consequence of his fall was a severe illness, which for some time prevented his taking the field. On his recovery to health, he was as daring and successful as heretofore, and became ultimately a brigadier-general in the national army, in which capacity he entered Madrid with Lord Wellington. On the termination of the war of independence, he retired to his native village. When the French army, under the Duke d'Angoulême, crossed the Bidassoa to put down the constitution of 1820, the Empecinado was again in the field. He served under General Placencia in Estramadura, and was included in the capitulation made by that general; but the grateful Ferdinand thus rewarded the tried patriot; he was condemned for some imaginary offence to be taken upon the back of an ass to the place of common execution and hanged! The more ignominious part of this infamous sentence he refused to submit to, but walked with a firm step to his doom; here a sense of his hard fate stimulated an attempt at escape; his great personal strength enabled him to burst the cords which bound him, but he was quickly overtaken and literally dragged by the rope round his neck through the streets, and afterwards suspended on the gallows; such was the undeserved fate of this daring and active leader of the guerillas.

Mariano de Ronavales, who had partaken of the dangers and the glories of the siege of Sarragossa, was another bold and active leader of the guerillas, in the neighbourhood of Pamplona, and performed good service to the patriot cause, and was ever foremost where deeds of heroic courage were to be done. But the most distinguished of these courageous leaders was the celebrated Xavier Mina. He was a student at Pamplona when the revolution broke out; his father was a considerable landowner, and deputy for one of the valleys of Navarre. Xavier was just eighteen years of age when Ronavales was obliged to yield to the French, and withdraw from Roncal.

Some gross act of injustice practised towards his father drove the young Xavier to desperation. He provided himself with a musket and a cartridge box, and in this trim he presented himself in his own village, promising to lead to conquest as many as would join him in his patriotic deeds. Twelve adventurers joined him, they took to the mountain passes, and there, while waiting for opportunities of action, they maintained themselves on his father's sheep. His first adventure was to surprise a party of seven artillerymen, who were carrying two pieces of cannon and a quantity of ammunition, from Sarragossa to Pamplona. This success procured him twenty volunteers, and he retired again to the mountains, after sending his prisoners to Lerida. Hearing that a general officer was on the road with an escort of thirty-four foot and twelve horsemen, he laid an ambuscade for them in so favourable a spot, that a volley was fired upon the French with sure effect, before they had any apprehension of danger. The general was shot in his carriage, some of the escort were made prisoners, and some money fell into Mina's hands. This he immediately distributed among his men, recommending them to send part to their families, and retain no more than would be necessary to defray the expences of their own interment! exposed as they must now continually be to death. The men were thus raised in their own esteem and in that of their countrymen wherever this was told, and volunteers now presented themselves in abundance, attracted by a success which was reported everywhere with such exaggerations as tales like these usually gather in their way. He received, however, none but those who brought arms or whom he could supply with the spoils already taken from the enemy. His party at this time amounted to about three score persons, distinguished by a red riband in their hats, and a red collar to their jackets. He proceeded now toward the frontiers of Arragon, where a band of fifty robbers were adding to the miseries of that afflicted country. These he succeeded in surprising; the greater number were killed on the spot; the rest were sent prisoners to Tarragona. Twelve horses were taken from the party, upon which he mounted some of his men, and armed them with lances, and every day added to his numbers and his reputation. Rations were voluntarily provided for his people wherever they were expected, and given as freely at one time as they were paid for at another, from the spoils of the enemy. He levied a duty on the passes, where a considerable trade in colonial produce was carried on; the clergy also assisted him from their funds, and with these resources he paid and equipped his men, and kept in pay a sufficient number of intelligencers. It was in vain that the French made repeated efforts to crush this enterprising enemy; if his troops dispersed upon the appearance or attack of a formidable detachment it was only to re-unite, and by striking a blow in some weak point or distant quarter, render themselves more formidable than before. General d'Agoult was accused of secretly favouring this young ad-

venturer, and sending convoys under weak escort with intent that he should intercept them. Perhaps this suspicion was entertained only because he was a royalist, and therefore may have been supposed to abhor at heart the service wherein he was engaged. An inquiry into his conduct was instituted, and before it was concluded he put an end to his life by poison!*

The French forces at this period (October 1809), were thus distributed. Ney's corps was in Salamanca, under General Marchand, occupying also Ledeoma and Alba de Tormes. Soult's head quarters were at Placentia; he occupied Coria, Galesteo, and the banks of the Tagus and the Tietar, as far as the Puente del Arzobispo. Mortier's corps was at Talavera, Oropesa, La Calzada de Oropesa, and Naval Moral. Victor was at Daymiel, having his head quarters at Toledo. Sebastiani was at Fuenlebrada, and his corps extended from Aranjuez to Alcala. As the Spaniards were well protected on the La Mancha and Estramaduran side of Seville, the French dedetermined to continue their operations on the side of Salamanca, with a view to the seige of Ciudad Rodrigo, and thus open a way to the third invasion of Portugal. They made a sudden attack upon Astorga, but this was gallantly repelled, and they were obliged to retire with the loss of more than two hundred men, after four hours' fighting.

The Duke del Parque had taken a very strong position on the heights, near Tamames; Marchand, who was at the head of a French force, which consisted of ten thousand foot, and one thousand two hundred horse, and fourteen pieces of cannon, and held the courage and capacity of the Spaniards in the utmost contempt, determined to attack them. With this view he formed his columns, and it soon became evident that the chief attack would be made upon the left; the duke therefore strengthened it, by ordering up half the reserve under the Count de Belveder Carrera, who commanded the left wing and sustained the furious onset with great resolution; a small party of cavalry still further to the left were posted in a wood from which it was intended that they should issue and charge the flank of the enemy, but Carrera's second brigade having made a movment to allow their artillery to play, the French horse charged them at full speed before they were well formed, broke in upon them, and cut down the Spaniards at their guns. All seemed lost, but at this critical moment the duke with his staff came up to the post of danger, the second in command (Mendizabel) sprung from his horse and rallied those who were falling back; the young Prince de Anglona conducted himself with equal bravery, and Carrera, whose horse had received two gun shots, and a sabre wound, put himself at the head of his troops, charged the French with the bayonet, routed them, and recovered the guns. Meantime an attack was made upon the right wing and the centre, but here the Spaniards

* Southey.

were more strongly posted, and Losada, who held the command here, repulsed the enemy. They retreated in the utmost disorder, leaving more than one thousand one hundred on the field, and having two thousand wounded. Greatly encouraged by this success the Spaniards advanced upon Salamanca, from which place the French now retired, through the failure of reinforcements from Kellerman. It was at this period that Soult was made Major General of the French armies in Spain, by the recall of Marshal Jourdan to Paris; his available force consisted of seventy thousand men. But now the insane conduct of the Spanish Junta displayed itself. Taking no notice of the utter impossibility of Lord Wellington's army coming into the field (he had nearly nine thousand men in the hospitals), they conceived the extravagant idea of seizing upon Madrid, and so sure did they imagine its possession to be, that they actually appointed civil officers for the government of the capital, and charged two of their body to frame regulations for its internal tranquillity!

On the 3rd of November the army, which consisted of forty-three thousand foot, six thousand six hundred cavalry, and sixty pieces of artillery (under the command of Ariezaga, Eguia being displaced) began its march from the foot of the Sierra Morena into the plains, taking with them eight days' provision—the advanced guard consisted of two thousand cavalry, under Friere, and were one day's march in front; the infantry followed in seven divisions, then the rest of the cavalry in reserve, and the head quarters bringing up the rear: they had no tents, marched from twenty to thirty miles per day, and took up their quarters in the towns on their line of march. The French with their usual tactics retired before this army, until they could concentrate their forces, and occupy some favourable position, and the Spanish general, believing that they did so from fear, most stupidly left his mountain track and descended into the plains, contrary to all advice, and in opposition to all rule. This was just what the French wished him to do, and they drew him into the open country near Ocana; here he bivouacked that night, and the French, who had now collected their forces (Sebastiani having formed a junction with Mortier), crossed the Tagus before morning. At break of day it is said Ariezaga found the error which he had committed, but it was now too late; he made also a bad disposition of his force, the second line being so near the first that any failure in the one must have overwhelmed all. The action began by a gallant attack of the Spanish advanced guard, under Zayas, who drove the French from their positions. This brought on a cannonade upon the whole line. The Spanish artillery produced some effect upon the enemy, by dismounting two of his guns and blowing up some of his ammunition carts. The chief attack of the French was now made upon the Spanish right wing. Under cover of a heavy cannonade from their centre, the French advanced

a strong body of Polish and German troops under Leval, to turn a ravine, and thus to take the Spaniards in flank; Leval attacked in strong columns, and the first line of the Spanish wavered; it was quickly reinforced, but could not recover its line; the wing was broken, and a fierce charge of Latour Maubourg's cavalry completed the confusion on this side. Their left stood firm, and cheered Ariezaga as he passed, but that imbecile, instead of attempting to rally his right wing, appeared to be so utterly confounded that he quitted the field, ordering the left wing to follow him. His second in command did indeed make an attempt to rally the troops, but it was too late; at that moment the French horse broke through the Spanish centre, and the rout was general. The fugitives were upon an immense plain, and the French cavalry cut them down by hundreds. Victor who had crossed the Tagus at Villa Mensigor during the action, pursued all night. The Spanish General, from the clock house of the town of Ocana, beheld the destruction of his forces.



The Spanish army was thus nearly annihilated; four thousand killed; twenty-six thousand prisoners; all their baggage, and nearly all their artillery captured; while the loss on the part of the French was scarcely seventeen hundred. This complete defeat was almost instantly followed by another of the force under the Duke del Parque, at Alba de Tormes, who with an extraordinary perversity of judgment, would remain in his advanced position amid the open country of

Castile, until the French were reinforced by Kellerman, from Valladolid. The duke was forced to fall back, and took up a good position upon the heights on both sides of the river Tormes, which protected his rear guard and covered the bridges and fords; his cavalry were posted on the left banks. The Spanish infantry behaved exceedingly well, and repulsed the first attack of the French, under Lorcet; but their cavalry showed great cowardice. Being ordered to repel an attack of two brigades of French horse, they were seized with a sudden panic, and shamefully fled without firing a shot or raising a sword; part of them were rallied and made to face the enemy, but it was only to run away again, and which they did the moment that the French prepared to charge them!—By this disgraceful flight the right wing of the Spaniards was completely exposed; this was quickly charged by a strong force, and although bravely met, it at last gave way. The French cavalry now charged the left, but here it was driven back three times, chiefly by the bravery and tact of Mendizabal and Carrera, who formed their troops into oblong squares, and baffled the attacks of the enemy. These retired at nightfall in good order to the very scene of their former victory. Here, on a sudden alarm that the French were about to attack them, these same troops who had maintained their positions so gallantly a few hours before, now fled in the utmost disorder, throwing away their arms,



knapsacks, and every thing that was likely to impede their flight, although the French were still at some distance! The duke, with only a part of his former army, was able to reach the Pena de Francia,

which being a very secure position, he halted to collect his stragglers. The French calculated the loss of the Spaniards in the action and flight at three thousand killed, two thousand prisoners, besides all the artillery of their right wing. By these successes the road was open to the enemy both at Ciudad Rodrigo and to Portugal, and the immediate consequence of which was to compel Lord Wellington to quit his position at Badajoz, and retreat still further by the north of the Tagus, a measure which he had long foreseen would be necessary. During the autumn of this year the most heroic efforts were made by the Spaniards, in defence of Gerona, against the French under St. Cyr, and is as memorable as that of Saragossa for the gallantry and long endurance of the most dreadful privations of its defenders. Gerona is a city of Catalonia; it is situate on the little river Onar, near to the spot where it falls into the Ter. It is of great antiquity (supposed to be the Gerrenda of the Romans), and had been celebrated for more than one remarkable siege previous to the French investing it in this year. The city was protected by four forts upon the high ground above it; its principal defence was the citadel which is called the *Monjuic*, which commanded it from an eminence about sixty fathoms distant. This was a square fort two hundred and forty yards in length on each side, with four bastions, and for outworks had the four towers of Saints Luis, Narcis, Daniel, and Juan. The garrison consisted of three thousand four hundred, commanded by Mariano Alvares, and the inhabitants were in high spirits from their having twice driven back the assailants. Alvares, who had no reasonable expectation of relief from without, gave every encouragement to the feelings of the citizens to defend their town to the last extremity. For this purpose he formed them into eight companies of one hundred men each; maids and matrons also enrolled themselves in an association which they termed the "Company of St. Barbara," to perform whatever lay within their power, in the manner of their countrywomen at Saragossa. Knowing full well, too, the influence which superstition has over the minds of a bigoted population, he encouraged the ceremony of investing St. Narcis (the patron Saint of the Geronans) with the insignia of generalissimo of all the Spanish forces by sea and land. This was done with great pomp by the clergy, municipality, &c., on the following Sunday; the shrine of the Saint, in the church of St. Felix, was opened, and a general's staff, a sword and belt, all richly ornamented, were deposited by the relics of the chosen saint-commander! This mummery created the most unbounded joy, and the excitement to the Spaniards was such that it seemed as if "the glory of the Lord had descended and filled the church, manifesting that their devotion was approved and blessed by heaven!"

A proclamation was also issued by Alvares, forbidding all persons from speaking of capitulation, on pain of immediate death, without exception of class, rank, or condition; this was received both by the

garrison and the people with acclamation. The city was closely invested by eighteen thousand French, under the immediate command of General Verdier, on the 6th of May, on the heights of Cassa Roca, where they erected a battery of eleven mortars, and began to form their first line of circumvallation, and also works against the Monjuic; the garrison being too weak to impede them. A flag of truce was indeed sent, but the only reply to which, was, that "the Geronians would hold no communication with the French but at the cannon's mouth," and nobly did they keep their word. The bombardment commenced on the 13th of June, about one hour after midnight, the *generale* was beaten in the city, and every one flew to his post; the female company of St. Barbara seeking the spots most likely to be dangerous in the anticipated assault. St. Cyr's headquarters were advanced to Caldas de Malavella, and he took possession of St. Filiu de Guixols, after a brave but vain resistance. The Italian division of the French army, under Fontane, carried at the same time Palamas by assault, very few of the garrison escaped, and then only by throwing themselves into the sea. At the beginning of July, three batteries kept up an incessant fire upon three sides of the Monjuic; by one of these discharges, the angle upon which the Spanish flag was hoisted, fell into the ditch. Don Mariano Montorro, who commanded at this post, instantly descended amidst a shower of balls, and replanted the flag upon the walls!

A breach was now made, wide enough for forty men abreast, and the fire of the garrison had ceased; their ammunition running short, and the enemy were partly protected by his trenches, the Spaniards reserved their fire. For three days the enemy continued to fire upon the breach, but about three o'clock on the morning of the 8th, under cover of a most tremendous bombardment, six thousand men again assaulted it. A mortar which lay masked among the ruins of the ravelin, and which discharged five hundred musket balls at every shot, was played full upon the enemy, by Don Juan Candy, and did immense execution.

Three times during that day the assault was repeated with the utmost resolution by the assailants, but all their efforts were unavailing, and they were obliged to retire, with the loss of one thousand six hundred men, killed. But the effect of that dreadful attack was severely felt by the Geronans. The tower of St. Juan, which stood near the west curtain of the castle, was blown up, and only twenty-three of its brave little garrison were extracted alive. amid the incessant fire of the enemy upon this devoted spot.

An instance of extraordinary heroism was displayed this day by a youthful drummer. His name was Luciano Ancio, and he belonged to the artillery. He was stationed to give the alarm whenever a shell was thrown; a ball struck off his leg at the knee, but when the women came to remove him, he cried out, "No, no, my arms are left, and I can still beat the drum to give my comrades warning in

time to save themselves!" This brave lad was the only person during the siege who recovered after an amputation of the thigh. The company of St. Barbara were every where to be seen, covered with dust and blood, under the burning heat of a July sun. Those



courageous women, through an incessant fire of the batteries and the musketry, carried water and wine to the soldiers, and bore back the wounded. Every day produced acts of heroism equally conspicuous, and the enemy for some short time only stationed his sharp-shooters thickly in the trenches; and so fatal was the aim of these marksmen, that for any of the garrison to be seen only for a moment was certain death; and although the sentinels were changed every half hour, nine were killed in one day, at one post, and scarcely a soldier escaped being hit; till it became only possible to observe what the enemy was about, by some one in the fosse lifting up his head, and taking a momentary glance.

Early in August the besiegers had pushed their parallels to the very edge of the fosse; but here they were impeded by the strong nature of the soil, so that some little delay occurred in bringing earth from a distance. An attempt to throw supplies into the city, on the side of Castellar de la Silva, was at this time made, but failed, and the convoy fell into the hands of the French, and scarcely five hundred men out of one thousand five hundred escaped. Now it was that the main attacks of the besiegers were directed against the ravelin which had become the chief defence of Monjuic; attempts

were repeated, night after night, to storm it, but in vain; at last the enemy began to mine it, yet as the breast work was almost wholly of earth the explosion did no injury; but still the gate was exposed, and rendered the communication between the castle and the ravelin extremely difficult. A sally was made against a battery which the French had planted; a priest led the attack upon it, he received a ball in the thigh and fell, the enemy pressed on to kill him; one of their officers at the hazard of his own life protected him, and in this humane act was slain by the Spaniards, who mistook his object in the melée; this was bitterly regretted. Although the effect of this sally was the spiking of a few guns, yet the French had artillery in abundance, and fresh cannon were soon mounted, and played upon the gate and ravelin. They now formed a covered way, and by this means were enabled to pour in troops, to master the little garrison and take the place. The city had now held out thirty-seven days after a practicable breach, and though the Spaniards were scarcely to be restrained from making a sally, Alvarez withdrew his men into the city. "Never," said he, in his report to the Junta, "never have I seen the precious enthusiasm of all who are within the city abated even for a moment, and a thousand times would they have sallied out, if I had not, because of their scanty numbers, been compelled to forbid them."

About the end of August several breaches were made by the enemy's batteries, at Monjuic, and every hour a fresh assault was to be expected; and the governor issued his general orders, that, if any of the defenders flinched from the breach when it was attacked, they should be considered as enemies, and fired upon. The garrison was now greatly reduced; the hospitals were no longer able to contain the numbers who required admission, the contagion had increased and became more violent, the magazines were exhausted of all their provisions, except wheat and a little flour; so that famine was beginning to be severely felt.

Still not a word of capitulation was heard or thought of. Blake now made a second effort to throw in supplies. This was done in the most gallant style, by a force of one thousand two hundred foot and a few cavalry by O'Donnell. The siege had been so protracted, that the besiegers' ammunition was exhausted, and they were compelled to wait for supplies from France; this period was occupied by the Spaniards in repairing some of their works. On the 19th of September, another general assault was made at three several points, by two thousand men, from the Monjuic and St. Daniel, St. Miguel, and from the woods of Palau.

Although this attack was made with the utmost expedition, still the Geronans were at their posts fully prepared to meet it.

"Frequently," says Southey, "such was the press of the conflict, and such the passion which inspired them, that impatient of the time required for reloading their muskets, the defendants caught up stones

from the breach and brained their enemies with these readier weapons! Four times the assault was repeated in the course of two hours, and at every point the enemy were beaten off. Alvarez, during the whole assault, hastened from post to post wherever there was most need of his presence, providing everything, directing all and encouraging all; he had prepared cressets to light up the walls and breaches, in case the enemy should persist in their attempt after darkness closed, but they withdrew long before night set in, hastily and in disorder, leaving eight hundred of their best men slain. Among them was that Colonel Floresti, whom this very Mariano Alvarez had admitted into Monjuic, at Barcelona, when the French took their treacherous possession of that fortress."

Of the besieged forty-four fell in this gallant defence, and one hundred and ninety-seven were wounded. Colonel Marshal (an Englishman) died of his wounds, as did another one of the name of Maccarty. A glorious success had been gained, one that filled the conquerors with the highest and most ennobling pride; though it brought this feeling, yet it brought no rest, no respite, scarcely even a prolongation of hope. There was neither wine to distribute to the soldiers after their exertions, nor even bread; a scanty mess of pulse or corn, with a little oil or a morsel of bacon in its stead, was all that could be served out; and this not from the public magazines, but given by the inhabitants, who, in the general extremity, shared their stores with the soldiers, lamenting that they had nothing better to bestow. "What matters it," said these brave Spaniards, "the joy of having saved Gerona to-day will give us strength to go on."

A party went out to bring in any of the wounded enemies who might have been left among the dead. One had been stript by a Miguelite, but upon perceiving what was the object of their search he discovered himself to be living. "Having been wounded," he said, "he feigned death as the only chance of escaping death, for he had been led to believe that the Miguelites and the peasants gave no quarter." The man who had stripped him happening to be present when he spoke, he immediately reclothed him, and ran to bring him water, and took care of him till he could be removed to the hospital. While the Spaniards were employed in this humane office, a fire was opened upon them from the enemy's works, occasioned no doubt by some error of the French sentinels. It drove them in, and the remainder of the wounded were consequently left to perish. One wretched German by the breach of St. Lucia, lay groaning for twenty hours before death relieved him. Every day, every hour, added to the distress of the besieged; their flour was exhausted; wheat they had still in store; but men are so much the slaves of habit, that it was considered as one great evil of the siege that they had no means of grinding it; two horse mills which had been erected, were of such clumsy construction, that they did not perform half the needful work, and the Geronans, rather than prepare the ungrained

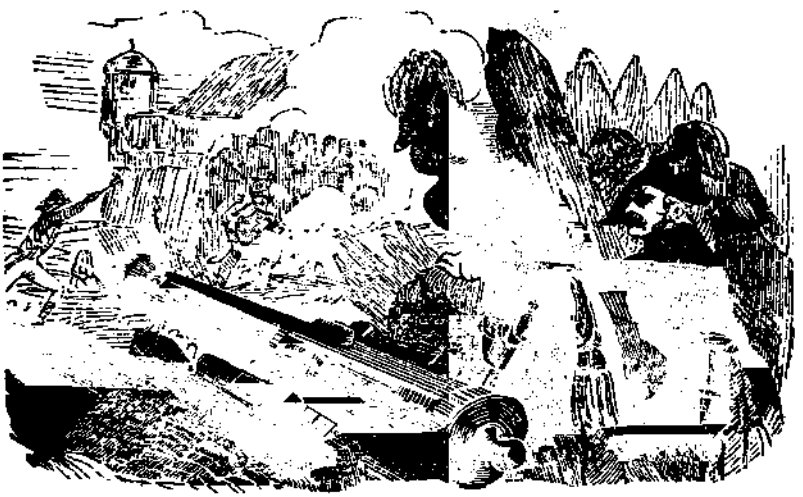
corn in any way to which they had not been accustomed, submitted to the labour of grinding it in the shell of a bomb with a cannon ball. For want of other animal food, mules and horses were slaughtered for the hospital and the shambles; a list was made of all within the city, and they were taken by lot. Fuel was exceedingly scarce, yet the heaps which were placed in cressets at the corners of the principal streets, to illuminate them in case of danger, remained untouched, and not a billet was taken from them during the siege! The summer fever became more prevalent; the bodies of the sufferers were frequently covered with a minute eruption, which was usually a fatal symptom;—fluxes also began to prevail. Two singular cases, says Southey, of contusion of the brain were observed at this time in the hospitals: one man did nothing but count with a loud and deliberate voice from forty to seventy, always beginning at one number and ending at the other, and this incessantly during the whole night. Another continually uttered the most extraordinary blasphemies and curses, exhausting the whole vocabulary of malediction, without any apparent emotion of anger; this case did not prove fatal, but the man was left in a state of helpless idiotcy! The besieged were now looking anxiously for Blake with his army, to make another effort to relieve them; this was done indeed, but so partially, that it was rather an injury than a benefit. O'Donnell again succeeded in forcing through the French lines with one thousand men, but he supplied the city only with one hundred and sixty laden beasts, so that the presence of his men increased instead of lessened the scarcity of provisions in the city, consequently he was obliged to cut his way back sword in hand (for they could not fire a shot for fear of alarming the enemy's other divisions), and got safely to St. Colona with scarcely any loss. St. Cyr was now superceded, and Augereau took charge of the besiegers. His first act was to take possession of Hostalrich, at which place were Blake's magazines; this was done after a most gallant resistance, and thus the last hope was cut off of relief for Gerona. The French now redoubled their vigilance, they drew their lines closer to the city, stretched cords with bells along the interspaces, and kept watch-dogs at all the posts. The bombardment was continued, and always with greater violence during the night than during the day, in the hope of exhausting the Geronans by depriving them of sleep. Augereau sent letters into the city, threatening the utmost vengeance if the defence was prolonged, but offering an armistice for a month, and to send in provisions, if Alvarez would then capitulate, if relief did not arrive; but these terms were rejected with scorn. Famine now did the work of the enemy (for the siege was turned into a blockade).

Hitherto the few mules and horses which remained unslaughtered, had been led out to feed near the walls of St. Francisco de Paula, and of the burial ground; this was now prevented by the batteries of the Paula and Montelivi, and by the French advanced posts; and

these wretched animals being thus deprived of their only food, gnawed the hair from each other's manes and tails, before they were led to the shambles. The stores also from which the citizens had supplied the failure of the magazines were exhausted; it became necessary to set a guard over the ovens, and the food for the hospitals was sometimes seized upon the way by the famishing populace. The enemy tried to tempt the garrison to desert, by calling out to them to come and eat, and holding out provisions. A few were indeed tempted, they were received with embraces, and fed in sight of the walls! During the siege ten only of the garrison deserted—these were officers, and two of noble birth, who, failing to persuade the governor to capitulate, took this disgraceful mode of revenge. At length human nature could endure no more!—the chief surgeon presented to Alvarez a report of the state of the city—he took it with this observation, "This paper, then, will perhaps inform posterity of our sufferings, if there should be none left to recount them." The report was a fearful one—it stated that there did not "remain a single building in Gerona which had not been injured by the bombardment, not a house was habitable; the people slept in cellars, and vaults, and holes amid the ruins, and it had not unfrequently happened that the wounded were killed in the hospitals by the enemy's fire. The streets were broken up; so that the rain-water and the sewers stagnated there, and the pestilential vapours which arose were rendered more noxious by the dead bodies which lay rotting amid the ruins! The siege had now endured seven months; scarcely a woman had become pregnant during that time; the very dogs, before hunger had consumed them, had ceased to follow after their kind—they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere affected them as well as human kind. It affected vegetation; in the gardens within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be raised. Within the last three days above five hundred of the garrison had died in the hospitals; a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying upon the ground without beds, almost without food, and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which were yet unconsumed. If by these sacrifices," said the report, in conclusion, "deserving for ever to be the admiration of history, and if by consummating them with the lives of us, who, by the will of Providence, have survived our comrades, the liberty of our country can be secured, happy shall we be in the bosom of eternity and in the memory of all good men, and happy will our children be among their fellow-countrymen."

This melancholy picture of the sufferings of the Geronans was not in the least overcharged: the daily rations were a handful of wheat or the quarter of a small loaf, or five ounces of horse or mule's flesh every alternate day! The enemy was now close to the walls—the

besieged made their last sally with only one hundred and sixty men; and to supply these with the most scanty allowance of food the citizens gave up their daily rations. The Geronans made this sally in the middle of the day, with the desperate energy of men who sought rather than avoided death; this attack was so sudden, so unexpected by the enemy, that it was successful, but with the loss of



a third of the wretched force of the Spaniards. It was at this period that Alvarez, the commandant of the city (who would not hear mention of surrender), was seized with a dangerous fever, and the command devolved upon Don Julian de Bolivar, who, with a few of the brave survivors, felt that the time was come when to capitulate would be attendant with no dishonour;—the terms were agreed to on the 10th of December, and were honourable to both belligerents. The garrison were to march out of the city with the honours of war, they were to be exchanged with an equal number of French prisoners, then at Majocar; none to be considered prisoners except the soldiers; the French were not to be quartered upon the inhabitants, private property respected, &c. The enemy took possession of the city, and found that most of the guns, both in Gerona and at the Monjuic, had been fired so often that they were rendered perfectly useless!

The French are said to have violated, in some measure, the terms of the capitulation, but although this charge has the high authority of Southey for its confirmation, yet even that writer admits * "That Augereau, and the few that observed any of the old humanities of

* Peninsular War, vol. ii., p. 360.

war, deserve to be distinguished from their execrable colleagues." The gallant Alvarez, who by his heroic courage in this siege had completely purged away the traitorous conduct of which he was accused at Barcelona, died very shortly after the surrender, at Figueras; and it was said, by the hirelings of the day, that he had been poisoned or strangled by order of Bonaparte, but this rests upon no credible foundation, and is altogether highly improbable. The Central Junta decreed the same honours to Gerona, as had been conferred upon Saragossa, viz., exemption from taxes, &c., besides awarding honours and titles to the family of Alvarez.

It was under these discouraging circumstances, at the close of the year 1809, that the retreat of Lord Wellington continued. We have given in detail the distressing position of affairs in the Peninsular at this period, to elucidate more fully the exact situation of the British army, and to show the absolute necessity of its retrograde movement. The news of this retreat after the well-fought battle of Talavera, and the fact of the wounded of our army being left to the mercy of the enemy, created in England considerable alarm and disquietude. On the assembling of the new parliament an amendment to the king's speech was proposed by the whig opposition, and it was contended by Earl St. Vincent, that "the battle of Talavera, if a victory, had been purchased with the useless expenditure of our best blood, which led to no advantage, and which had all the consequences of defeat. Lord Grenville said, "gilded disasters were called splendid victories, and the cypress that droops over the tombs of our gallant defenders, whose lives have been uselessly sacrificed, was to be denominated blooming laurels."

The language used in the House of Commons was of a similar character. "Lord Wellington's exploits at Talavera," said the Honourable Mr. Ward, "left the cause of Spain as desperate as they found it, and in their consequences resembled not victories but defeats. For by what more disastrous consequences could defeat have been followed than by a precipitate retreat, by the loss of two thousand men, left to the mercy of the enemy, upon that spot where they had fought and conquered, but fought and conquered in vain; that spot which, as it were in mockery to them, we had endeavoured to perpetuate it, in the name of the general? By what worse could it have been followed, than by the loss of all footing in Spain, the ruin of another army, and the virtual renunciation of all the objects of the war? William III. used by his skilful generalship to render defeat harmless; our generals make victory itself unavailing." Mr. Whitbread, after some severe remarks upon the conduct of the Marquis Wellesley, as Ambassador at Spain, said, "We are told that Portugal may be defended by thirty thousand men, but would not Bonaparte know our force to a drummer, and where we had thirty thousand, he could have three score. Who would struggle against such fearful odds? We hold our ground in that country just at the

will of the French Emperor, and at his point he could drive us out of it." Mr. Percival (Chancellor of the Exchequer), spoke with great energy; he said, "was it liberal that the defenders of Saragossa and Gerona should be said to have displayed no generosity, no enthusiasm, no patriotism? Well indeed might those persons censure what was done to aid the Spanish cause, who could assert that the cause did not deserve success! But neither in ancient nor in modern history, could an example be found of a country maintaining a contest like that which this 'degraded Spain,' and this 'degraded' Spanish government had so long supported. Never in recent times had two hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen been so long in a country without subduing it—Spain was not subdued; but what effect upon the Spaniards such language as had been used that night might produce, it was impossible to predict."

On the following day Lord Liverpool, in the House of Lords, moved the "thanks of that house to Lord Wellington, and the officers and men under his command, for the skill and ability, the valour and bravery by which they obtained the glorious victory at Talavera." In support of this, he contended, that "whatever opinion might be entertained with respect to the measures which led to the battle itself, or to the consequences which ensued, still he contended there could be but one sentiment as to the skill of the general, and the valour of his army." In tracing the progress of the glorious event, he observed, "that it had been determined on the part of the French to make a concentrated attack on the combined armies; that although the Spanish army was present, and partially engaged in the battle, yet the brunt of the attack was principally, if not wholly borne by the English, not amounting to more than twenty thousand men, whilst the French army fell little short of fifty thousand. Yet the enemy, after repeatedly renewing their attacks, were repulsed with the loss of nearly ten thousand men, twenty pieces of artillery, and four standards."

The Earl of Suffolk replied, "that as a professional man, it was with great regret that he stated his objections to the motion of thanks to Lord Wellington; but he could not call that a victory where a retreat immediately followed, and the wounded and the prisoners fell immediately into the hands of the enemy. Even the capture of artillery, he urged, was not in all circumstances to be considered as a signal of victory, as it might be convenient for the enemy to leave them on the field." Earl Grosvener asserted that the circumstances attendant on the battle of Talavera were not such as to deserve the thanks of their lordships. Lord Grey at great length opposed the vote of thanks; the gist of his argument was, that "the battle of Talavera had neither succeeded in attaining the general object of the campaign, nor the immediate object, that of dispersing the enemy's army. As to the general object of the campaign, he considered it to be that of driving the enemy's troops

before him, and obtaining possession of Madrid, the capital; now the French troops in Spain at that time occupied a defensive line of positions, from Toledo to Salamanca. On the advance of Lord Wellington into Spain, they left their positions and concentrated their forces to oppose him. The British general then advanced in the direction of Madrid as far as Talavera, where he was obliged to stop for want of provisions, and the means of transport. The battle was fought, and the enemy was for a moment repulsed, but the general object of the advance into Spain was lost. The enemy retained possession of the capital, and the British troops were obliged to retreat. It had been said, that Lord Wellington had displayed great skill in the dispositions he had made for battle; he, Lord Grey, could not agree in that opinion. The position on the left had not been sufficiently secured or taken advantage of, and there was much to blame in the conduct of Lord Wellington with respect to the Spanish troops; certainly the despatch of the Spanish general gave a very different account of the conduct of those troops from those given in the despatch of Lord Wellington. But if Lord Wellington believed the Spanish troops to be of such a description, that they could not be trusted to meet the enemy in a situation of such imminent peril as at Talavera; if Lord Wellington held such an opinion of the Spanish troops, why did he give the Spanish general the option of defending the important passes against the advance of the French army, under Soult, which threatened the flank and rear of the British, and still more the taking care of our sick and wounded at Talavera? Why also had not Lord Wellington better information respecting the defences of these passes? Why trust to the intelligence he received from the Spaniards, neglecting even the ordinary precautions of sending an officer of his own to ascertain whether the passes were properly defended?" Adding, "that his Majesty's ministers, at the very time that they trumpeted forth the battle as a splendid and decisive victory, were in possession of Lord Wellington's despatches, in which he stated the unfortunate situation of his army, the necessity of retreating, and the difficulties which he had to encounter in effecting such retreat."

The Marquis Wellesley (who had joined the new ministry), replied thus to the objections urged against his brother's conduct in the Peninsula. After observing, that Lord Grey did not appear clearly to understand the plan of operations pursued by Lord Wellington, he went on to say, "that on the arrival of his brother in Portugal, he found that the enemy was not only in possession of its northern provinces, but that a plan had been concerted by which Victor and Soult were to advance from different points into the south; the first object therefore was the deliverance of Portugal. The operations then by which he expelled Soult were as able, as rapid, and conclusive as any recorded in the page of history. It was, therefore, unfair, as some noble Lords had done, to describe such operations

merely as an affair with the rear-guard of Soult's corps. After this Lord Wellington immediately proceeded to the south to oppose Victor, who had actually advanced in that direction, but who, on the approach of Lord Wellington, had thought it prudent to retreat.

"What was the situation of Spain when Lord Wellington advanced into that country? The supreme Central Junta had been long established, and their authority was generally acknowledged. The part of the country through which his march lay abounded with resources of every description; nor was it fair to entertain a doubt of the power and disposition of the Spanish government to render them available. The joint request of the Supreme Junta and General Cuesta to Lord Wellington, was, that he would co-operate with the Spanish army in driving Victor from the Tagus.

"It was impossible, therefore, for Lord Wellington to refuse his assistance for the attainment of this desirable object, as a refusal on his part would have argued a supposition that the Spanish government was incompetent to perform its duty, and that the country, though full of provisions, had refused or was unwilling to supply them. Besides this, it was impossible to answer for the safety of Portugal, without striking such a blow against Victor as might prevent him from joining or co-operating with Soult or any French corps which might invade that kingdom from the northward." He then stated, in opposition to the surmises of the opponents to the vote of thanks, "that the plan agreed upon between the British and Spanish generals was, that the British army, supported by that under Cuesta, should move against Victor's corps, and that in the meantime Vanegas, by a circuitous route, should threaten Madrid, in order, if possible, by this demonstration, to draw off the attention of the French corps under Joseph and Sebastiani, and thus prevent them from making any movement in conjunction with Victor.

The due execution of this plan, in all its parts, he urged was sufficient to justify Lord Wellington in his expectations of success, and accordingly he advanced against Victor, then at Talavera, on the 22nd of July, and soon came in sight of the French army, whom he proposed to attack on the following morning.

"At this very moment Victor's corps was then totally unsupported by every other, and consisted of no more than twenty-eight thousand men. If, therefore, the attack upon Victor had been made on the 23rd, as proposed by Lord Wellington, the result must have been not only most glorious but most complete.

"It happened unfortunately, however, that General Cuesta refused to attack the enemy on that day, but for what reason had never been explained; and the consequence was, that Victor retreated, and made his escape on the very night of the 23rd, and effected a junction with Joseph and Sebastiani.

"And even at the very same time General Vanegas, who ought

to have been at Arganda on the 22nd, was so perplexed with orders and counter-orders from the Junta, that he did not arrive there until the 29th, a day after the battle had been fought.

"Such things were undoubtedly most unfortunate, but against such management no human foresight could guard. With respect to the battle of Talavera itself, he would say nothing more of it, in a military point of view, than that the British troops had succeeded in repulsing the attacks of a French army, almost double their own numbers, the efforts of which had chiefly been directed against their position; but with respect to its consequences, he would boldly maintain, that this signal defeat has essentially contributed to the main objects of the campaign. For unless that blow had been struck against Victor, it would have been impossible to prevent the enemy from overrunning the south of Spain, or from making a fresh irruption into Portugal. In fact, it had saved the south of Spain from absolute destruction. It had afforded time to Portugal to organize her army, and to strengthen her military posts. It had also enabled Lord Wellington to take a position where he might derive supplies from Spain, at the same time that he drew nearer his own magazines; he hence concluded that his brother, Lord Wellington, was fully entitled to the honour, &c., which his sovereign and the house were about to bestow upon him.

The vote of thanks was carried in both houses without a division, but when it was proposed in the Commons to settle a pension of two thousand pounds per annum upon Lord Wellington, it was stoutly opposed by Mr. Calcraft, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Whitbread; and, a very unusual circumstance, the common council of London petitioned against it; but the question was carried—two hundred and thirteen voting for it, and one hundred and six against it.

The French opened the campaign of 1810 by an advance upon the kingdoms of Andalusia, Soult having the chief command, with Victor, Mortier, and Sebastiani under him, while Joseph Bonaparte advanced by the Sierra Morena, and established his head quarters at Baylen, the Spaniards flying before him in disorder, for not even the recollection of their former gallantry at this place could induce them to fire a shot or strike a blow against the French! The central Junta, which held its sittings at Seville, had long shown their incapacity, and there being strong suspicions that some of their members were in communication with the enemy, and the French having forced the pass of Almaden, they, the Junta, prepared to retire to Cadiz: this led to an insurrection of the people of Seville.

On the morning of the 24th of January, the people seeing that preparations were being made for the removal of the Junta, broke into open revolt; they assembled in great numbers in the square of St. Francisco, and in front of the Alcazar, some demanding that the Junta should be deposed, while others called out that they were traitors, and deserved the death of their country's betrayers, but all

seemed resolved to defend their city to the uttermost: they armed themselves in the most tumultuous manner, forbade all persons leaving the city, and patrolled the streets in numerous small parties, to compel an observance of the prohibition. The people released Montijo and Francisco Palafox, who had been imprisoned by the supreme Junta, raised Saavedra to the civil government of the city, and restored Romana to the command of the troops; the latter, however, evaded the multitude who had stopped his horses, and hastened to Badajoz in the hope of securing that important fortress. The authority of the supreme central Junta was virtually at an end, although some of its members succeeded in getting to Cadiz; which city was saved from the occupation of the enemy by an act of decision of the Duke d'Alberquerque; who, by forced marches, got possession of the Isle of Leon, which position covers the city. A regency was now appointed, consisting of five persons, who held their



offices provisionally until a General Cortes could be assembled. In the mean time, the French under Sebastiani were making rapid

advances. Grenada fell after a slight resistance, after fortifying which, the enemy proceeded rapidly against Malaga; here a stand was made by the Spaniards, particularly by the clergy. A number of priests and monks were not only engaged in preaching a crusade against French infidels, but themselves set the example of determined resistance. The situation of Malaga is peculiarly mountainous, and capable of a protracted defence by a disciplined force, who know how to turn to advantage its naturally strong position, but although the people shewed no lack of courage, and were incited to the highest enthusiasm by their priests, still their efforts could not check the progress of Sebastiani. The Spaniards had appointed a Capuchin



friar as their general, and all their officers were monks; they mustered an irregular force of nearly six thousand men, had possession of the great pass of the mountains, and had cut deep trenches to secure the roads from the plains.

Sebastiani advanced from Antequera on the 5th of February, drove the Spaniards from their positions in the mountains, and they retreated to the plain which leads to Malaga; here, with the most undaunted courage and determined valour, they withstood the musketry and artillery of the whole French army for several hours, until at last a furious charge of a large body of cavalry threw them into confusion, and they fled, leaving fifteen hundred dead upon the field of battle. The French pursued the fugitives into the streets of the city, where a contest was maintained by the fire of the Spaniards from the house tops, and the crossings of the streets; this could only

be kept up for a short time, and the enemy were masters of the city before nightfall.

Joseph Bonaparte had, during this period, entered Seville. In Catalonia, O'Donnell, who had succeeded Blake in command of his dispirited army, was partially successful against a division of Augereau's corps not immediately engaged in the siege of Hostalrich. The little town of Hostalrich was not included within the works, and the fortresses contained no other inhabitants than its garrison.* The bombardment began on the 20th of February. The adjutant D. Jose Antonio Roca was writing a dispatch for the governor to the commander-in-chief, when a shell burst so near them, that one of the fragments entered the room and swept away everything off the table! Roca picked up his paper, and remarking that the sand which it carried with it might save him the trouble of telling the general they were bombarded, continued his dispatch.† A private soldier also who went out of the works for water, received a musket ball in his groin as he was returning; he laid one hand upon the wound, and carrying the pitcher steadily with the other, met his serjeant, to whom he delivered it; then groping in the wound for the ball, which probably had not gone deep, he pulled it out with his fingers, and gave it to the serjeant, saying, "I deposit this ball in your hands; as soon as I am cured, this very bullet shall revenge me upon the first Frenchman at whom I can get a shot." And as he went to the hospital, he charged his comrades, in case he should not live to take vengeance for himself, that they would do it for him. Such was the spirit with which Hostalrich was defended, "let every circumstance of the siege be made known," said this brave garrison; "if we are successful, the detail will give hope and confidence and joy to every true patriot! if we are unfortunate, it will excite a different feeling, but it will never produce shame or dismay." The bombardment continued till every building within the walls had been destroyed, except a casemate, which served as an hospital, and was only large enough to hold one-and-twenty beds; the remainder of the sick and wounded were secured in a mine, and the garrison had also their quarters under-ground.

Supplies had been introduced about the middle of the siege; all other attempts had been defeated, and would have been of no avail at length had they succeeded, because the cisterns were destroyed. Estrada (who had done good service at the gallant defence of Gerona,) had the example of O'Donnell's retreat from Gerona before him, and determined to make his way through the enemy's line, rather than capitulate. This plan, concerted with O'Donnell, who, for the purpose of deceiving the besiegers, ordered some vessels to

* Southey's Peninsula War.

† This incident resembles so closely one related of Junot, when a serjeant at the siege of Toulon, that we are afraid Mr. Southey has indulged a little in the *licentia poetarum* in this instance.—Ed.

approach Arenys de Mar, the nearest part of the coast; sent one detachment to call off their attention on the side of Orsavina and Monnegre, and another on the south skirts of Monseny, towards Breda. Augereau, who had come to witness the capture of a fortress which had resisted him for four months, sent in a last summons on the 11th of May, offering the same terms as previously offered to Gerona; he allowed the governor two hours for consideration, and declared that if the fort was not then delivered up, the whole garrison should be put to the sword! Estrada laid this before his officers; and, with one consent, they returned for answer, that they thanked the marshal for thinking them as worthy of being thus named with Gerona, but that they were not yet in a condition which should make them yield. On the following day, the men, to their great joy, were informed of the resolution which had been taken. The French expected a desperate sortie, and judged from the stir which they beheld in the fort, that it would be made the ensuing night. That evening, therefore, they strengthened their post at Tordera on the right, thinking, as the men themselves did, that the governor would make for Arenys de Mar, where the ships were awaiting them. At ten the garrison ascended the glacis on the side of the high road to St. Celoni, and crossed that road, and the space between the fort and the heights of Masanas. It was broad moonlight. Two advanced parties to the right and left fell upon the enemy's picquets with the bayonet; those, however, who escaped, gave the alarm, but the garrison had gained the start, ascended to St. Jacinto, and hastened towards St. Feliu de Buxaleu. About a league from Hostalrich they fell in with an enemy's encampment, and routed them—this gave the alarm to another body of two thousand French, whose station was near the road to Arbucias, but they were received so resolutely that they soon gave over the pursuit. Thus all was effected that could be done by skill and courage: one division lost its way, and many of the men dropped on the road, their strength failing them through this great exertion, and from the want of rest and food, which they had so long endured. Among them was the noble Julian de Estrada, who thus fell into the hands of the enemy; this was a heavier loss to his country than that of the fortress, which he had defended so well; for, in the course of the war, Catalonia had but too much cause bitterly to regret the loss of such men as Estrada and Alvarez. Five hundred men reached Vich in safety on the following day; one hundred and thirty-two joined them on the next, being the part of the battalion of Gerona who had lost their way and fallen in with the enemy; stragglers continually came in, and on the evening of that day, the number who had accomplished their retreat amounted to eight hundred, though the French asserted that every man was either killed or taken. On the following day the gates were opened to the French, who found only the sick and wounded.—Immediately after the fall of Hostalrich,

Augereau signally defeated the Spaniards under O'Donnell at Vich; the effect of which was to annihilate all hope of successful operation in that quarter. From Seville, Joseph Bonaparte advanced quickly upon Cadiz; and, with Victor's corps, the French force now amounted to fifty thousand men, while the garrison scarcely numbered ten thousand, of which four thousand were English, under Major General Graham; and one thousand seven hundred of Portuguese, commanded by the Duke d'Alberquerque, occupied very strong positions on the Isle de Leon, while an English fleet had possession of the Bay of Cadiz.

We must leave, for the present, the account of this interesting siege, in order to follow the operations of the enemy in the north of Spain, and of the army of Portugal, which operations led to the battle of Busaco, the principal event of Lord Wellington's campaign of 1810.

It will be remembered, that after the battle of Talavera the determination of Lord Wellington had been to act only on the defensive (principally owing to the disorganized state of the Spanish army), and, if compelled by the overwhelming force of the enemy to change the scene of his operations, by falling back upon Portugal, and make a determined stand upon her frontiers. With this view (as we have seen), he retired upon and took post between Merida and Badajoz, and alternately on the north side of the Tagus, where in the neighbourhood of Lisbon his troops recovered in a degree that health and spirits, which their retreat, and scanty supply of provisions rendered so necessary. Still his army, from several causes, was not in an efficient state to enter into very active operations against so powerful a force as the enemy had in the field; he now, therefore, (February) occupied an extended defensive line, viz., from Santarem, on the Tagus, to Oporto, on the Douro; in this line were included the following principal towns—Abrantes, Coimbra, Viseu, and Lamego. Beresford (whose efforts to bring the Portuguese army into a state of discipline had been partially successful) had joined him. General Hill was in advance, with a considerable body of cavalry on the banks of the Guadiana, to check the advance of the enemy, who had shown himself near Badajoz. There could be no reasonable doubt but that the French intended to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and, if successful, to advance by these points upon Oporto, or even Lisbon; and in order to keep open their communication with Valladolid, it was essential to have complete possession of Leon. The Spaniards, however, held Astorga, and before which the French had been compelled to retire in the preceding September. Junot therefore laid siege to it in the early part of the year (1810), while General Bonnet occupied Oviedo, the capital, and strong French garrisons were in possession of some principal points in the Asturias, and menaced Gallicia. The city of Astorga had a garrison of three thousand men, of which there were nearly six

hundred in the hospitals; the French had about twelve thousand, including more than one thousand five hundred cavalry, and this latter force was of immense advantage to them, as by it they were masters of all the open country. Although Astorga was but very imperfectly fortified, yet Santoclides, who commanded the garrison, kept the enemy at bay, and so annoyed him that a month elapsed before he could open his batteries. On the 20th of April, Junot surrounded the place, threatening in case of refusal the usual alternative. Santoclides, however, was not yet overcome, and the firing recommenced, and a breach was soon made. The fire now was tremendous, the cathedral, with many other buildings, and a whole street in the suburbs, were in flames at one time. The French, with two thousand, made an assault in the midst of the confusion, but they were three times beaten back, and left the breach, with the loss of fifteen thousand men.

Notwithstanding this gallant resistance, the governor, finding that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, was compelled to surrender, but he did so upon honourable terms, Junot himself returning Santoclides his sword, saying, "that so brave a man ought not to be without one."

In the course of the siege the French lost two thousand five hundred men, so that Astorga was only obtained by some sacrifice, despised though it was at the beginning of the campaign.

Junot, after the taking of Astorga, was at liberty to join Ney in Old Castile; the latter had about the beginning of March taken up positions on the Tormes with the corps of Kellerman and Loison, having his advanced posts on the Agueda. Lord Wellington was at Viseu, and his advanced guard, under General Crawford, was upon the Agueda also—between that river and the Coa.

On the 19th the enemy made an attack upon the post of Barba del Puerco, which was held by four companies of the 95th rifles, under Colonel Beckwith; on the opposite side of the Agueda, and where the French advanced from, is the village of St. Felices, and between this and the post occupied by the 95th is the only bridge below Ciudad Rodrigo, and as the rain had so swollen the river as to preclude the possibility of fording, the bridge was the only passage. The nature of the ground, rugged and mountainous, did not hold out any expectation of an attack, but at midnight the enemy pushed about six hundred men across the bridge, and attacked the picquet of the 95th, making the advanced sentries prisoners;—the picquets, consisting of only eighty men, opened a brisk fire upon them, checked their advance, and retired upon their main body: the enemy did not venture to renew the attack.

Massena (one of the best of the French Marshals, who was called by Bonaparte "the child of victory"), now took the chief command of the army of Portugal, as it was termed, and in pursuance of the expected plan, laid siege immediately to Ciudad Rodrigo. This can

only be considered as a third class fortress; the town is very old, and the works were very imperfect,—they are commanded by an eminence situated about five hundred toises from the works, and in height more than fifty yards above it. The garrison consisted of four thousand nine hundred and fifty men, of whom six hundred were townsmen;* they were commanded by Perez de Herrasti, a brave old man, who had been the friend and associate of Mariano Alvarez.

On the 25th of April, six thousand French appeared before the place, and encamped in the Termino of Pedro Toro, a league to the eastward. On the 30th the second division, consisting of four or five thousand men, arrived, and encamped in the Termino of Valde Carros, a league to the north. Five days afterwards another encampment was formed between the two. On May 15th, another division of about seven thousand men encamped to the westward, upon Monte de Ibaurey. So large a force was necessary, because the English were near at hand. By the 4th of June the city was closely invested. This was not effected without repeated skirmishes, in which the enemy suffered considerable loss.



In these affairs D. Antonio Camargo, commandant of the volunteers of Avila, greatly distinguished himself, but the individual who above all others annoyed the enemy by his incessant enterprise, was

* Clarke reckons the garrison as still more numerous, for he says, "Upwards of two thousand lost their lives, and the remainder of the garrison, to the number of seven thousand," &c.

Don Julian Sanchez, the son of a farmer near the banks of the Guebra. Till the invasion of his country he had cultivated his father's lands, but when his father, mother, and sister had been murdered by the French, he made a vow of vengeance, and at the head of one of the bands which the Spaniards call guerillas, well performed it.

On one occasion he surprised, in his father's house, a French colonel, infamous for his atrocities, and put him to death, first telling him who it was that inflicted his merited punishment in this world, and sent him to render account for his crimes in the next. This enterprising leader made repeated assaults upon the enemy, not hesitating, at the head of sixty, eighty, or one hundred of his lancers, to attack three or four times his own number. Camargo and D. Jose Puente, commandant of the cavalry regiment of Ciudad Rodrigo, co-operated ably with him, and the French suffered daily and hourly losses, from their indefatigable activity.*

One act of daring intrepidity he performed for the British army afterwards, deserves especial record. "It was the custom of the French garrison to send out their cattle beyond the walls every morning for the purpose of grazing, under the protection of a guard, which at once tended them and watched the movements of our parties. Don Julian determined, if possible, to surprise the herd; for which purpose he concealed his people day after day among the broken ground on the bank of the river, not far from the town; but the guard proved for a time so vigilant, that no opportunity offered of effecting his design. At last, however, an accident occurred which enabled him to accomplish not only his original purpose, but one which he did not dream of accomplishing. It so happened, that on a certain day, General Regnaud, the governor of the place, rode out attended by his staff, with a very slender escort, and ventured somewhat incautiously to pass the Agueda, at the very spot where Don Julian's ambuscade lay concealed. He was instantly surrounded by the Spanish cavalry, and made prisoner; and, as if fortune had determined to reward the latter for their patience, the cattle appeared at the same moment at a sufficient distance from the walls to authorize an attack.

The attack was made with the most perfect success, and both governor and cattle were conveyed in triumph to our head quarters." †

The French prosecuted the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo with the utmost vigour. On the 24th of June, Massena assumed the chief command, and at three o'clock the following morning the batteries opened, and a constant fire from six-and-forty pieces of heavy artillery was kept up night and day, until the evening of the 28th, when a breach was effected of about twenty-five yards in length.

* Southey.

† Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative.

Ney now summoned the governor, adding, "that if he had any hope of being succoured by the English, he was doubtless by that time undeceived; for if such had been their intention, they would not have waited till the city was reduced to its present deplorable state; he had, therefore, to choose between an honourable capitulation and the terrible vengeance of a victorious army." A becoming answer was sent by Herrasti, and the siege continued: yet the fact was painfully true; the British army, although in the immediate neighbourhood, could render no assistance to their allies. "How galling it must have been," says an author we have quoted more than once, and who sees everything on the British side *coleur de rose*, "for Lord Wellington to witness the progress of the siege, knowing his inability to relieve the town, may be well conceived. His outposts were near enough to hear even the musketry, but, with so large a proportion of his troops half-disciplined and untried, he could not act upon the offensive against an enemy greatly superior in numbers, without incurring the most imminent danger. The only possible plan by which Portugal could be saved he had laid down for himself, and from that plan no circumstances, however painful to his feelings, or however derogatory in appearance to his reputation, could induce him to swerve. He was in communication with Romana at Badajoz; but in the state of the Spanish armies, any plan of co-operation for the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo was impossible. It was, however, of great importance that the place should be resolutely defended to the last extremity; and in this hope, Romana and the English General were not disappointed. The minds of the people had been prepared for this extremity; they had their patriotic writers, and their poets; the exploits of Julian Sanchez excited the emulation of the youth, and the conduct of the old governor gave confidence to all. The example of Saragossa, Gerona, Hostalrich, and Astorga, animated the women and children, as well as those who bore arms; for, in a case like theirs, they had seen their countrymen acquire a glory when unsuccessful, which could not have been greater had they been victorious. The women and children, when they saw their houses burning, gave way neither to fear nor lamentations, but exerted themselves to quench the flames, and carried refreshments and ammunition to the troops amid the hottest fire. There were two blind beggars in the city; no one supposed that these unfortunate men could render any service during the siege, but zeal taught them to be serviceable,—they carried water to the walls by day, and ammunition by night, with such unwearied activity, that it was the intention of the governor and the Junta, if the town had been saved, to have rewarded them with pensions for life."

Meanwhile, the siege was kept up with unabated fury by the enemy, and was as gallantly met by the Spaniards; at length, on the 10th of July, the French prepared in great numbers to assault the

breach, when, by the advice of a council of war, the city being no longer capable of effectual resistance, the place surrendered upon



terms, which Southey affirms were all violated.—When it was determined that the city should capitulate, Julian Sanchez was advised to leave Ciudad Rodrigo with his lancers, as more likely to prove of greater service in the field. A little before midnight, Julian Sanchez collected his troops in the plaza; the two of his company who were married men, took their wives behind them: they sallied out; and their leader, in the spirit of Scanderbeg, instead of contenting himself with merely effecting his own retreat, charged a post of cavalry, routed them, and carried away eight prisoners with their horses. The two women were armed with pistols, and one of them, by name Marta Fraile, saved her husband by killing a dragoon who was about to shoot him on one side.

On the very day that Ciudad Rodrigo fell, the French horse appeared before Almeida; the head quarters of the British general were at Alverca; the advanced posts, under General Crawford, at the villages near the fort of La Conception, where they stood their ground until the 21st, when the enemy having advanced in force, the cavalry were obliged to fall back towards Almeida, first destroying the fort. The French, with the second corps, under Ney, now invested Almeida with vigour. Junot, with the eight corps, was at St. Felices, having his cavalry at Villa de Porco and Fuentes d'Honore; Serras, with seven thousand men, was at Benevente, which threatened Tras-os-

Montes; and Bonnet, with eight thousand more, was at Astorga, ready to enter Galicia and the province of Entre duoro e Minho.



The same reason which obliged Lord Wellington to leave Ciudad Rodrigo to its fate, impelled him to refrain from succouring Almeida. General Crawford, however, continued to occupy his positions near that place, with three thousand two hundred British, and one thousand one hundred Portuguese, including cavalry. On the 24th of July, the centre of the British line of picquets was attacked, and they were withdrawn, as the enemy showed in strength, and with artillery. By all accounts, this force was large, although not as is represented, twenty thousand foot and three thousand horse, yet still of such numbers as to fully justify Crawford in retreating, especially as he found that he was on the wrong side of the river Coa, and there being only one bridge over it.

To accomplish this very proper movement, the cavalry and artillery were ordered to retreat along the only road which was practicable for them; the infantry on the left to move off in *echellon*; the right it was necessary to hold till the last, to prevent the enemy from approaching the bridge, by a road coming from Junca, which runs in the bottom of the valley by the river side. On the left the men had to retreat through thick vineyards, intersected by deep trenches, and with walls six or seven feet high; they could not take advantage of this ground, for the enemy were in such force that there was imminent danger of being overpowered and cut off, before they could reach the bridge. One of these walls General Crawford had

considered as a complete defence against the attacks of cavalry; it enclosed a vineyard, in which some companies had been stationed, but there had been a heavy shower of rain during the whole of the preceding night, and the troops had pulled down this wall in many places to make use of the stones for forming a shelter; through these openings the enemy's horse entered, and here they made most of their prisoners who were taken in the action. To retire in order over such ground was impossible, but still the retreat was effected in good style. On the other side of the bridge the ground was equally unfavourable for the troops to reform. The 43rd and part of the 95th rifles were ordered to defend the passage of the bridge, to afford time for the rest of the troops to take up a fresh position; this they did in the most gallant manner, repulsing all day the repeated efforts of the enemy to force the passage of the bridge, and they retired only when night came on; their loss was great, being three hundred and thirty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Colonel Hall, of the 43rd, who was killed, had only joined his regiment from England the preceding day.

Every expectation was formed that Almeida would oppose a brave resistance to the enemy's advance. The works were old and ill constructed, but these had been partially repaired. The garrison was strong, and Brigadier Cox, an English officer in the Portuguese service, was appointed to the command. The enemy opened a tremendous fire on the place early on Sunday morning, 26th of July, and the town surrendered in the course of the night of the 27th. This exceedingly brief defence is thus accounted for. It appears that Brigadier Cox was reduced to the necessity of capitulating on the 27th, at ten o'clock at night, in consequence of the unfortunate explosion of the great magazine of powder in the castle, and the small magazines contiguous to it, by which dreadful accident he was deprived of the whole of his artillery and musket ammunition, with the exception of a few made-up cartridges, which remained in some of the expense magazines on the ramparts, and thirty-nine barrels of powder which were in the laboratory. Upwards of half of the detachment of artillery, and a great number of infantry soldiers, besides several of the inhabitants, were destroyed by the effects of this terrible explosion. Many of the guns were destroyed mounted upon the ramparts, the works most materially injured, and a general dismay spread amongst the troops and inhabitants of the place. In this situation the difficulties occasioned by the explosion were much increased by the infamous conduct of Don Costa, the Portuguese Governor, and of Barreros, commanding the artillery. The former indeed had, until the commencement of the enemy's fire, acted with much zeal and propriety; but, as soon as that began, shut himself up in the bomb proofs, and after the explosion, from personal fear, and to avoid any further firing, took advantage of the consternation and confusion which must be ever attendant on such a case, to counteract

Brigadier Cox's attempt to hold out at least some time longer. The Major of artillery, too, had acted well during the siege; but, after the explosion, appears to have added treachery to cowardice, and to gain favour with the enemy, communicated to them the real state of the garrison, and that it had no ammunition whatever left. This induced Massena to refuse the terms demanded by Brigadier Cox. The garrison was forced to surrender as prisoners of war, and every means were taken by the French to induce the Portuguese to enter into their service; but were only so far successful, that the officers and their men pretended consent, until they had the means of escaping. This dissimulation was very properly reprehended by Marshal Beresford, who expressed, in general orders, his strong disapprobation of such conduct; for the soldiers, he said some allowance was to be made, on the score of their want of education, &c. Nothing, however, could excuse the officers for conduct so base, so abominable, and so unworthy of the Portuguese name. They had sinned against knowledge, and thereby rendered themselves false and infamous; they had contracted a voluntary engagement, with the determination of not keeping it, placing themselves in a miserable predicament, which rendered it only less infamous to break their faith than to keep it. He added, that he should report them to their prince, that they might be dismissed with ignominy from the service, and answer for their conduct according to the laws. He also published the names of five officers who, under a proper sense of duty, had withstood the temptation of such evil example.

Lord Wellington was greatly disappointed by the slight defence and the speedy fall of Almeida; he moved his infantry again into the valley of the Mondego; keeping a division upon Grenada, and the outposts of the cavalry at Alverca.

Massena being joined by the corps of Regnier, seventeen thousand strong, (which had been acting against Romana in Estramadura, with little success) now advanced upon Portugal, as had been anticipated by the British commander-in-chief, who retired with great deliberation upon Coimbra. The French advanced with their usual confidence, in three strong divisions, Junot's corps with the artillery and cavalry, by Pinhel and Trancoso; Ney's proceeding by Alverca, and Regnier's by Guarda. They concentrated their forces at Viseu, where they made a halt of three days; he found nothing but deserted walls in every place which he entered (the inhabitants retiring with their provisions, &c. at his approach); he had, therefore, no other resource but by making himself master of Coimbra, and the resources which the fertile country round that city would amply supply. Now it was that Lord Wellington executed that brilliant manœuvre of passing from the left to the right banks of the Mondego river, and taking up a position of the Sierra de Busaco. This position is in a mountainous country of some extent; indeed the whole province of Beira, of which Coimbra is the capital, is almost

entirely surrounded by a chain of mountains. The eastern range, along which are the towns of Guarda, Celerico, Trancoso, and Viseu, is opposed to the Spanish frontier; while the northern range extends across the whole kingdom of Portugal, and separates Beira from the northern provinces. The river Mondego nearly crosses the interior in a westerly course, and therefore parallel to the northern range. From the right bank of this river there also springs a small northerly chain of mountains. This chain is the Sierra de Busaco, exactly on which position Lord Wellington awaited the arrival and the attack of the French. The head-quarters of Lord Wellington were at the Carmelite Monastery;* on the 26th of September, Generals Hill and Leith joined the army. This corps made so rapid and arduous a march that Massena regarded its junction as impossible, and reckoned therefore that the force which he wished to attack must necessarily be weak in front; if, indeed, Lord Wellington should venture to give him battle.

That general arrived on the same day at Mortagoa, and the bridge over the Criz, (which had been destroyed by the Portuguese) was re-established for his artillery, the army having crossed at a ford a little way above. Some skirmishing took place, and at St. Antonio de Cantaro the French were resisted in a manner which made them first apprehend that a determined stand was to be made against them; Massena himself, upon this, reconnoitred the position, after which he asked one of the unworthy Portuguese who accompanied him, if he thought that the allies would give him battle? He was answered, that undoubtedly they would, seeing they shewed themselves in such strength.

The French Marshal replied, "I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does—I have him. To-morrow we shall effect the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days I shall drown the leopard." On the evening of the 26th the line of battle was formed. The division of General Hill, with those of Leith and Picton on his left, formed the right of the position. The first division, under Sir Brent Spencer, was in the centre, General Cole's on the left. The light division was advanced somewhat in front of the left and centre. The main body of the cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, formed in the plains in front of Mealhada and across the Oporto road, and the brigade of General Fane remained on the left bank of the Mondego, to repel any attack which the enemy might attempt in that direction. Such was the distribution of the allied army. Daylight on the 27th shewed the enemy drawn up for immediate attack. The corps of Ney was formed in close column, opposite to the convent of Busaco; that of Regnier appeared in front of Picton's division, prepared to advance by the road, crossing the height of St. Antonio de Cantara. Junot's corps

* Southey's Peninsular War, vol. 2, p. 753.

was in reserve, with the greater part of the cavalry, and was posted upon some rising ground, about a mile in rear of Marshal Ney.

In this order, covered by his light troops, the enemy's columns moved on to the attack. The abruptness and inequalities of the ascent contributed to cover their advance, and they reached the summit of the ridge without more serious opposition than the occasional fire of guns posted on the flanking points. It was on the part of the corps of Regnier that the first hostile collision took place. The regiments in that part of the line to which he penetrated had not reached the position assigned to them, and for a moment the height was in possession of the enemy. The leading battalions were in the act of deploying into line, when General Picton, at the head of a few companies, hastily collected, came up, and with these and the light troops, he kept the enemy in play, until joined by the 8th Portuguese regiment under Major Birmingham; then charging the enemy's flank, he drove them in great confusion down the hill and across the ravine.

About a mile on the right the enemy made strenuous efforts to gain possession of the height of St. Antonio.

These, however, were defeated by the 74th regiment and a brigade of Portuguese, directed by Colonel Mackinnon, who, without assistance, was enabled to maintain his post, in spite of every effort to dislodge him.

Notwithstanding the complete discomfiture of his first attack, by General Picton on the left of the pass, the enemy's column still contrived to press forward, and again reached the summit of the height. From this the 88th regiment, under Colonel Wallace, and four companies of the 45th, dislodged him by a gallant charge, and a brigade of General Leith's division coming up at the same moment, the enemy were borne down the hill with irresistible impetuosity, and desisted from any further attempt on this part of the position. The attack of Ney was even less successful; with a division of his corps, formed in columns of mass, he advanced against the height occupied by the light division. During his advance he experienced but little opposition, and without difficulty gained possession of a village situated on the brow of the ascent; but no sooner did he crown the height, than he found the whole division of General Crawford and General Pack's brigade of Portuguese drawn up to receive him, and his column became exposed to a most destructive fire of musketry and artillery.

This, however, was but of short duration; yet so long, that the leading regiments of the assailants were almost entirely annihilated. A charge of bayonets followed; the whole column was routed, and driven down the hill with prodigious slaughter. The expression of a French soldier, who was engaged in this attack, and subsequently taken prisoner, "*Qu'il se laisser rouler du haut en bas*

de la montagne, sans savoir comment il echappa,"* is sufficiently explanatory of the mode in which the remnant of this division effected their escape.

About eight o'clock in the morning a fog came on, which for a time partially obscured the positions of the two armies; when the day cleared, it was discovered that the French had placed large bodies of light troops in the woods which skirted the bottom of the Sierra. In consequence, a continued skirmishing took place during the day. It was probably the intention of Massena by this manœuvre to draw Lord Wellington into an engagement of some consequence, in a situation where the advantage of position should be less decidedly in his favour.

But Lord Wellington was immovable. He advaneed the brigade of Colonel Pakenham to the support of the light troops, but directed them to retire when pressed, leaving his position again open to the enemy, should he think proper to attack it.

Massena, however, was but little inclined to avail himself of the facility thus afforded. The day passed without further attack on the British position, and on the approach of night, the French retired from the ground they had occupied during the day, and the village, from which the light troops had been driven in the morning, was again taken possession of by General Crawford.

The loss of the British in this memorable battle was one hundred and seven killed, four hundred and ninety-three wounded, and thirty-one taken prisoners; that of the Portuguese, ninety killed, five hundred and twelve wounded, and twenty taken prisoners. Of the French, one general, three colonels, thirty-three officers, and one hundred and fifty men were made prisoners; two thousand were left dead on the field; this was ascertained to be correct, because Massena sent a flag of truce requesting permission to bury them: this was not complied with, but they were buried by the victors. Most of their wounded (which is said to have amounted to six thousand) were left to the mercy of the peasants, and General Crawford, whose division was the last to leave the Sierra, saved as many of them as he could, and lodged them in the convent.

The enemy did in no other respect attempt to renew his attack on the succeeding day, except by some slight skirmishing with his light troops; and the better to conceal his contemplated movement, he set fire to the wood before mentioned; at the same time, he was seen to move a large body of infantry and cavalry from the left of his centre to the rear, and from whence his cavalry was observed to march in the road, which leads from Mortagoa over the mountains* towards Oporto.

Lord Wellington having thought it probable that the enemy would

* That he found himself rolled from the top to the bottom of the mountain without knowing how he escaped.

* There are in fact three passes over this Sierra, all of them practicable for cavalry.

endeavour to turn his left by that road, had directed Colonel Trant, with his division of militia, to march to Sardao, with the intention that he should occupy those mountains; but unfortunately he was sent round to Oporto by the general officer commanding in the north, in consequence of a small detachment of the enemy being in possession of St. Pedro de Sul; and, notwithstanding the efforts which he made to arrive in time, he did not reach Sardao till the 28th at night, after the enemy was in possession of the ground.

As his lordship concluded it probable, that in the course of the night of the 28th the enemy would throw his whole army upon that road, by which he could avoid the Sierra de Busaco, and reach Coimbra by the high road to Oporto, and thus the British army would have been exposed to be cut off from that town, or to a general action on less favourable ground, and as he also considered that he had reinforcements in his rear, he was induced to withdraw from the Sierra de Busaco towards Coimbra; and, as was anticipated, Massena did break up in the mountains, at eleven at night of the 28th, and he effected his march to the left of that range in spite of any opposition which could be thrown in his way, in consequence of the unfortunate delay of Colonel Trant's arrival at Sardao. The consequence which followed the movement Lord Wellington had made, although it did not accomplish all the objects he had in view, in passing the Mondego, and occupying the Sierra de Busaco, yet it had the moral effect of proving to the enemy of what kind of stuff his army was composed, and of affording an opportunity to his Portuguese allies of proving their metal in a most advantageous position.

Some days after the action it was ascertained that Massena's advanced post was at Arclans, in the road from Oporto to Coimbra, and on the 29th September the whole of his army was seen in march through the mountains, whilst at the same time the British and Portuguese troops were in the low country between the Sierra de Busaco and the sea; and the whole of them, with the exception of the advanced guard, were on the 30th of that month on the left of the Mondego.

The allies having taken the shorter road which leads to Coimbra, they were thus enabled to conduct their necessary retreat with the utmost regularity and order. On the 1st of October the infantry left Coimbra by the great Lisbon road, the rear-guard of cavalry bivouacked in front of Fornos, and were compelled to remain bridled up all night, the enemy having pushed a strong force close to them; in the morning, they were attacked by a large body of horse and foot, and fell back in some confusion to the great plain of Coimbra, where they re-formed instantly, and showed such a bold front to the enemy that he did not venture to renew the attack. At noon the rear-guard of the allies crossed the Mondego, at the fords near Martinho do Bispo, upon which the enemy made a dash with his

cavalry to impede it, but they were charged by a squadron of the 16th, and were driven back.

The utmost consternation succeeded the retreat of the allies from Coimbra, and a false alarm of the entry of the French created indescribable confusion and distress. The terrified inhabitants ran shrieking towards the bridge—on all other sides they were cut off. The bridge, which is long and narrow, soon became choked up by the rushing crowd of fugitives—hundreds in their fear rushed into the Mondego, and made their way through the water, which, in many places, was three or four feet deep. The gateway, which is in the city prison, is near the bridge, and the screams of the prisoners, who beheld this scene of terror from their grates, and expected something far more dreadful from the cruelty of the French, than they had reason to apprehend from the laws of their own country, were heard amid all the uproar and confusion. Lord Wellington, on learning this, in compassion, sent his aide-de-camp, Lord March, to set them at liberty. Massena found the once flourishing town of Coimbra almost a desert—all ranks, and degrees, after burying their treasures, fled at the approach of the invader; there was no security but in flight—neither age, nor sex, nor childhood, was exempt from wanton cruelty and bloodshed—the French marshal, with a show of mercy, issued orders to his troops to refrain from pillage; but these orders were disregarded, and scenes of the most atrocious barbarity were practised, unchecked—unpunished. One horrid deed is recorded, which, if true, stands in frightful prominence amid the unnumbered cruelties attributed to these demi-devils.

The under gardener of the Botanical Gardens at Coimbra with his family, consisting of his wife, a young woman of eighteen, with an infant at her breast, and her mother, having tarried too long to accompany the army, was overtaken in the little town of Soure by some stragglers from the enemy's advanced guard, who were in search of plunder. These miscreants secured the husband, by fastening his hands behind him; they tied the mother in the same manner; the villain to whom the wife was allotted, either by agreement among them, or by virtue of his authority, then endeavoured to tear the infant from her arms, that he might proceed in his vile purpose in the presence of her mother and her husband. Failing in this, and enraged at a resistance which he had not expected, he drew back a few yards, presented his musket, and swore he would fire at her if she did not yield. "Fire, devil," was her immediate reply, and at the word she and her infant fell by the same shot!

The ruffians stripped her body, and compelled the husband to carry the clothes on his back to Thomar, whither they carried him prisoner. During his detention there, he pointed out the murderer to a Portuguese nobleman, then serving with Massena; but whatever this traitor might have felt at the crime, he did not venture to report it to the French commander, and demand justice upon the criminal

the hopes of co-operation on the part of the Portuguese people which he had held out, had been proved so utterly false, that Massena



treated him with contemptuous dislike; and, moreover, everything was permitted to their soldiers by the French Generals in this atrocious campaign. The gardener effected his escape to Coimbra, where a subscription was raised for him, but he soon died broken-hearted. The man himself related this tragedy to the British officer,

from whom I received it.* It is recorded here, as an example of the spirit which the invaders frequently found in those Portuguese women who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

The deserted state of Coimbra held out no temptation for Massena to make any halt there, but as he still believed that the British army was hastening only to the coast for the purpose of embarkation, and thus leaving Portugal to her fate, he pushed on to Condeixa, in the hope of availing himself of any chance which might present itself of harassing an enemy whose cautious tactics in the late battle at Busaco left little to expect of further advantage. At Coimbra the French left upwards of five thousand men sick and wounded, taking with them his disposable force, but with strange indiscretion leaving only a few troops to bring up the stragglers and wounded as they became convalescent. Of this Colonel Trant did not fail to take advantage: the colonel had arrived at Mealhada on the 6th of October, with the expectation of forming a junction with the corps of Miller and Wilson, but the latter were delayed from the want of supplies in the exhausted districts north of Busaco. He had, therefore, no alternative, but to anticipate by celerity any efficient opposition to his attempt upon Coimbra, and to make a dash upon the place, unaided as he was—being only three leagues distant from it.

He marched at mid-day, having a squadron of cavalry in front, under Lieutenant Dutel, supported by two hundred light troops, whilst the column of infantry was headed by the Portuguese Coimbra regiment as the post of honour. In the proposed attack it was intended to enter at two points, one division by the high road from Oporto, and the other by ascending the heights to the eastward of the town. At a short distance from Fornos, the colonel came up with a detachment of the enemy; it commenced firing, but as the cavalry pushed on for, and cut off all communication with Coimbra, it surrendered, after losing a few men. The cavalry now rode into the town, crossed the bridge of the Mondego, and occupied the great Lisbon road to prevent any information being sent to the French army. Some divisions of infantry immediately occupied the principal streets, where a little fighting took place, in which only two of the assailants were killed, and Colonel Serpa and twenty-five men wounded. On the Santa Clara side of the Mondego an irregular fire was kept up from the convent, which was held by six or seven hundred convalescent of the French troops: after a vain opposition they proposed to surrender, but Colonel Trant would hear only of unconditional submission; in this they hesitated for a short time, when the convent was stormed by the Portuguese, and in spite of every exertion of Colonel Trant and his officers, some frightful acts of vengeance were committed. Of the prisoners, in which were an entire company of Napoleon's marine guards, four thousand were

* Southey.

marched off for Oporto, under a strong escort to protect them from the peasantry; three thousand five hundred muskets were found loaded, and it was presumed that that number of troops were able to make resistance.

The allied army now entered Leira after some skirmishing at Pombal, with the corps of Ney and Junot, who advanced by that road, while Regnier was coming up by way of Thomar. At Leira the allies divided, one part taking the road to Alboça, and the other to Rio Major. The rainy season had now come on with unusual severity, and winter was fast approaching. The cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, had just reached the little town of Alcoentra, and were bivouacked on the plain amidst a tremendous thunder-storm, when the enemy, who calculated on attacking them at advantage in such weather, came down in force, drove the British picquets into the town, and was in momentary possession of six guns; this dashing affair was performed by the third regiment of French Hussars, but their triumph was very short lived, for they were charged by the 10th, the guns recovered, and the enemy driven out of the town. On the 22nd of December, the positions occupied by the belligerents were, Cartaxo as the head-quarters of Wellington, from whence he could easily fall back upon the strongly fortified lines of Torres Vedras, while those of Massena were first at Santarem, but soon after at Torres Noves, Regnier being left at Santarem, Junot at Pernes, Ney at Thomar, and Punhete and the reserve of cavalry at Ourem; such were the situations occupied when the armies went into cantonments for the winter. The lines of Torres Vedras, which



have since become so memorable, were constructed by Lieutenant Colonel Fletcher, assisted by Captain Chapman, both of the

engineers. They extended from Alhandra on the Tagus, to the north of Sizandro; the line as a crow would fly being twenty-six miles, but the defences occupied quite forty miles!

Torres Vedras is of itself an insignificant town, although of great antiquity, being held by the Romans, who called it "Turres Veteres," or the Old Towers, it is situate on the Oporto road from Lisbon, and is about twenty-two miles from the latter. It stands in a valley, but has some very important heights in its vicinity, particularly a conical hill, which commands the town; and the ruins of an old tower, from whence it derives its name. The first lines consisted of thirty-two works, mounting one hundred pieces of cannon, and ten thousand infantry. The second was defended by sixty-five works, one hundred pieces of artillery, and fifteen thousand infantry; the rest of the army was engaged in keeping up the communication between the lines and the reserve. The whole defences consisted of one hundred and seven fortified places, mounting four hundred and forty-four cannon of all calibres, and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and ninety infantry! Lieutenant General Hill commanded on the right, with his head-quarters at Alhandra, Major General Picton was in command on the left, having his head-quarters in the town of Torres Vedras. The centre of the first line of defences extended from the heights of Sombral de Monte Agraço to Torres Vedras; in the former Marshal Beresford had his head-quarters, while those of Lord Wellington were at Pero Negro. In the rear of the first line, and eight miles from it, was the second line, nearly parallel to it; this extended from behind Alverca to Bucellas, along the Serras to the little river of Saint Lorenzo. The whole coast from Vimiero to the north of the Tagus, was studded with redoubts mounting heavy artillery. The right on the Tagus was flanked by the armed boats of the British squadron. Mines were ready for springing in many places.—In fact, it may be said, that the whole country was one vast fortification, having about eighty thousand men well armed, and plenty of provisions, with the sea open to them for supplies and reinforcements!

Massena, who remained before these formidable lines almost inactive for more than a month, there being nothing more than slight skirmishes between the picquets of the hostile forces, began to find his ranks thinning by sickness and desertion; the misery which his army experienced from the want of provisions was dreadful, and his only hope of success was by forming a junction with the corps under Soult, as, without reinforcements, he must retreat from Portugal altogether. The situation of Soult at this time being too distant to accomplish this easily, he, Massena, adopted the wiser course of breaking up his bivouac before the British lines; this he did on the night of the 14th of November, 1810, and went into cantonments at Santarem, and the other places we have before enumerated.



STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

CHAPTER IV.

1811—1812.

SIEGE OF CADIZ.—BATTLE OF BAROSSA.—DISASTERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—FUENTES D'HONORE.—BATTLE OF ALBUERA.—SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—STORMING OF BADAJOZ.—EXCESSES OF THE ENGLISH TROOPS.—BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.—ENTRY INTO MADRID.—REJOICINGS IN ENGLAND.



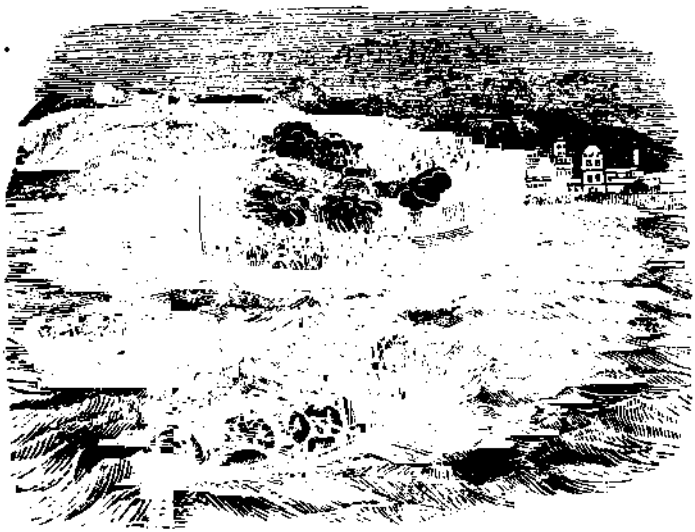
THE siege of Cadiz, by the French under Victor, was continued during the spring and summer of this year. The enemy's forces, which occupied the shore of the bay, had strongly fortified their own positions for the purpose of annoying the shipping and the town, the isle being too formidable to make any attempt there with the slightest chance of success; the presence of the British troops and the forces under Alburquerque effectually kept him at bay in that quarter. Fort Matagorda, therefore, was the only point from which the enemy could injure the town (this fort is opposite the tongue of land which connects the isle of Leon with the city of Cadiz); but this they could only reach with the largest sized mortars. This fort had been dismantled just previous to the enemy's approach, but it was very obvious that he was desirous to possess it. Some works, hastily constructed, were raised, and it was gallantly held by some British soldiers and seamen, under Captain Maclean, for nearly two months, and then abandoned only when it became a heap of

ruins. A very strong line of defence was thrown up by the direction of Sir Thomas Graham, who had arrived from England to take the command; these works extended from the sea on the right, to Caraccas on the left. The enemy, having found his field artillery inefficient, fished up some of the guns from the sunken vessels which were wrecked on the coast after the sea fight of Trafalgar, and he was so far successful in this, that he was able to mount a battery with the recovered guns.

His efforts, however, were not vigorously pressed, because the strength of the position precluded all hope of successful operations, and he was too well pleased with his present quarters to desire a change. He had fortified Puerta Real, Santa Maria, formed intrenched camps, and added much to the strength of the Trocadero, from which latter he was able to bombard the city. They had too a god-send in more than forty sail of merchantmen, besides three line of battle ships being driven on shore in a tremendous tempest, which lasted four days; they set fire to the ships, but the greater portion of their cargoes fell into the enemy's hands, and increased in no small degree his already well-stored magazines. "It was during this tempest," says one of the unhappy captives,* "that the French and Swiss on board of the prison ships could not receive their supplies of provisions and water from the shore; the signals of distress were wholly disregarded by the Spanish authorities; and, if the British Admiral had not generously sent his boats to their relief, very many more of these miserable men than actually perished must have fallen victims, the Spanish authorities being too cowardly, or actuated by worse motives, to encounter the war of elements for their starved and dying prisoners." In the case of these prisoners, Southey remarks, "the Spaniards had cast off all compassion, and the obduracy of the national character was fully manifested towards them, the negligence of the government being hardly less criminal than the avarice and brutality of those whom it employed. Admiral Pickmore, perceiving with how little care the pontoons were secured, proposed to the Spanish Admiral that chains should be used as bridles to their cables; application was made to the admiral in command at the Caraccas; they were promised from time to time, but never sent; and, as the British commander had foreseen, the prisoners in the Castilla, nearly seven hundred in number, and mostly officers, cut the cable one night when wind and tide were in their favour, and hoisting a sail which they had made from their hammocks, ran for the opposite coast. English boats were presently sent after them, while it was doubted whether the vessel had not by accident parted from her anchor, but when they reached her it was impossible to board, the pontoon being light, her ports all down, no steps on the sides nor ropes over it, and the French prepared, not

* M. L. Chapius, in his "Relation du Sejour des Prisonniers de Guerre Français et Suisses sur le Ponto las Castille dans la Baie de Cadiz."

only with musketry but with cannon ball, of twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, which had been used for ballast in the vessel; two hundred men were stationed to throw these by hand, and the boats



were presently disabled when such missiles were showered upon them. Fort Puntales, and the gun and mortar boats, opened their fire upon the pontoon; the vessel was burnt, but the fugitives, with little loss, effected their escape."

Five thousand French prisoners had been sent to the islands of Minorca and Majorca; at the former their presence was tolerated, but the latter was a scene of a frightful tragedy. "Some fugitives landed at Palma, from those parts of the south which had lately fallen under the French yoke; they brought horrible tales concerning the invasion of Andalusia, and the conduct of the invaders; and the people, excited by these horrors, cried out for vengeance upon the prisoners. Troops were called out to protect these unfortunate men, but the soldiers would not act against their countrymen, and when the commander, General Reding, as the only means of saving the prisoners, consented that they should be sent to the desert island of Cabrera, many were butchered in his presence in spite of his entreaties and exertions, and many thrown into the sea before the embarkation could be effected; nor could it have been accomplished if the soldiers had not at length been provoked to fire upon the mob. Five thousand at first, and afterwards half as many more, were landed at Cabrera, a rocky island about fifteen miles in circumference, with no other inhabitants than a handful of soldiers who were

stationed there to prevent the Barbary corsairs from making it a place of rendezvous. A few tents were provided for the superior officers, but the remainder were left to shelter themselves as they could!

There was but one spring in the island, and in summer this was dry; they discovered some old wells which had been filled up, and which, when cleared, yielded bad water, and very little of it. The supplies from Palma were sent so irregularly, sometimes owing to the weather, but far, far more frequently to inhuman negligence, that scores and hundreds of those miserable creatures died of hunger and thirst; many were in a state of complete nakedness, when, in mere humanity, clothing was sent them by the British commander in the Mediterranean; and at other times, they were kept alive by barrels of biscuit and of meat, which the English ships threw overboard, for them to be cast on shore. But in the third year of their abode, the captain of a Spanish frigate, whose name ought to have been recorded, remonstrated so effectually upon the manner of their treatment, that from that time they were regularly supplied with food. He gave them potatoes, and cabbage, and tobacco seed, from which they raised sufficient for their consumption, and by persevering labour, without any other tools than a single knife, broke six feet into a rock, on the surface of which there was appearance enough of moisture to excite their hopes. They obtained a supply of water.

Some of them used the skulls of their own dead, for want of vessels to contain it! and others, with no such excuse of necessity, manufactured buttons from the bones! About one thousand five hundred entered the Spanish service, rather than endure a banishment to which no end could be foreseen; and some five hundred of them, chiefly officers, were, in compassion, removed to England. At the end of the war not more than two thousand remained in Cabrera, nearly half of those who had landed there having sunk under their sufferings! The Spaniards departed from the straight path of probity when they broke the terms of capitulation, which had been granted at Baylen. They committed that breach of faith in deference of popular outcry (!) and to the sophistry of one who soon proved himself a traitor; the most odious of all those men, whom the revolution either found wicked, or made so; and in the subsequent treatment of the prisoners, humanity was as little regarded, as honour had been in detaining them.

Many and grievous were the errors which the Spaniards committed in the course of the war, but this is the only part of its history, which will be remembered for them as a national reproach. On the other hand, the French had as yet abated nothing of that insolent cruelty with which they began the contest, supposing that they should intimidate the Spanish nation. Soult, who had recommended that all the commanding officers employed in Spain should be

(impossible!) incapable of any feeling by which they might even possibly be moved to compunction—issued at this time an edict not less extraordinary than Kellerman's. After various enactments, some of which were as impracticable as they were rigorous, imposing penalties upon the inhabitants of those districts in which the patriotic parties should commit any crimes, as this Frenchman was pleased to denominate their hostility against the invaders of their country, he pronounced that "there was no Spanish army except that of his Catholic majesty, King Joseph Napoleon; all parties therefore which existed in the provinces, whatever might be their number, and whoever might be their commander, should be treated as banditti, who had no other object than robbery and murder, and all the individuals of such parties who might be taken in arms, should be immediately condemned and shot, and their bodies exposed along the highways." When the regency found that this decree was actually carried into effect, they reprinted it with a counter decree by its side in French and Spanish, declaring anew "that every Spaniard capable of bearing arms was in these times a soldier; that for every one who should be murdered by the French in consequence of the edict of the ferocious Soult, who called himself Duke of Dalmatia, the three first Frenchmen taken in arms should infallibly be hanged; three for every house which the enemy burnt in their devastating system, and three for every person who should perish in the fire." Soult himself they declared unworthy the protection of the law of nations, while his decree remained unrepealed.

They gave orders that if he were taken he should be punished as a robber, and they took measures for circulating both decrees throughout Europe, to the end that all persons might be informed of the atrocious conduct of these enemies of the human race, and that those inhabitants of the countries in alliance with France, or more truly which were enslaved by her, who were so unhappy as to have children, or kinsmen, or friends serving in the French army in Spain, might see the fate prepared for them by the barbarity of a monster, who thought by such means to subdue a free and noble nation.

Such were still the ferocious characteristics of this contest, carried on with these horrible personal hatreds of two of the belligerents;—turn we now to actions which at least preserved some of the old humanities of war.

The year 1811 began most inauspiciously for the Spanish cause. On the 2nd of January, General Suchet took possession of Tortosa after a very brief siege and weak defence; so weak indeed, that it occasioned much surprise, and an act of treachery was more than suspected to have been committed.

On the 23rd of the same month, Soult made himself master of Olivenza; and on the same day died the Marquis de la Romana.

This gentleman was one of the few able and honest Spanish commanders; and his loss at this period was deeply felt and unfeignedly deplored. He was scarcely cold, when the army which he had commanded with credit and success, being detached upon a particular service, under Mendizabel, was totally defeated by Soult, near the river Geborah.

While the principal armies remained in the state of comparative inaction we have described, the one in their lines of Torres Vedras, and the other at Santarem, and its immediate neighbourhood, some brilliant little actions took place in other parts of Portugal, highly deserving of record in our pages.

In the neighbourhood of Guarda the enemy had long been busy in plundering whatever they could lay their hands on, and having detached two thousand five hundred to Belmonte, they sacked and destroyed all the small places around it.

They at the same time sent word to Covilhaens, a considerable village, and a post of some importance, that it was their intention to establish their head-quarters there, and that they would put to death all those who fled. In order to attempt to counteract their intention, and to save the principal place in that part of the country, Lieutenant Colonel Grant, then holding a commission in the Portuguese service, marched from Sardao on the night of the 8th of February, with only four hundred of the Ordenanza, and a six-pounder, and arrived at Covilhaens early on the following morning. Here he remained until the 12th, when at eight o'clock in the morning, one thousand five hundred of the enemy came from Belmonte in two columns, and attempted the place. Colonel Grant having stationed his little band to the best advantage he could, permitted the assailants to approach to the range of grape shot, when he opened a fire upon them from his single gun, and in ten minutes they were thrown into confusion, and retreated in disorder, but still facing at times, and manœuvering in front, whilst two companies of Ordenanza annoyed them in flank and rear with such success, that at two o'clock they retired to their old quarters at Belmonte.

The enemy returned, however, in greater force, with some pieces of artillery, and Grant was obliged to retreat in his turn.

While Sir William Erskine was at Marmaleira, the enemy had for some time been in the habit of making a strong patrole almost every night up to Arruda; in consequence of which, Sir William detached Cornet Strenuwitz of the Hussars, with thirty of the 16th light dragoons, and some hussars, to place himself in the vicinity of Ferragoas, in order to cut off this patrole, if it should appear; and likewise to watch the motions of the enemy, who were reported to be on the eve of making some considerable movements.

The enemy not appearing on the nights of the 19th and 20th as was expected, on the evening of the latter day Cornet Strenuwitz, not having forage enough to enable him to remain any longer, sent

a small party up to the enemy's picquet at Alcanhede, to invite them out, which had the desired effect, the enemy following this patrole with an officer and twenty infantry, and the same number of dragoons; who were led by the patrole within reach of the ambuscade, where the cornet with his party fell upon them. Immediately the officer, with the whole of his infantry, were taken or killed, three dragoons were likewise taken, and several cut down; whilst the remainder, by dispersing, escaped being made prisoners.

Seventeen prisoners were taken, and the English had only one horse wounded. The wounded officer was aide-de-camp to General Clauzel. This little affair is only noticed because the French officer and his troops were themselves placed in ambuscade, but were thus outwitted.

An expedition was now determined upon by the Spanish government, and Sir Thomas Graham consented to leave Cadiz and personally superintend it; and as it led to the battle of Barossa, we shall describe it in detail. The objects of the expedition were, to proceed by the straits of Gibraltar, with a view to force a landing between Cape Trafalgar and Cape de Plata, at Tariffa, or at Algeziras, in case of failure at the two former places.

Three thousand British troops, including cavalry, and seven thousand Spanish, were embarked from the bay of Cadiz, on board British and Spanish men of war and transports, on the 20th of February, waiting for a favourable breeze.

General La Penas was the commander-in-chief of the expedition, and his object was to unite the British forces at San Roque with his own army, in order to make a combined attack on the rear of the enemy's lines at Cadiz; and the British fleet, under the command of Sir Richard Kent, was to assist the operations.

On the 21st, the weather being favourable, the British part of the expedition sailed, and it being found that a landing could not be effected at Cape Trafalgar, or immediately at Tariffa, the vessels proceeded on the western side of Gibraltar to Algeziras, where the troops landed. The little army marched immediately for Tariffa, but as the roads were bad they made but small progress. On the 27th the Spanish reached the same point, and on the 28th the combined armies were in full march from Tariffa towards Barbati, and at the same time preparations were made by the fleet and garrison of Cadiz to menace the Trocadero, and other points of the French lines, as might be deemed necessary to favour the operations of the Tariffa expedition.

On the 1st of March the General Zayas pushed across the river San Petri, near the coast; a strong body of Spanish troops threw a bridge across the river, and formed a *tête-du-pont*. This was, however, a post of too much importance for the enemy to leave unmolested, and accordingly they attacked it with vigour on the nights of the 3rd and 4th, where, though the assailants were

ultimately repulsed, yet it was done at very great loss to the Spaniards; but the weather proving most tempestuous, and further co-operation of this force with that of Sir Thomas Graham was rendered impossible. The latter broke up from their camp near Vegar, and arrived on the 5th on the low ridge of Barossa, about four miles to the southward of the river San Petri. These heights extend inland about a mile and a half, continuing on the north the extensive healthy plain of Chiclana. A great pine forest skirts the plain and circles round the height at some distance, terminating down towards San Petri; the intermediate space between the north side of the height and the forest being uneven and broken. A well-conducted and successful attack on the rear of the enemy's lines, near San Petri, by the vanguard of the Spanish army, under Brigadier General Ladrizable, having opened the communications of the army with the Isle de Leon.

General Graham received directions from the Spanish General La Penas, to move down from the position of Barossa, to that of the Torre de Bermesa, about half-way to the San Petri river, for the purpose of securing a communication with that river, over which a bridge had lately been constructed. This latter position placed the British troops on a narrow wooded ridge; the right on the sea cliff, the left falling down to the Almanza creek, on the edge of the marsh a hard sandy beach, giving an easy communication between the western points of the two positions.

General Graham having halted his division on the eastern slope of the Barossa height, he marched about noon towards the Bermesa, cavalry patroles having previously been sent towards Chiclana without meeting with the enemy, but on the march he received intelligence that a large French force had appeared on the plain, and was then advancing towards the heights of Barossa.

The general considering that position as the key of San Petri, immediately countermarched, in order to support the troops left for its defence, and the order was obeyed by his gallant few, with such alacrity that he could not help regarding it as a favourable omen. In such difficult and intricate ground, it was impossible to preserve order in his columns of march, and indeed he afterwards admitted in his despatches, that there never was time for restoring it entirely, for before he could get his detachment quite disentangled from the wood, the troops on the Barossa hill were seen returning from it, whilst the left wing of the enemy was rapidly ascending, and at the same time his right wing stood on the plain on the edge of the wood within cannon shot. With the utmost coolness and precision, General Graham reflected that a retreat, in the face of such an enemy already within the reach of an easy communication by the sea beach, must have involved the whole allied army in all the danger of being attacked during the unavoidable confusion of the different corps arriving on the narrow ridge of the Bermesa nearly at the

same time; therefore, trusting to the known heroism of British troops, regardless of the numbers and positions of the enemy, he determined with rapid judgment on an immediate attack.

Major Duncan, of the artillery, soon opened a powerful battery of ten guns in the centre. Brigadier General Dilkes, with the brigade of guards, Lieutenant Colonel Brown's flank battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Norcott's two companies of the 2nd rifles, and Major Acheson, with a part of the 67th foot, formed on the right.

Colonel Wheatley's brigade, with three companies of the Coldstream guards under Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, and Lieutenant Colonel Barnard's flank battalion, formed on the left. As soon as the infantry was thus hastily put together, the guns advanced to a more favourable position, and kept up a most destructive fire. The right wing proceeded to the attack of General Rufin's division on the hill, while Barnard's corps and Bushe's detachment of the 20th Portuguese were warmly engaged with the enemy's tirailleurs on the left. General Laval's division of the French army, notwithstanding the havoc made by the British artillery, continued to advance in very imposing masses, opening his fire of musketry, and was not checked until the British left wing advanced firing, when a most determined charge by three companies of the guards and the 87th regiment, supported by all the remainder of the wing, decided the defeat of General Laval and his division of the French army. This gallant charge is thus described by an officer on the spot. "The scene of this charge will ever be distressing to my feelings; the French waited until we came within about twenty paces of them before they broke, and as they were in column when they did, they could not get away; it was therefore a scene of most dreadful carnage. They appeared so frightened and confounded, that they made, whilst we were amongst them, about a quarter of an hour, little or no opposition.

"We should have taken or destroyed the whole 8th regiment, but at this moment the 47th French regiment advanced, and General Graham, who was during the above action in the middle of it, pointed them out, and begged Major Gough would call off his men. I will not say all, as we were in the midst of the French. With the greatest difficulty, by almost cutting them down, the right wing collected, with which we charged the 47th; but after firing until we came within about fifty paces of them, they, for us fortunately, broke and fled; for had they done their duty, fatigued and jaded as our men were at this moment, they must have cut us to pieces. We were therefore, after they broke, unable to follow them, but took the howitzer attached to them."

The eagle of the 8th regiment of French light infantry, which upon this occasion suffered severely, and the howitzer before mentioned, were the reward of this charge. Nothing could stop the impetuosity of those gallant fellows of the 28th and 67th, who, rushing

on, soon obliged a reserve, formed beyond the narrow valley across which the enemy was closely pursued, to share the same fate, they being routed by a second charge.

Nor was the right wing of the British less successful. On that side the enemy, confident of success, met General Dilkes on the ascent of the hill, and the contest was sanguinary; but the undaunted perseverance of the brigade of guards, of Brown's battalion, and Norcott's and Acheson's detachment, overcame every obstacle, and General Rufin's division was driven from the heights in confusion, leaving two pieces of cannon.

Thus, in less than an hour and a half from the commencement of the action, the enemy was in full retreat. The retiring divisions indeed met, halted, and seemed inclined to form, but a new and more advanced position of the British artillery soon dispersed them. At this crisis the exhausted state of the troops made pursuit impossible. In the mean time a position was taken on the eastern side of the hill, and the small British force was soon after strengthened on its right by a return of the two Spanish battalions that had been attached before to the division, but which had been left on the hill and ordered to retire.

These two battalions, Walloon Guards and Ciudad Real, had made every effort to come back in time, as soon as they knew of the action having taken place. During this dashing business, the enemy's line was extended much further than General Graham could distinguish, and a large corps, both of infantry and cavalry, had attempted to turn the Barosa height by the sea, but these were completely kept in check by General Whittingham with only three squadrons of cavalry, and at the same time one squadron of the 2nd Hussars and German Legion, directed by Lieutenant Colonel Ponsonby, joined in sufficient time to make a most brilliant and successful charge against a squadron of French dragoons, which was entirely routed. In this brilliant action the fire was hotter than ever remembered by the oldest soldier; scarcely an officer escaping without some mark of shot—General Graham was himself pierced in the coat in two places; many of the Colonels had their horses wounded, and Colonel Colquit, of the guards, was shot through the sleeve of his coat by a musket ball, and a cannon shot literally touched his saddle while he was in the act of dismounting to pass a ravine.

At the close of the action it was ascertained that an eagle, and six pieces of cannon were taken, and that the general of division, Rufin, and the general of brigade, Rousseau, a chief of the staff, an aide-de-camp of Victor, a colonel and many officers were killed, wounded or taken, besides a vast number of soldiers. But this victory cost our army dear—two captains, five subalterns, and one hundred and ninety-five rank and file killed; and the wounded was also very great, viz. five lieutenant colonels, one major, fourteen captains,

twenty-six lieutenants, eight ensigns, and nine hundred and eighty-five serjeants rank and file.

"Our fellows had marched twenty-two miles that day," says an officer who partook of the dangers of this well-fought field, "and were just taking refreshments when a peasant came to General



Graham, and told him the French were coming round a wood to surprise him; on which General Graham formed his little army with admirable precision. When the enemy appeared in sight, General Graham rode up in front of the guards, 87th regiment, German legion, and Portuguese cavalry; and, waving his hat, exclaimed, 'Now my lads, there they are, spare your powder, but give them steel enough;' on which the whole column gave three cheers, and as the French neared them, gave their volley, and made so animated a charge that in an hour the enemy were put *hors de combat*, and with the prompt assistance of the rifle corps, and other British regiments, dispersed in all directions."

Having marched some hours on the Barossa heights after the action, without being able to procure any supply for the exhausted troops (the commissariat mules having been dispersed upon the enemy's first attack upon the hill), General Graham was at length obliged to withdraw the greater part of his division into the Isle de Leon, but leaving Major Ross with a detachment of the 95th to preserve the post, thus doing away every surmise of this retrograde

movement being a retreat—which in point of fact it was not; for the communication with Cadiz was entirely open.

In this battle it was admitted that the Portuguese who were attached to the British troops behaved remarkably well, and that the portion also of the Spanish forces which came out of the Isle de Leon, and established the communication across the river San Petri, also proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them, but the conduct of the main body of the Spanish army, under General La Pena, the commander-in-chief, was, to say the best, of a very extraordinary description.

Aware, as La Pena must have been, of the immediate presence of a large French force, it is difficult to account for his directing General Graham to quit the heights of Barosa, without posting there a sufficient Spanish force to occupy them afterwards, and thus to cover General Graham's march to Bermesa.

A few Spaniards were indeed left on the heights, but La Pena, even when he must have known of the advance of the enemy, seems to have adopted no means whatever for their support, or for the preservation of the post. Nay, he even allowed this large body of troops to stand quiet and distant spectators of Barossa's fight, even though the assailants were the common enemy! It is even more censurable, that after the French too were routed, and when their defeat and consequent slaughter might have been rendered much more complete, by an immediate and close pursuit, still the Spanish commander never offered to put his troops in motion for that purpose!

This dilatory and strange conduct, to apply no harsher term to it, naturally excited the strongest indignation, and gave rise to great complaints on the part of the British army.

But the Spanish commander-in-chief not only endeavoured to exculpate himself, but had the daring effrontery to throw blame upon General Graham, for disobeying orders! and this, too, in the face of its being notorious, that had General Graham strictly obeyed the orders of this imbecile, and proceeded on his route to Bermesa, on the approach of the French he must have had his gallant little army cut to pieces!

To the just complaints of the British some attention seemed at first to have been paid by the Cortes, who professed a readiness to punish General La Pena if guilty, and even went through the show of ordering him to be put under arrest; but this was a mere farce: though brought to trial, he was instantly acquitted before the case was well explained, and employed again a few months afterwards! Had this disgraceful matter rested here, General Graham's reputation was such as to bid defiance to any censure being deserved by him; but the Spanish commander-in-chief, General La Pena, after his mock trial, thought proper to publish his "Justification," as he called it, in which he not only made the "worse appear the better

reason," by the convenient method of misrepresenting facts, but indulged in such unjust and untrue observations upon General Graham's conduct, as to render it imperative upon that high-minded soldier, to make him retract them at the sword's point.

Early in the year 1811, Lord Wellington was aware that Massena had received reinforcements of fifteen thousand men, and from the desertion from the enemy being much less frequent than formerly, there was good reason to believe that he had been plentifully supplied with provisions; yet, as the increase of numbers would of necessity in the end increase their wants, and as, from the enmity of the population, they could only draw their supplies from a great distance, Lord Wellington judged correctly, when he calculated that this augmentation of their force would cause an earlier retreat.

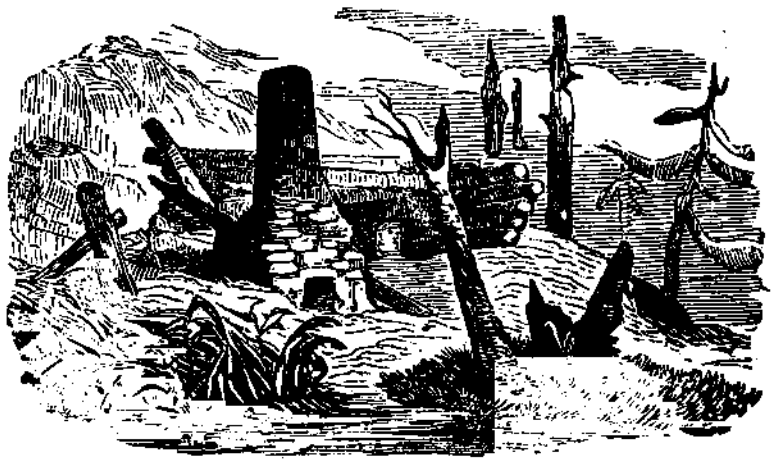
Accordingly the French began to retire on the night of the 5th of March, and Lord Wellington on the following day put his whole army in motion to follow them from Santarem, which the enemy had so long occupied. An eye witness* thus describes that city after the enemy's retreat. "I have been for some weeks in view of Santarem, and saw at last with pleasure some symptoms of the French abandoning it. Their first act was setting fire to one of the principal convents in the upper town, and part of the lower town; the volume of smoke was immense for three days. On the fourth morning some information to depend on reached us, and the bugle of attack roused us from our pillows. The haze of the morning clearing up, we could easily perceive the out sentinels were men of straw, and proved quite passive. In fact, a better managed retreat was never executed. Not a vestige of a dollar's worth remained. Being at the outposts with the 11th dragoons and the 1st royals, I entered with them, and three miserable deserters, who had hid themselves, with one too ill to remove, were the only enemies to be found. Such a scene of horror, misery, and desolation, scarce ever saluted the eye of man. Smoking ruins, the accumulated filth of months, horses and human bodies putrefied to suffocation, nearly caused to many a vomiting. The houses had scarcely a vestige of wood—doors, windows, ceilings, roofs, burnt; and where the sick had expired, there left to decay! The number thus left was great. Every church demolished, the tombs opened for searching after hidden plate, every altar-piece universally destroyed, and the effluvia so offensive so to defy describing.

"In some gardens, the miserable heads, undecayed, stuck up like scarecrows; in some wells, a body floating.

"Down a precipice to which we were invited by prospect to look, the human and animal carcases, mingled in dung, repulsed our senses, and shudderingly vibrated the soul at the savage, horrible, diabolical acts of a French army. Greater spirits, better discipline,

* Journal of an Officer.

and more order, never attended an army than this. But to see the country, is to weep for the horrors of war. Such horrid excess I never saw before. Every town, village, or cottage destroyed. The



growing nursery and the wild grove, each havocked for destruction's sake. The pot that refined the oil, broken; the wine-press burnt, for burning's sake; the grape vines destroyed as noxious weeds; the furniture unburnt thrown from the windows, and with carriages, &c. made a bonfire of; the large libraries strewed over the land in remnants of paper; the noble convent in ashes, and the poor, unhappy, aged inhabitants, unable to flee, hung around as ornamenting the walls, ten or twelve in a place!

"To bear the semblance of a female was to be tortured; to be an infant, to be a sacrifice. When the British army entered Santarem, they observed a French sentence written on the walls, implying that "a good soldier ought to have the heart of a lion, the strength of a horse, the appetite of a mouse, and the humanity of a brute."

There is a circumstance alluded to in this "Journal of an officer," so revoltingly horrible, that we cannot quote it; the veil of delicacy must not be raised to display the horrid features of human depravity.

The first movement of the enemy indicated a desire to concentrate his forces at Thomar; the British were therefore on the alert to impede him, but he continued his march upon the river Mondego, having left a corps on the road to Espinhal, Loison's division on the road to Anciao, and the rest of the army towards Pombal; and subsequently he made an attempt to hold possession of the ancient castle of Pombal. Here* "the British cavalry made many fine

* History of the War in Spain and Portugal from 1807 to 1814, by General Sarrasin. —London, 1815.

charges; the infantry could not arrive in time to attack the enemy before night, and the French availed themselves of this circumstance to continue their march. On the 11th Massena took up a position on the heights of Redinha, where he was attacked the next day by the English army. Being hard pushed on his front, and turned on his left, the French General ordered his advanced guard, which suffered much on the passage of the Redinha, to fall back, and at night he marched by Condexa to Ponte de Murcella. As he wished to give his train necessary time to leave the road unobstructed, Massena took a strong position on the right bank of the river Ceira, leaving but an advanced guard on the left near Toz d'Aronce.

This village, which was occupied by the French, was assaulted by the British, and several times taken and retaken. In the night Massena continued his retreat, after having destroyed the bridge on the Ceira. The engagement, which took place on the 15th, was very sharp, and Lord Wellington would have most probably succeeded in forcing the enemy to a general battle, had not his march been retarded by a thick fog, which lasted all the morning. The loss of the English in this affair was about four hundred, killed and wounded. The French acknowledge only two hundred men, *hors de combat*, whilst the dead bodies left on the field of battle exceeded that number. Their loss must have amounted to eight hundred."

The result of these spirited and well-timed operations was the saving of Coimbra and Upper Beira from their hostile ravages, while at the same time a communication was opened and the enemy obliged to retreat. For this latter, the whole country afforded many advantageous positions, of which the French showed that they knew how to avail themselves; but they were obliged to retreat in one solid mass, covering their rear in every march by the operations of a strong rear-guard, in the various good positions they might fall in with, and so great were the inconveniences and difficulties connected with this mode of retreat, that before they quitted their position, they were obliged to destroy a part of their cannon and ammunition, and afterwards to blow up much which their horses could not carry away.

Lord Wellington said, "that they had no provisions, except what they had plundered on the spot, or having plundered, what the soldiers carried on their backs, and some live cattle." He added, "that their conduct throughout the retreat was marked by a barbarity seldom equalled and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, &c., in which the head quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, these poor people were yet plundered, and many of their houses destroyed, on the first night of the enemy withdrawing from their position; after which they burned every town through which they passed. Even the convent of Alcobaça was burnt by orders from head quarters; the

bishop's palace and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head quarters, shared the same fate, and there was not an inhabitant of the country of any class or description who had dealings or communication with the French army, without having reason to complain of their treatment."

"This is the mode," adds his lordship, "in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander-in-chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal, that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of one hundred and ten thousand men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped," he continues, "that the example of what has occurred in this country, will teach the people of Portugal, and other nations, what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life, or for any thing that renders life valuable, excepting decided resistance to the enemy."

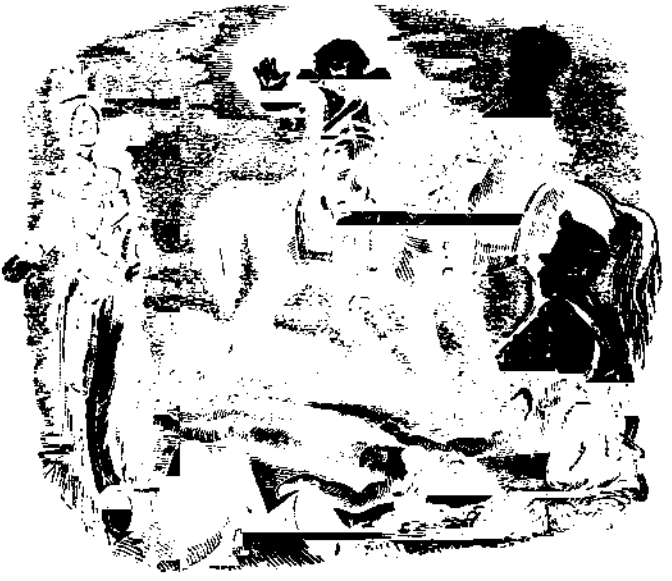
The British forces still continued in advance, and of harassing the enemy upon every occasion, but were not sufficiently strong to attempt any general attack. It was justly observed, that in a country thus plundered by a retreating army, the pursuers must inevitably meet with considerable difficulties, and although Lord Wellington found that the enemy retreated with great celerity from Moita, and continued the pursuit with the cavalry and light infantry; yet he was induced to halt the remainder of the army, till the supplies which had been sent round from the Tagus to the Mondego could arrive. In fact this halt was the morenecessary, as nothing could be found in the country, and every day's march did but increase the distance from their magazines on the Tagus.

Thus the cavalry and light troops continued to annoy the enemy's rear, and a number of prisoners were taken; whilst the detached corps of the army and the Spanish forces were enabled to attack with success the various detachments of the French army.

Sir William Beresford was also at this time particularly active, and having concentrated his force at Portalegre, early in April succeeded in an attack of the enemy at Campo Mayor, under Mortier, and forced them to retire across the Guardiana, with considerable loss.

"After this action," says one who was engaged in it, "a French captain of dragoons brought over a trumpet, demanding permission to search among the dead for his colonel. His regiment was a fine one, with bright brass helmets and black horse hair, exactly like what the old Romans are depicted with; many of us went out with him; it was truly a bloody scene, being almost all sabre wounds—the slain were almost all naked, the peasants having stripped them in the night. It was long before we could find the French colonel, for he was lying on his face, his naked body weltering in blood, and as soon as he was turned up, the officer knew him—he gave a sort of

scream, and sprung off his horse, dashed his helmet on the ground, knelt by the body, took the bloody hand and kissed it many times in an agony of grief—it was an affecting and awful scene.



"I suppose there were about six hundred naked dead bodies lying on the ground at one view. The French colonel was killed by a corporal of the 13th: this corporal had killed one of his men, and he was so enraged that he sallied out himself, and attacked the corporal—who was well-mounted and a good swordsman, as was the colonel himself; both defended for some time,—the corporal cut him twice across the face, his helmet came off at the second, when the corporal slew him, by a cut which nearly cleft his skull asunder, cutting in as deep as the nose through the brain."

Early in April the enemy occupied a position on the Upper Coa, with his right at Rovina, with a detachment at the bridge of Ferrerias, and his left at Sabugal. The right of the British was opposite Sabugal, and the left at the bridge of Ferrerias, almost in contact with the enemy's right wing. In this position the British commander-in-chief determined on an attack upon the French rear-guard, and to accomplish this he ordered General Trant and Colonel Wilson, with the Portuguese militia, to cross the Coa, below Almeida, and to threaten the communication between that fortress, Ciudad Rodrigo, and the main body of the enemy's forces. The French rear guard were in a strong position, upon a height immediately above the bridge and town of Sabugal, and their left

extending along to Alfayates, to a height which commanded all the approaches to Sabugal, from the fords of the Coa above that town. It was intended to turn the left of this corps, and the light division and cavalry under Sir William Erskine and General Slade were to cross the Coa by two fords, while Picton was also to cross by a ford on his left, and the artillery by the bridge of Sabugal.

A brigade of the light division were the first that crossed the Coa, with two squadrons of cavalry, &c., and drove in the enemy's picquets, but a dreadful storm of rain came on so suddenly that it rendered further progress impossible; as soon as the atmosphere cleared, the enemy advanced a strong column against the light division, drove it back upon the 43rd regiment, who also fell back and took position behind a wall, from which post they repulsed the enemy and advanced a second time in pursuit, taking from them a howitzer. They were, however, again attacked by a fresh column with a body of cavalry, and again retired to their post, being now joined by the other light brigade.

With this increase of force they again advanced to the attack, but they were once more forced to take post in an enclosure upon the top of the height, where they kept possession of the gun taken by the 40th, and where they again repulsed the enemy.

But the French seemed determined to get possession of the height at any sacrifice; quickly renewed the attack which Colonel Beckwith and his men had so bravely defeated, but at this moment General Picton's brigade, supported by General Colville's corps, opened a destructive fire upon the French advancing column, and checked him. Now it was, also, that the head of General Dunlop's column crossed the bridge of the Coa, and ascended the heights on the right of the enemy, and the cavalry at the same time appearing on the high ground, in the rear of their left, the whole force of the enemy immediately retired across the hills towards Ronda, leaving the howitzer, about two hundred killed on the ground, and six officers and three hundred men prisoners.

The enemy continued his retreat on the succeeding night and the following morning; on the 4th of April he left the kingdom of Portugal entirely free, except an ill-provided garrison at Almeida. A few days after he crossed the river Agueda, whilst the allies took up positions upon the Duas Casas, pushing their advanced guard as far back as the banks of the Agueda.

Great were the rejoicings by the Portuguese of all classes when their country was thus relieved of the presence of their bitter enemy. Lisbon was illuminated several nights, and the regency sent highly complimentary addresses to Lord Wellington and Sir William Beresford.

Massena had left three thousand men at Almeida, under General Brennier, but, as we before said, it was only provisioned for one month. Lord Wellington was content to blockade this fortress

instead of investing it in regular order, feeling assured that it must fall as a matter of course, unless the enemy could throw in supplies, and which he had every reasonable expectation of preventing.

He accordingly took his departure for Estremadura, influenced by a desire to inspect personally the condition of the army under Sir William Beresford, and of deciding upon the means of carrying on effectively the siege of Badajoz.* Sir Brent Spencer was left in the chief command of the allied armies *ad interim*. After the affair at Campo Mayor, the army under Sir W. Beresford was quartered in the environs of Elvas, and waited for reinforcements to operate in the offensive on the left bank of the Guadiana.

Early in April, (the 4th) General Beresford effected the passage of that river, with scarcely any opposition; Marshal Soult contented himself with throwing supplies into Badajoz, and then withdrew the greater part of his forces towards Andalusia.

"He committed the fault † of leaving only five hundred men at Olivenza, when the extent of the place required at least three thousand. If he did not intend to keep this post, he ought to have blown up the fortifications, and sent the ordnance, stores, and troops to Badajoz. The English quickly availed themselves of this defect: General Cole invested the place on the 12th of April. On the 15th he opened his batteries, and the governor surrendered on the very same day. To facilitate this operation, General Beresford had marched to Lerena. On the 16th the cavalry of the allies defeated a French detachment, and took a great number of prisoners.

On the 2nd of May the enemy's forces under Massena, which consisted of three corps d'armée, and all the cavalry which he could collect in Castile and Leon, crossed the Agueda, at Cuidad Rodrigo.

The allied army had been cantoned along the banks of the Duas Casas, and on the sources of the Azava, the light division being at Gallegos, and Espega, the corps under Major General Campbell also in observation at the bridge of Alameda. The light division moved to join him; but as it was found that the enemy had secretly strengthened his left wing, they were brought back again to Fuentes d'Honore. As soon as the enemy had formed on the right of the Duas Casas, he attacked the village of Fuentes with a large force, but this position was gallantly defended until it was reinforced in succession, by the 70th, 79th, and 24th regiments, when Lieutenant Colonel Cadogan, at the head of the 71st, charged the enemy so vigorously, that he drove him out of the village, of which he had momentary possession. At this time Lieutenant Colonel Williamson, who was in advance at the head of the 79th, was severely wounded,

* On the 11th of March Badajoz had surrendered to Marshal Soult, after a very honourable resistance.

† Sarrazin, p. 176.

and the command devolved upon Colonel Cameron. The battle continued until night, when the British troops remained in possession of the entire village.

Lord Wellington judging that the 71st, 79th, and one battalion of the 24th, were sufficient to keep possession of the village, then withdrew the light infantry battalion, and the 83rd, for service in another part of the line of his position. On the 4th no engagement took place; Massena employed himself in reconnoitering the position of the allies, and Lord Wellington believing that he would endeavour to turn his right by crossing the Duas Casas, at Poco Velho, moved the division of General Houston to that point, with orders to defend to the utmost the passage of the river.

The expectations of his lordship were realized. Early on the 5th the enemy was observed to have made a general movement, and the corps of Junot, with all the cavalry, appeared in two columns on the opposite side of the valley of Duas Casas in front of Poco Velho. Lord Wellington in consequence sent the light division and the cavalry to the support of General Houston, and the first and third divisions also made a movement on their right. About seven o'clock the enemy drove in the advance guard of the British and took possession of the village of Poco Velho. The cavalry under General Montbrun having driven Don Julian Sanchez from Nava d'Aver, now executed a general charge, supported by infantry, and forced the British cavalry to retire in some confusion beyond the infantry, which opening fire succeeded in checking the assailants.

Though this attack was repulsed, the numerous cavalry of the enemy were observed to be collecting on the right flank, while large masses of infantry were forming in front. Under these circumstances Lord Wellington decided upon withdrawing his army to a more concentrated position, and giving up the communication by Sabugal.



The 7th and light divisions, therefore, supported by the cavalry, were directed to retire, and a new alignment was taken up, extending from the Duas Casas to the Turon, nearly at right angles with that in which the army had hitherto been formed. The seventh di-

vision was posted on a height beyond Turon, which commanded the whole plain of Frenada, and the cavalry and light divisions were directed to form in reserve in rear of the left of the first division.

This retrogressive movement was executed with the most perfect regularity, though pressed by the enemy's cavalry, which, strongly supported by artillery, made repeated charges on the retiring divisions. Their superiority in this description of force was too decided to admit of contest; but occasionally a few squadrons charged through the intervals of the squares, and succeeded in checking for a moment the progress of the assailants. During this movement the Chasseurs Britaniques particularly distinguished themselves.

They repulsed a furious charge, and, by a well directed fire, compelled the French cavalry to retire with considerable loss. The conduct of the horse artillery, commanded by Captain Bull, was also admirable. Nothing could exceed the skill and boldness with which it manœuvred: and, thus supported, the infantry accomplished its retrogression in unbroken order, and with a loss far inferior to that of the enemy.

When the divisions reached their ground, the cavalry in passing through the intervals of the new alignment occasioned some confusion, and taking instant advantage of this circumstance General Montbrun ordered his whole cavalry to charge. In order to protect the retiring divisions, the line of march had been flanked by two brigades of guns, which instantly opened fire on the approach of the enemy. The infantry likewise poured in several volleys; and, thus severely handled, the French cavalry retreated in confusion, and Montbrun desisted from further effort.

In the meanwhile, the sixth corps, which during these events remained opposite to Fuentes d'Honore, had made strenuous efforts to gain possession of that important post.

About nine o'clock in the morning, several brigades of artillery were brought opposite to the village, and guns were pointed in readiness to fire. At length, on a given signal, the whole of their guns opened fire on the village, and several columns of infantry moved forward to the attack.

A struggle of the fiercest and most obstinate character ensued. The 71st, 79th, and 24th regiments, defended the village with the greatest gallantry, disputing every inch of ground. At this moment Colonel Cameron, who commanded the 79th, was killed; which creating some little confusion, the enemy poured in fresh columns, and the British were compelled to give way.

The enemy now attempted to form beyond the houses of the village, when the 88th, 74th, and 83rd advanced to the charge, drove them back into the village with the bayonet, where the contest recommenced, and continued to be kept up on both sides

with great vigour and obstinacy, till the streets may be said literally to have been covered with dead!

Nothing could exceed the gallantry and devotion of the French troops in this part of the engagement, The 45th regiment in particular (distinguishable by their long red feathers) attracted the admiration of all who witnessed the contest.

They came on to the sound of music, in all the regularity of a field day, and subsequently maintained their ground, in spite of every effort made by the 71st and 79th to dislodge them. The eagle of the regiment was then planted on the outward wall of the village, nearest to the British position, and maintained there; while a sharp engagement was carried on with the 83rd, who, animated by the hope of gaining so splendid a prize, fought with the greatest courage.

The 45th were at length forced to retire, and an incessant fire having been kept up on the eagle, nearly one hundred of their number were found dead within grasp of the pole!

Towards evening, the fire on both sides gradually slackened, and the village, as if by mutual consent, was divided by the combatants, the upper part being occupied by the British, the lower part by the enemy.

The result of these repeated efforts convinced Massena that he had nothing to hope from continuing the contest.

On the 6th no movement was made by either army, but on the evening of the 7th they were found to be in motion, and at daylight of the following day the whole French army was in full retreat.

The loss of the British and Portuguese army in this action was, one hundred and ninety-eight killed, one thousand and thirty wounded, and two hundred and ninety-four missing.

A shrewd judge,* remarking upon the effect of this battle, says, "Arrangements so well combined on the part of the allies, convinced the French general that he had no resource left but to retreat. He was ashamed of being forced to leave Almeida to its fate, and in order to repair as much as possible the reverse which he had just experienced, he had recourse to artifice. He sent orders to General Brennier, to blow up the fortifications of Almeida, and retire with his garrison to Barba del Puerco, whence he was to march to San Felices, crossing the Argueda near the village. In conformity with these orders General Brennier loaded with powder the mines which had been prepared for the destruction of these most important works. He spiked the artillery, and rendered the ammunition and provisions of every kind unserviceable. On the 10th, he imparted his orders to the principal officers of the garrison, acquainting them with the danger they were about to encounter, and the measures he had taken.

* Sarrazin, p. 183. We quote this author, although his writings are strongly tainted with prejudice.—Ed.

"He then conducted them to a spot whence he pointed out the direction which he intended to follow in his march. When he left the place at eleven o'clock at night, he gave the watch word, '*Bonaparte and Bayard.*' His advanced guard came up with the English posts, at the moment the mines exploded, and blew up the ramparts. The spirit of the attack, and the superiority of numbers, easily opened a passage for the head of the column, but it was much harrassed on its flanks, and the rear-guard was cut to pieces. Such indeed must have been the fate of the whole garrison, had Lord Wellington employed the wise precaution of drawing lines of contravallation. The delay which the attack upon such lines would have occasioned would have given time to collect the blockading troops, and Brennier would have received the chastisement due to this novel plan of action.

"There was no disgrace in surrendering to an army of forty thousand men, which had just gained a signal victory over the troops destined to succour Almeida. General Brennier has been highly extolled for having succeeded in reaching the bridge of San Felices on the morning of the 11th, but had he perished with his whole columns, as he must inevitably have done if the English had been more vigilant, his conduct would have justly been stigmatized as that of a fool-hardy man, who consults nothing but his own glory, and wantonly sports with the lives of the individuals under his command.

"Besides, by destroying the forts and warlike stores of Almeida, he had placed himself without the pale of the accustomed laws of war, and it would have been but an act of justice, on the part of the allied army, if they had fallen upon the fugitives, and refused any quarter, or at least if they had severely punished the officer who had dared to violate usages consecrated by ages among civilized nations. General Brennier would have incurred less blame, if he had left the place and the magazines untouched. His movement in that case would have appeared a vigorous sortie, the unexpected success of which might have suggested to him the idea of using it to avoid captivity.

"His unwarrantable destruction of the works and stores of Almeida, deprived Lord Wellington's army of the supplies which they had lawfully earned with the price of blood shed in the battle of Fuentes d'Honore.

"The loss of the allies, from the 3rd of May to the 10th, amounted to about three thousand men *hors de combat;* that of the French to about four thousand. The principal loss was occasioned by the ridiculous obstinacy with which they persisted in their attempt to drive the English from Fuentes d'Honore.

"Had it not been for this fault, they would not have lost more than the allies.

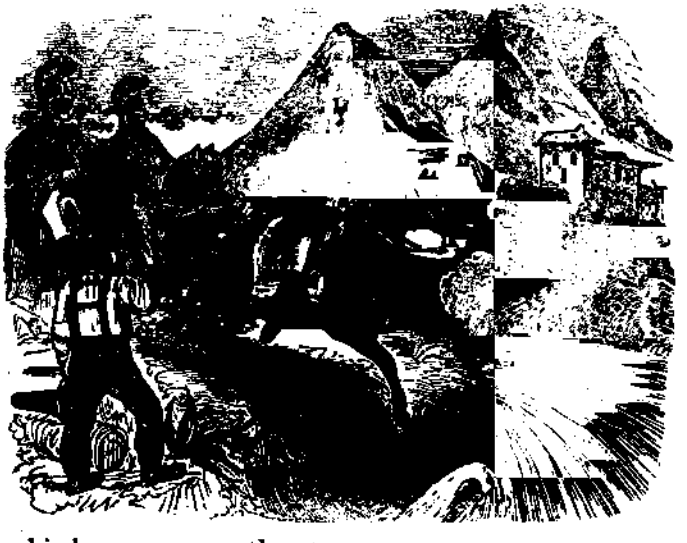
"Lord Wellington, aware of Massena's ardent disposition, ably

availed himself of the advantages afforded by the ground, as he had done in Busaco. This second reverse wounded the vanity of the French General to the quick, and he determined to resign. After having re-crossed the Agueda with his army, he left Spain under pretence of being in a bad state of health. Massena was succeeded in his command by Marshal Marmont"

Though greatly mortified at the escape of the French garrison from Almeida, Lord Wellington could not impute to his brave army a measure the attempt and success of which were alike improbable.

One of the early consequences of this victory was the advance of the British rear upon the Azava, and the Lower Agueda, whilst the main body occupied cantonments on the Duas Casas. On the 15th of May, Lord Wellington had advices from Beresford, informing him that Soult had broken up from Seville, and had made a forward movement in the direction of Estramadura, notwithstanding the general belief that he was strengthening his positions at Seville. This indicated defensive operations in Andalusia, and required to be promptly met.

His Lordship delayed not a moment; he set off for Villa Formosa, and arrived at Elvas on the 19th; and such was his extreme anxiety to get to the latter place, that it is related he killed three horses in the journey, and that on his arrival at the banks of a river, he found a bridge which he had ordered to be constructed not completed, and



he swam his horse across; the stream was very rapid, and the two orderly dragoons who attended him were drowned, his lordship being saved by the superior strength of his horse.

At Elvas, Lord Wellington found that, in consequence of Soult's advance, Beresford had been obliged to raise the siege of Badajoz, but without the loss of ordnance or stores of any description, and had formed a junction with the Spanish commanders, Castanos and Blake, at Albuera, on the 15th of May.

The ground occupied by the Allies was a chain of eminences along the front of which flowed the river Albuera, a narrow stream and fordable in many places above the position.

Towards the left, the great road from Seville leads over it by a bridge, and subsequently divaricates to Badajoz, and Olivenca. On the left of this road, and at a short distance from the bridge, stands the village of Albuera, containing a church and about one hundred houses, which had been deserted by their inhabitants. Below the bridge, the Albuera was unfordable. The western bank occupied by the Allies was of considerable altitude, and completely commanded all the ground to the eastward. A little above the bridge, a brook called the Ferdia joins the Albuera, and the banks of those streams, and the ground between them, is thickly covered with wood. The right of the position had no *point d'appui*, the range of heights being prolonged in that direction, to an extent which it was impossible to occupy. On the 15th the cavalry were driven back from Santa Martha, and in the evening the leading divisions of the French army took post on some wooded ground, about a mile distant; which stretched in a semi-circular sweep downward to the river. The remainder came up during the night, and Soult with a force of eighteen thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry, and forty pieces of cannon, found himself before the Allies. The latter were superior in number to their adversaries and consisted of thirteen thousand British and Portuguese, a corps of twelve thousand Spaniards, two thousand cavalry, and thirty two guns. Beresford took up his position as follows. The Spaniards were on the right in two lines, their left being on the Valverde road, where it formed a junction with General Stewart's division, which occupied the centre. Hamilton's Portuguese division was on the left, supported by the German Light infantry, which held the village of Albuera; General Cole's division (this came up after the action had commenced), and one brigade of General Hamilton's division, formed a second line in rear of the left centre. A strong body of artillery was posted to protect the bridge, and the cavalry, under the command of General Lumley, supported the Spaniards on the right. About eight o'clock in the morning the enemy were found to be in motion, and very soon after a strong force of cavalry, with two columns of infantry and several guns, were seen issuing from the wooded ground, between the Ferdia and the Albuera, making for the bridge. The artillery opened fire instantly, and a heavy cannonade was kept up with great vigour on both sides, but with greater effect on the part of the British, from their occupying higher ground. In the meanwhile, Soult, crossing

the Albuera under cover of the wood above the position, advanced with the main body of his army, and without opposition took possession of the heights on the right flank of the Spaniards. The combat now commenced; the Spaniards, after a brief resistance, were driven from their ground, and Soult then formed his army in a line, extending from the Valverde road, and raking that of the Allies.

It became of first-rate importance that the enemy should be dispossessed of this commanding position. Sir William Beresford therefore directed a new alignment, Cole's division was placed in an oblique line, with its right flank a little thrown back, and then an endeavour was made to bring up the Spanish troops to the charge—this failed. A heavy fire was kept up by the French artillery, while a furious charge of cavalry forced the Spaniards to retreat in confusion: General Stewart's division was therefore brought up, and passing through the broken Spaniards, advanced with a quick step to take possession of the heights. At this moment such a tremendous storm of rain came on, which so completely darkened the air, as to render it impossible to observe the motions of the enemy at any distance. The right brigade under Colonel Colbourne, which consisted of the Buffs, the 66th, part of the 48th and the 34th regiments, was in the act of deploying—the two leading battalions alone having perfected the manœuvre—when a regiment of Polish lancers, which under shelter of the mist had circled their flank, made a furious charge from the rear. The result was that the whole brigade, with the exception of the 31st, which still remained in column, was driven forward into the enemy's line, and made prisoners.

General Latour Mauberg, with his cavalry, then posted himself beyond the right of the allies, waiting for an early indication of the expected retreat, to take advantage of this movement, and make a decisive charge and complete the confusion. This was anxiously watched by General Lumley's heavy brigade, who, with the horse artillery, did considerable execution in the ranks of the enemy's cavalry. It was under these critical circumstances that the brigade of General Houghton was ordered to advance, and retrieve the fortunes of the day. A contest of the most bloody and pertinacious character ensued. The leading regiment (29th) no sooner reached the summit of the heights, than it was exposed to a murderous fire of musketry and artillery, which spread havoc through the ranks. It was at this moment that General Houghton fell, pierced with wounds, while gallantly leading on the 29th regiment to the charge.

Unfortunately, the intervention of a steep but narrow gulley rendered it impossible to reach the enemy with the bayonet, and the 29th was directed to halt and open fire. The 48th and 57th now came up, and taking their position in the line, the struggle was maintained on both sides with the most desperate courage. In this state of the action, General Cole ordered the fusileer brigade to advance on the left of the French, and ascend the disputed heights by

the valley. In the execution of this movement, General Cole and nearly every individual attached to his staff were wounded. The brigade, on crossing the heights, was received with a fire so terrific that it at first recoiled, but, instantly recovering its ground, displayed during the remainder of this desperate conflict a degree of steadiness and courage never surpassed. Sir William Myers, who commanded this brigade, was killed early in the action. General Houghton's brigade (although it had lost nearly two thirds of its number) still remained unbroken, defending with desperate valour every inch of the ground, and baffling every attempt of the enemy to dislodge them—but at length, from the entire exhaustion of ammunition, it was necessary to retire, and which the few survivors did with perfect order.

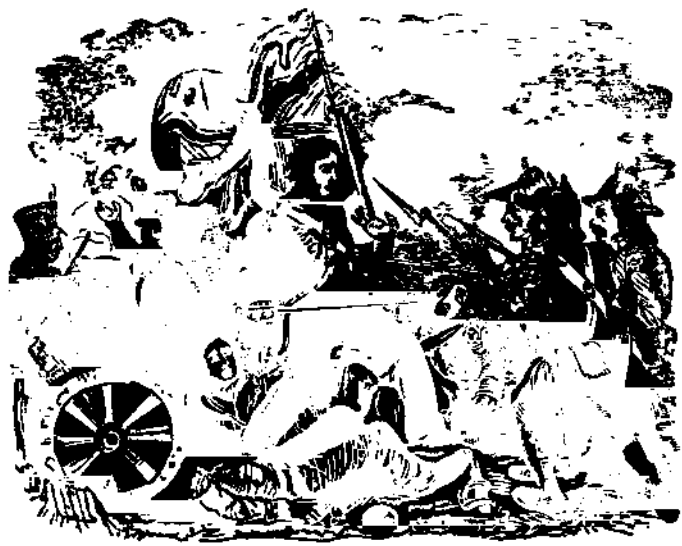
A brigade of guns were now advanced to the front, and began to fire; but the artillerymen were charged by the Polish lancers, driven from the guns, and the enemy had possession of them for a few minutes only; for they were charged in turn by the fusileer brigade, the lancers were quickly driven back, and the guns recovered.

While these events were taking place on the right, several attempts were made to obtain possession of the bridge and village on the left. This position, although too weak to send support to the other wing, still consisted of General Alten's light infantry brigade, and of Hamilton's division of Portuguese troops. They kept their post with great courage.

At length the French were forced from their position with immense slaughter, and retired across the Albuera. Marshal Beresford, from the want of cavalry, could not pursue the enemy; and Soult, alarmed at the extent of his loss, made no effort to renew the combat, having little hope of making any impression upon troops who had shown such indomitable resolution. About three o'clock the fire altogether ceased, and both armies took post on the ground they had occupied in the morning. This sanguinary battle produced a frightful loss to both armies; on the part of the allies it was nearly seven thousand men, of whom four thousand one hundred and fifty-eight were killed, wounded, and missing of the British. Soult acknowledged only in his official despatches to two thousand eight hundred, but it was afterwards ascertained that there were more than four thousand wounded and missing.

During the hottest of the action, Ensign Thomas was called on to surrender the colours he held, but he declared that he would give them up only with life, and he fell a victim to his bravery. Another officer, Ensign Welsh, had the colour-staff in his hand broken by a cannon ball, and was also severely wounded. Having fallen on the field, he tore the colours from its staff and thrust them into his bosom, where they were found dyed with his blood after his death! Sir William Beresford was also in great personal danger. He was attacked by a Polish lancer, but whom, after

a severe contest, he dismounted. Sir William wished to save his gallant opponent's life, but the Pole refusing to yield, he was killed by a British dragoon.



Both Generals have been severely censured for fighting this battle, the advantages to be gained being in no way commensurate to the useless sacrifice of human life. We shall quote the reasons of one writer for his censures, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusion of its aptitude.

"The slaughter at Albuera ought to draw down censure upon the two Generals who were the wanton authors of it. Had General Beresford been sensible of the advantage which General Blake's arrival gave him, he would not have raised the siege of Badajoz. Assisted by the zeal of the inhabitants of Estramadura, he might in two days have drawn lines of contravallation and circumvallation. Those would have paralyzed the Polish cavalry, which merely gained a momentary success from a kind of stupor, suddenly occasioned by the length of their lances, and above all by the floating of a little red flag that inspired terror, though it is but a silly ornament, more fit for the stage than for a regimental dress. Marshal Soult would have been defeated, as his cavalry must have been of no service, and he would moreover have been obliged to attack in intrenchments the same allies, who even on the extensive plains of Albuera forced him to fall back.

"Marshal Soult also had been informed in the night of the 15th or 16th that the allies had raised the siege, and that general Phil-

lippon was destroying the works. What, then, could be his object in giving battle? His well known humnaity is a sufficient guarantee that he was not urged by the horrible desire of spilling blood. But he might have manœuvred on the 16th as he did on the 17th, and by this alike sagacious and humane proceeding, he would have shown himself not only equal in point of talents, but even far superior to his master, by the prudence and skill of his combinations. If, in attacking the allied army, Marshal Soult consulted only that ridiculous self love which makes the general interest secondary to the gratification of vanity, he well deserved the terrible chastisement he received, by the loss of a multitude of brave soldiers, whose training had cost him many fatigues, and by the death of his intimate friend, General Verlé, who for twenty years had been what Berthier was to Bonaparte, his faithful companion in war, and his confidential associate.

"Verlé fell like General Houghton, charging at the head of his troops. He was an honest man, a brave soldier, and a good staff officer; but he wanted both the moral qualities and the physical means requisite in a general. Marshal Soult ought to have congratulated himself on *not having Lord Wellington to encounter* in the battle of the 16th, or he would have paid still dearer for his temerity."

It was nearly the end of May that the British Army was assembled at Campo Major, and Lord Wellington ordered all the necessary arrangements for the close siege of Badajoz *on the right bank* of the river Guadiana.

The gallant defence made by the French garrison, who were commanded by General Phillippon an officer of great experience; a well-timed sortie of one thousand two hundred men, who took possession of the trench; and the sudden overflowing of the Guadiana (which prevented the erection of bridges over it); these causes, combined with the success of Marshal Soult in throwing in supplies, had compelled the Allies under Beresford to raise the siege of Badajoz early in May, which had been invested by him on *the left bank* of the Guadiana at the latter end of April.

The battle of Fuentes d'Honore, however, had changed the state of affairs, and Soult was now in full retreat towards Seville, while Beresford was harassing his rear with his victorious troops. On the 29th of May, the heavy ordnance, &c. having come up, the ground was broken in the night and the trenches opened. On the 6th of June, though a breach was made in Fort St. Christoval, yet a fire was still kept up from the outwork; it was resolved to take it by storm. Major Mackintosh, of the 85th, was ordered to perform that duty; "the forlorn hope" was most gallantly led by Ensign Dias of the 51st, the storming party advanced to the attack with steadiness under a heavy fire of musketry, and hand-grenades, supported by shot and shells from the town; but

they found that the enemy had cleared the rubbish from the bottom of the escarpe, and they were obliged to retire.

The reason given for this failure is, that the British, contrary to the rules of the art, had not taken the precaution of making themselves masters of the ditch in order to prevent the entrance of the besieged into it. This blunder had not escaped the keen observation of General Phillippon; for as soon as it was night he sent his miners into the ditch to clear the foot of the breach, and thus render it impracticable, so that when the assailants arrived, they not only could not reach the steep breach by climbing, but their ladders also proved too short, by reason of the height being increased by the miners in raising the new parapet

A continual cannonade was kept up for three days, when the breach was again deemed practicable. At nine o'clock at night the storming detachment, under Major M'Geachy of the 17th Portuguese regiment, was again ordered to advance to the breach, Dias again leading the *enfans perdus*, as the French call the "forlorn hope," but a second time they were beaten back, M'Geachy and several other officers being killed. This fresh repulse was owing to the same cause, and occasioned by a similar fault as that committed on the evening of the 6th. The enemy had again cleared away the rubbish from the foot of the breach, and the *ladders were again too short!* The brave fellows by whom the assault was made still made every effort to mount the outworks of St. Christoval, and could only be induced to retire by the command of Major General Houston.

Lord Wellington was deeply disappointed at these failures, because he had calculated on reducing the place by the end of June, or at least before Marshal Soult could obtain the reinforcements which he knew were hastening to join him, but as he justly suspected that the French would march to the southward he raised the siege of Badajoz, though he still kept a strict blockade of that place. On the 17th of June he left Badajoz, and on the following day he was informed that Marmont had joined Soult in the neighbourhood of Merida, and this junction made the French force very formidable; said to be seven thousand men, ten thousand of which were cavalry.

The allied army under Beresford now crossed the Guadiana, and took up a position on the Caya near Arronches; and Lord Wellington returning to the north frontier of Portugal, advanced his army in the direction of Ciudad Rodrigo, and made a demonstration against that fortress, by which means he was able to keep open his communication with Lisbon and Oporto, the never failing sources of his supplies, as long as a British fleet was stationed on the coast.

It was his object, too, if possible, to draw the enemy after him into a country already exhausted of means for their support

Little was done by either army until the beginning of September; if we except a complete defeat of Blake's army at Almeida by Soult (who had returned into Andalusia after leaving a corps of observation near Badajoz) on the first of August; when Lord Wellington completed the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, and which he was making the most active preparations to invest. These he was obliged to abandon, in consequence of the rapid advance of the French army under Marmont, who, being joined by Dorsenne, had sixty thousand men, of whom six thousand were cavalry, and had taken possession of Tamames, which is but two leagues distant from Ciudad Rodrigo. The force of the Allies was fifty thousand men, including those who were occupied in keeping up the blockade of Badajoz, they were now in position at Fonte Guinaldo, which had been strengthened by some field works: the light division was on the right of the Agueda, General Graham's corps on the lower Azava, and the cavalry at Espeja and its neighbourhood.

On the 24th of September, the enemy appeared in force, on the roads of St. Spiritus and Tenebron. Their van consisted of about six thousand cavalry, and four divisons of infantry, one of which was the celebrated Imperial guard; the main body was encamped on the Guadapero, just beyond the hills which surround Ciudad Rodrigo. Early on the 25th the enemy threw out a cavalry reconnoisance, on the Lower Azava, which drove in the British posts on the right, but they were directly afterwards charged by some squadrons of the 14th and 16th dragoons, and the post recovered; the French attempted to rally, but the light infantry of the 61st from the wood, fired so briskly upon them, that they gave way, and were forced to cross the river.

Another more serious demonstration was made on the hills, between Fuente Guinaldo and Pastores, by a column which consisted of thirty-five squadrons of cavalry, fourteen battalions of infantry, with fifteen guns; and it being doubtful what direction they would take, and Lord Wellington being apprehensive that an attempt would be made to turn his left, directed a retrogressive movement to be made on the right of the 26th to Alfayates, keeping his rear guard at Aldea de Ponte. In the mean time a small body of troops of the 3rd division, left in the road to Fuente Guinaldo, most gallantly maintained that post, against the furious assaults of the advancing columns.—One regiment of French dragoons succeeded in taking two pieces of artillery on the right of the British advance, but they were hotly charged by the 5th, under Major Ridge, and after a desperate struggle, the guns were retaken. After another attack made in front, and which was repulsed by the 77th, and three squadrons of cavalry, the advanced guard of the British was withdrawn to Fuente Guinaldo.

To perform this, it was necessary that the 5th, the 77th, as well

as the 21st Portuguese, should fall into a solid square. This not being done with the required celerity, they were charged by the French cavalry so furiously that the small body of Alten's cavalry were compelled to retire in order to support the Portuguese regiment, which was in disorder. But, by this time, the 5th and 77th had formed a solid square, and although charged on three faces at the same moment, they repulsed it with great promptitude. This was the last effort made by the enemy to harass the rear-guard, and it retired in order, and took the place assigned for it. As we have seen that it was the enemy's intention to endeavour to turn the left of Lord Wellington's army, by an advance into the valley of the upper Azava, and which manœuvre was ably defeated by the retreat (for retreat it was, though a necessary one), of the British army by Aldea de Ponte.

Upon this latter village, the enemy being reinforced from Furculhos, made an attack upon the British picquets, forced them back, and took possession of the village.

It was now approaching the rainy season (the autumnal equinox,) when further operations in the field would be rendered impossible. Lord Wellington cantoned his troops on the heights behind Soito; having his right extended as far as the Sierra des Mesas, with his left at Renda on the Coa; the enemy also retreated by way of Albergaria. It has been urged against Lord Wellington's manœuvres, that if he had taken properly into account the fine defence at Aldea de Ponte, his plan of action should have been to extend his intrenchment at Fuente Guinaldo; and that had he done so, he would have celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Busaco by a still more signal victory than that which he had gained on the same day in the preceding year. His Fabian policy, before he knew the real strength of the enemy before him, will have been found in the sequel to have been the best for his adoption.

"The reports," says his Lordship in his despatches, "were so various respecting the enemy's strength, it was necessary that he should see their army before he could determine ulterior operations."

Foreign orders and titles were at this period lavishly bestowed upon Lord Wellington. He was made Knight Grand Cross of the Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword; created Conde de Vimiero, and nearly at the same time, constituted Marshal General of the Portuguese army.

Although the allied army, which was immediadely opposed to that of the French under Marmont, had in fact gone into cantonments, yet the ever-active spirit of the British Commander-in-chief did not suffer his troops to remain wholly unemployed. General Hill was detached to the left bank of the Tagus, covering the province of Alentego against the parties which might be sent from Badajos. The fifth French corps, under General Girard, was stationed at Estramadura. On the arrival of General Hill at Aldea del Cano, he

was told that the enemy had passed through the place, and had halted his main body at Arroyo del Molino, and in complete ignorance of a British force being so near to him. This induced General Hill to attempt a disagreeable surprise to him; how he succeeded, we shall leave himself to describe, which he did in the following terms to Lord Wellington.

Merida, Oct. 30, 1811.

My Lord,

"In pursuance of the instructions which I received from your Lordship, I put a portion of the troops under my orders in motion on the 22nd instant from their cantonments in the neighbourhood of Portalegre, and advanced with them to the Spanish frontier.

"Having received certain information that the enemy had marched on to Torre Mocha, I put the troops at Malpartida in motion on the 27th, advanced by the road leading to Merida, through Aldea del Cano and Casta de Don Antonio, being a shorter route than that followed by the enemy, which afforded a hope of being able to intercept and bring him to action, and I was here joined by the Spaniards from Caceres. On the march I received information that the enemy had only left Torre Mocha that morning, and that he had again halted his main body at Arroyo del Molino, leaving a rear-guard at Albala, which was a satisfactory proof that he was ignorant of the movements of the troops under my command. I therefore made a forced march to Alcuesca that evening, where the troops were so placed as to be out of sight of the enemy, and no fires were allowed to be made.

"On my arrival at Alcuesca, which is within a league of Arroyo del Molino, every thing tended to confirm me in my opinion that the enemy was not only in total ignorance of my near approach but extremely off his guard, and I determined upon attempting to surprise, or at least to bring him to action, before he should march in the morning; and the necessary dispositions were made for that purpose.

"The town of Arroyo del Molino is situated at the foot of one extremity of the Sierra of Montanches; the mountain running from it to the river, in the form of a crescent, almost every where inaccessible, the two points being about two miles asunder. The Truxillo road runs round that to the eastward. The road leading to the town of Merida, runs in a right angle with that of Alcuesca, and the road to Medellin passes between those to Truxillo and Merida. The ground over which the troops had to manœuvre, being a plain thinly scattered with oak and cork trees, my object of course, was to place a body of troops so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy, by any of these roads. The troops moved from their bivouac near Alcuesca, about two o'clock of the morning of the 28th, in one column, right in front direct on Arroyo del Molino in the following order."—After stating the disposition of the troops, he proceeds thus: –

"As the day dawned, a violent storm of rain and a thick mist came on, under cover of which the columns advanced in the direction and in the order that had been pointed out to them. The left column under Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, marched direct upon the town: the 71st, one company of the 60th, and the 92nd regiment at quarter distance, and the 50th, in close column somewhat in the rear, with the guns as a reserve.

"The right column under Major General Stewart, having the 39th regiment as a reserve, broke off to the right, so as to turn the enemy's left, and having gained about the distance of a cannon shot to their flank, it marched in a circular direction upon the further point of the crescent, on the mountain above mentioned.

"The cavalry, under Lieutenant General Sir William Erskine, moved between the two columns of infantry, ready to act in front or move round either of them as occasion might require.

"The advance of our columns was unperceived by the enemy until they approached very near, at which moment he was filing out of the town upon the Merida road; the rear of his column, some of his cavalry, and part of his baggage being still in it; one brigade of his infantry had marched for Medellin an hour before daylight.

"The 71st and 92nd regiments charged into the town with three cheers, and drove the enemy every where at the point of the bayonet, having a few of their men cut down by the enemy's cavalry.

"The enemy's infantry which had gone out of the town, had by the time these regiments arrived at the extremity of it, formed into two squares with the cavalry on their left; the whole were posted between the Merida and Medellin roads fronting Alcuesca, the right square being formed within half musket-shot of the town; the garden walls of which were promptly lined by the 71st light infantry, while the 92nd filed out and formed a line on their right, perpendicular to the enemy's right flank, which was much annoyed by the well-directed fire of the 71st.

"In the mean time, one wing of the 50th regiment occupied the town, and secured the prisoners, and the other wing, along with the three six-pounders, skirted the outside of it; the artillery, as soon as within range, firing with great effect upon the squares. Whilst the enemy was thus occupied on his right, Major General Howard's columns continued moving round his left, and our cavalry advancing, and crossing the head of their column, cut off the enemy's cavalry from his infantry, charging it repeatedly, and putting it to the rout.

"The 13th light dragoons at the same time took possession of the enemy's artillery; one of the charges made by the two squadrons of the 2nd hussars, and one of the 9th light dragoons were particularly gallant; the latter commanded by Captain Gore—the whole under Major Bassache of the hussars. I ought previously to have mentioned, that the British cavalry, having through the darkness of the night, and the badness of the road, been somewhat delayed, the

Spanish cavalry under the Count Penne de Villamur was on this occasion the first to form upon the plain, and engaged the enemy until the British were enabled to come up.

"The enemy was now in full retreat, but Major General Howard's column having gained the point to which it was directed, and the left column gaining fast upon him, he had no resource but to surrender, or disperse and gain the mountains. He preferred the latter, and ascending near the eastern extremity of the ascent, and which might have been deemed inaccessible, was followed closely by the 28th and 34th regiments; Colonel Ashworth's Portuguese infantry followed round the foot of the mountain by the Truxillo road to take him again in flank.

"At the same time Brigadier General Morillo's infantry ascended at some distance to the left, with the same view.

"As may be imagined, the enemy's troops were by this time in the utmost panic; his cavalry were flying in every direction; the



infantry threw away their arms, and the only effort of either was to escape. The troops under Major General Howard's command, as well as those he had sent round to the point of the mountain, pursued them over the rocks, making prisoners at every step, until his own men became so exhausted and few in number, that it was necessary for him to halt and secure the prisoners, and leave the further pursuit to the Spanish infantry under Brigadier General Morillo, who, from the direction in which they had ascended, had now become the most advanced. The force General Girard had with him at the commencement, which consisted of two thousand five hundred

infantry, and six hundred cavalry, was at this time wholly dispersed.

"The ultimate consequences of these operations I need not point out to your Lordship; their immediate result is the capture of one General of cavalry (Brune), one Colonel of cavalry (the Prince d'Arembourg), one Lieutenant of cavalry (Colonel-chief of the Etat-Major), one Aid-de-camp of General Girard, two Lieutenant Colonels, one *Commissaire de guerre*, thirty captains and inferior officers, and upwards of one thousand non-commissioned officers and soldiers already sent off under escort to Portalegre; the whole of the enemy's artillery, baggage, and commissariat; some magazines of corn which had been collected at Caceres and Merida, and the contributions of money which had been levied on the former town; besides the total dispersion of General Girard's corps. The loss of the enemy, in killed, must have been severe; whilst that on our side was comparatively trifling, as appears by the accompanying returns, in which your Lordship will lament to see the name of Lieutenant Strenowitz, aide-de-camp to Lieutenant General Sir William Erskine, whose extreme gallantry led him into the midst of the enemy's cavalry, and occasioned him being taken prisoner."

After praising his officers and men, he concludes thus, "Since writing the above report, a good many prisoners have been made, and I doubt not the whole will amount to thirteen or fourteen hundred.

"Brigadier General Morillo has just returned from the pursuit of the dispersed; whom he followed for eight leagues. He reports, that besides those killed on the plain, upwards of six hundred were found dead in the woods and on the mountains; General Girard escaped in the direction of Serena with two or three hundred men, mostly without arms; and is stated by his own aide-de-camp to be wounded."

"Nothing could have been more complete than this surprise, nor more disgraceful to the French general, who is said to have been forcibly prevented from committing suicide—he was seen to be in tears, and was exceedingly agitated. An eye witness describes the astonishment of the French officers to have been most ludicrous; he says,—"An interesting object now drew our attention; it was one of the French commanders, Prince d'Aremberg, running out with a coffee cup in his hand, alarm and astonishment strongly depicted on his countenance, at the arrival of such uninvited visitors, and at the joyous shouts with which we made the welkin ring. Little time was allowed for his amazement to subside; scarce an instant elapsed till the epaulettes and other frippery were plucked from his person by some of the men; he was also roughly treated, being shoved about from side to side, in order to compel him to join in the noisy cheering; this request was at last complied with by the poor man, though with great reluctance, and he endeavoured to let it be known

that he was a '*principe*.' To save himself from further ill-usage, he then threw himself into the arms of an officer, in hope of protection, but was rudely thrust away by this *gentleman*, who should have known better; however, men in the heat of confusion, such as this, may be hurried into actions which they will blush for at cooler moments."

The vexation of Marshal Soult at this reverse of the French arms may be judged by the language of his despatch to Berthier, dated Seville, Nov. 2: he says,—"The event of which I am informed by General Count Erlon, commander of the fifth corps, in his reports of the 28th, 29th, and 30th October, is so disgraceful, that I know not how to qualify it. On the 28th of October, the first brigade commanded by General Remond, was already on its march at the distance of more than a league from Arroyo del Molinos, when General Hill arrived with his troops at General Girard's head quarters, without a *single musket having been fired*. General Girard had choice troops with him, yet shamefully suffered himself to be surprised, from excessive presumption and confidence; whilst he was in the town, not a sentinel had been stationed there. The officers and soldiers were in the houses as in the midst of peace. I shall order an inquiry, and a severe example, &c."

Bonaparte also felt severely hurt at Girard's misfortune, not for the sake of the loss which his army experienced, but on account of the glory which a manœuvre, as scientific as bold, shed upon the English army, and above all upon the general by whom it was so seasonably performed.

The French were, however, more successful in Valentia. Fort Oropesa surrendered to them in October; the castle of Saguntun still held out. Blake was in the immediate neighbourhood with twenty-five thousand men, but he was kept in check by Marshal Suchet (one of Bonaparte's best officers), with twenty thousand troops, which effectually prevented Blake from throwing supplies into the castle; he resolved therefore to give battle to Suchet. On the 24th of October, Blake appeared on the heights of Puche, with his right towards the sea, covered by the fire of the British vessels, his left leaning on the village of Betera. On the 25th he attacked with vigour the French outposts, and forced them in; General Zayas quickly availed himself of this success, by occupying the village of Puzol, and with the flower of his troops changing his front on the extremity of his left wing, marched his right forward to a height which commanded the position of Suchet's left. This was a brilliant manœuvre, but a rash one. Suchet's right was also turned by Blake's left. Thus the latter, who had a superiority of five thousand men, yet found himself weaker than the French in the centre, committing the common error in Spanish tactics—by extending his wings too much. Suchet soon availed himself of this fault; he made a furious assault upon the centre, which was received

right valiantly; the Spaniards were overthrown, but they recovered their entrenchments at the point of the bayonet. The Spanish cavalry were defeated, and a second attack upon the centre was more successful, and this more than compensated for the success of Zayas on the right. A regiment of Walloon guards suffered themselves to be taken prisoners at Puzol, and Blake's left wing being repulsed, he was forced to retreat; his loss in this battle was six thousand men, put *hors de combat*, besides the surrender of the castle of Saguntum, the garrison of which had made a very gallant defence, but were now in the last extremity for want of supplies, and as the defeat of Blake had extinguished their best hope, they capitulated on the 28th October, but still with credit to themselves, as they marched out of the breach with the honours of war.

On the 8th of January 1812, Lord Wellington began a regular investment of CIUDAD RODRIGO, which the French had greatly strengthened.

On the following day Major General Crawford directed the 52nd regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Colburne, to attack the new work on the hill of St. Francisco, which impeded the approach to the place. This was done with unusual celerity, and the garrison taken prisoners.

By this capture the British were enabled to break ground within six hundred yards of the place, although the enemy still held their fortified convents in the suburbs; the enemy's own work was thus turned into a part of the first parallel, and a good communication made with it.

Up to the 14th the operations of the siege were continued, and on that day the assailants opened a fire from twenty-two pieces of ordnance, in three batteries, on the first parallel. This commenced in the afternoon, and in the course of the night they opened an approach to and established themselves in the second parallel, only one hundred and fifty yards from the place.

This movement was greatly facilitated by the surprise of the Convent of Santa Cruz the night before, by the corps under General Graham, and by which the operations on the right were protected, and the safety of the workmen at that point secured.

Whilst the second parallel was in operation, Major General Colville carried by storm the other post of the fortified convent of San Francisco, and the suburbs on the left; and safe lodgments were made, the besiegers being effectually covered from the fire of the enemy.

On the 15th, the British completed their second parallel and its communications, and also begun their approach by sap to the crest of their glacis: and on the same night they advanced from the left of the first parallel down the slope of the hill, towards the convent of San Francisco, to a situation from which the walls of the *fausse braie* and of the town were seen, on which a battery of seven guns

was constructed, whose fire was commenced on the 18th. In the meantime the batteries in the first parallel continued their fire, and on the evening of the 19th the cannonade had not only considerably injured the defences of the place, but had made breaches, in the *fause braie* wall, and in the body of the place, which was considered practicable, whilst the battery on the slope of the hill, which had been opened on the preceding day, had been equally efficient still further to the left, and opposite to the suburb of San Francisco.

Under these circumstances, and also influenced by information which Lord Wellington received, that the enemy was about to advance from Salamanca (where he had passed the winter months), he resolved to attempt the place by storm—two practicable breaches were completed, one in the *fause braie*, the other in the main wall, though the sap had not been brought to the crest of the glacis, and the counterscarp of the ditch was still entire.

The attack of the main breach was committed to the division of General Picton, consisting of the brigades of Major General Mackinnon and Lieutenant Colonel Campbell. The column was to be preceded by a storming party, consisting of the light companies of the division under Major Manners of the 74th; and to divert the attention of the garrison, a demonstration was to be made on the right by Lieutenant Colonel O'Toole, with five companies of the 95th rifle corps, and the light companies of the 83rd and 94th. The light division, consisting of the brigade of Major General Vandeleur and Colonel Barnard, was directed to assault the smaller breach, headed by a storming party of three hundred men, led by Major Napier of the 52nd regiment.

General Pack was instructed to make a false attack with his brigade on the outwork of St. Iago, and the convent of La Caridada, with instructions to convert it into a real one, should circumstances prove favourable.

Soon after dark on the 19th, the troops were under arms, and at seven o'clock advanced to the assault. In order to facilitate the advance of the main storming party under General Mackinnon, and remove such impediments as the enemy might oppose to their ascent of the main breach, Colonel Campbell, who, with the 94th and 2nd battalion of the 5th, had been placed as near as possible to the town, descended the counterscarp by means of ropes, and moved silently to the breach, which they succeeded in reaching without discovery. Not meeting with any serious obstacle to retard their progress, and aware of the danger of delay at such a crisis, Colonel Campbell, on his own responsibility, formed the daring resolution of storming the town, though such an attempt was not warranted by his orders. At this moment he could only avail himself of the battalion of the 5th, and the right wing of the 94th; but placing himself at their head, he instantly commenced ascending the breach.

The enemy was now on the alert, and Colonel Campbell had nearly reached the summit of the breach, when he distinctly heard the enemy's artillery-men receive orders to fire; with great promptitude he instantly ordered the men to throw themselves flat on their faces.

No sooner had this been done, than a shower of shot and shells swept over them, and the troops springing to their feet again, poured onward, and in a few minutes the breach was cleared. In endeavouring to reach the right, an unexpected obstacle occurred. The enemy had cut a wide ditch between the breach and the ramparts; but here one of those fortunate incidents occurred, on which the most important events frequently depend. Across the ditch two planks had been placed by the enemy, and in the confusion of their retreat they had moved one of them, but neglected the other: Along this temporary bridge the troops passed to the ramparts on the right, driving the artillery-men from their guns, and carrying every thing before them.

New difficulties however soon presented themselves—the storming party, under General Mackinnon, had not yet appeared, and the garrison, recovering from their panic, made a powerful attack upon their assailants. Under these circumstances, Colonel Campbell ordered a volley, and then charging at the head of his detachment, the French immediately fled, throwing down their arms. Such had been the celerity of Colonel Campbell's movements, that when on the ramparts, his men were fired at by the light troops, from without the town, who were ignorant of its having been already stormed.

It was at this period that the column of General Mackinnon commenced its attack. It was received by a shower of grape and musketry, which did great execution, but the troops, pressing onwards, succeeded in clearing the breach.

Unfortunately, an expense magazine on the rampart accidentally caught fire, and General Mackinnon and many of his followers were killed by the explosion. Notwithstanding this misfortune, and a destructive fire kept up by the garrison from behind an interior intrenchment, the assailants maintained their ground till the troops which had already entered came to their assistance, when the enemy gave way.

In the meanwhile, General Vandeleur's brigade of the light division, which had formed behind the convent in the suburbs, nearly opposite to the lesser breach, advanced at the appointed moment to the assault. General Crawford (than whom the service boasted no more zealous nor accomplished officer) received his death wound on the glacis while leading on his division; and General Vandeleur, Colonel Colburne, and Major George Napier, who led the storming party, were likewise wounded. The courage of the soldiers, however, was not to be daunted. Notwithstanding the tremendous fire by which they were assailed, the column continued its advance. The

breach was carried in spite of every obstacle, and the troops having hastily formed, swept round the ramparts to the larger breach.

The column of General Pack had likewise been successful in their escalade, and the town was carried at all points. The garrison fled in confusion, throwing away their arms, and the whole of the survivors were made prisoners.

This successful achievement was followed by the usual scenes of riot and excess. The men, no longer amenable to discipline, ransacked the houses in search of plunder. The cellars were broken open and emptied of their contents; many houses were wantonly set on fire, and the yells of brutal triumph uttered by the intoxicated soldiers were heard in wild dissonance with the screams of the wounded. Thus passed the night. In the morning, by the exertion



of the officers, many outrages were prevented, and discipline was partially restored.

The soldiers by degrees returned to their duty, and the blind appetites of their brutal nature became again subjected to moral restraint. The loss of the allies in the siege and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo was considerable, though not more than might have been anticipated in such an operation. It amounted to one thousand three hundred and ten men killed and wounded. Of the garrison one thousand seven hundred were made prisoners, and their loss in killed and wounded was estimated at one thousand. In the town were found a battering train of forty-four pieces, an immense quantity of ammunition, several thousand stand of arms, and considerable stores of provisions.

Among the many incidents of this sanguinary assault we select the following graphic specimen. "Lieutenant George Faris, of the 88th, by an accident so likely to occur in an affair of this kind, was separated," says the narrator, "too far from a dozen or so of his regiment, and found himself opposed to a French soldier, who apparently was similarly placed; it was a curious coincidence, and it would seem as if each felt that he, individually, was the representative of the country to which he belonged; and had the fate of the two nations hung upon the issue of the combat I am about to describe, it could not have been more heroically contested. The Frenchman fired at and wounded Faris in the thigh, and made a desperate push with the bayonet at his body, but Faris parried the thrust, and the bayonet only lodged in his leg. He saw at a glance the peril of his situation, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him; the odds against him were too great, and if he continued a scientific fight, he must at last be inevitably vanquished; he sprang forward, and seizing hold of the Frenchman by the collar, a struggle of the most nervous kind took place. In their natural efforts to gain an advantage they lost their caps, and as they were men of equal strength it was doubtful what the issue would be. They were so entangled with each other, that their weapons were of no avail, but Faris at last disengaged himself from the grasp which held him, and he was able to use his sabre; he pushed the Frenchman from him, and, ere he could recover himself, he laid his head open nearly to the chin; his sword blade, a heavy, soft, ill-made Portuguese one, was doubled up with the force of the blow, and retained some pieces of the skull and clotted hair.

"At this moment I reached the spot, with about twenty men, composed of different regiments, all being by this time mixed pell-mell with each other. I ran up to Faris;—he was nearly exhausted, but he was safe. The French grenadier lay upon the pavement; while Faris, though tottering with fatigue, held his sword firmly in his grasp, and it was crimson to the hilt. The appearance of the two combatants was frightful! one lying dead on the ground, the other faint from agitation and loss of blood; but the soldiers loudly applauded him, and the feeling uppermost with them was, that our man had the best of it. It was a shocking sight, but it would have been rather a hazardous experiment to begin moralizing at such a moment, and in such a place." The taking of Ciudad Rodrigo must have convinced Marshal Marmont that Lord Wellington could act with decision and promptitude, as he had been cautious and prudent in not being tempted to accept battle with the slightest chance against him. The intelligence of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo was received in England with every demonstration of joy; and the Prince Regent created the British General Earl of Wellington, and nominated Generals Graham and Hill, Knights of the Bath.

The earl now prepared to besiege Badajoz, before which he arrived

on the 10th of March, and immediately broke ground. The operations of the siege were carried on with vigour, in spite of the wretched state of the weather, until the 25th, when the British opened their fire from six batteries, which mounted twenty-eight pieces of cannon in the first parallel; two of these batteries were intended to fire upon the outwork, called La Picurina, and the other four to enfilade or destroy the defences of the Fort on the side which was attacked.

As the early surrender of the place was of the utmost importance to the ulterior operations of his army, Lord Wellington determined to carry the outwork by assault; for which purpose, on the 26th, in the evening, he directed Major General Kempt, who commanded in the trenches, to storm La Picurina. This was done by five hundred men in their divisions—the right was under Major Shaw, of the 74th; the left was commanded by Major Rudd, of the 77th, and the centre by the Honourable Captain Powis, of the 83rd. The fort was escaladed at the salient angle, by the detachment under Captain Powis; this was effected at a point where the palisades had been much injured by the fire of the British artillery: Captain Powis was the first to scale the parapet, although wounded.

The detachment which attacked by the gorge had the most serious obstacles to overcome, as it was closed by three rows of strong palisades, defended by musketry, and a place of arms for the garrison, musket-proof and loopholed throughout; but when the attack on the salient angle succeeded, the whole party got into the works. The enemy's garrison in this outwork, consisting of Colonel Gaspard Thiery, three other officers, and eighty-six men, were made prisoners, after a gallant, though brief resistance:—the rest, nearly two hundred, were killed, or drowned in the river Rivellas.

While this was going on, the enemy made a sortie from the ravelin, called San Roque, probably with a view to retake La Picurina, but they were repulsed with considerable loss.

The assailants being established on the outworks, completed the second parallel within two hundred yards of the body of the place, and opened two additional batteries, which immediately commenced firing.

The weather at this time was frightful:—heavy rain fell night and day—the river Guadiana was overflowed; and, in spite of all precautions, the inundation carried away the pontoons, and the flying bridges were nearly rendered useless.

On the 30th of March the assailants opened their fire, from twenty-six pieces of cannon from the second parallel, to breach the face of the bastion at the south-east angle of the fort of La Trinidad, the flank of the bastion, by which that place was defended, called Santa Maria; the fire upon these was continued for four days with destructive effect. On the night of the 29th the garrison made another sortie upon the troops of General Hamilton's division which

invested the place on the side of the right of the river Guadiana, but they were driven back with great loss. The army under Marmont did not look tamely on while the siege was in progress, but the detachments under Generals Hill and Graham having united, kept the enemy in check, and obliged him to fall back by the different roads to Cordova, except only a small force of infantry and cavalry, which were at Zalamea de la Serina.

On the 4th and 5th of April, the fire of the British batteries continued against the bastion La Trinidad, and the flank of that of Santa Maria; and another battery of six guns was opened against the shoulder of the ravelin of San Roque, and the wall in its gorge. By these practicable breaches were effected in La Trinidad and Santa Maria; but as Lord Wellington perceived that the enemy was making formidable preparations to resist an assault at these points, he resolved to delay the storming until a third breach was effected in a curtain of La Trinidad, and by such means to turn the enemy's works, for the defence of the other two. A heavy fire was now kept up in this new direction, and on the 6th of April a third breach being effected, Lord Wellington determined upon carrying the place by storm, and made the dispositions for that object. It was arranged that Lieutenant General Picton should attack the Castle of Badajoz by escalade with the 3rd division; and a detachment from the guard in the trenches furnished that evening by the 4th division, under Major Wilson of the 48th, should attack the ravelin of San Roque on his left, while the 4th division, under Major General Colville, and the light division under Lieutenant Colonel Barnard, should attack the breaches in the bastion of La Trinidad, and the Santa Maria, and in the curtain by which they were to be connected. In furtherance of this design, the 5th division was to occupy the ground, which the 4th and light divisions had occupied during the siege, and Lieutenant General Leith was to make a false attack upon the outwork called Pardelleras, and another on the works of the fort towards the Guadiana, while the left brigade of the division under Major General Walker, which he was to turn into a real attack if circumstances should prove favourable, and Brigadier General Power, who invested the place with his Portuguese brigade on the right of the Guadiana, was directed to make false attacks on the *tête-du-pont*, the fort of San Cristoval, and the new redoubt called Moncœur.

Every thing being arranged for this awful and important event, the assault commenced at ten o'clock at night The following vivid description * of this tremendous conflict may supply the place of more technical detail. It embodies the main facts, though the writer has drawn somewhat freely upon his poetic imaginings. "The night was dry but cloudy, the air thick from watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still, yet

* Wars of Europe.

a low murmur prevailed the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz.

"The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies, whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined before the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as ready to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and both were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts. Former failures there were to avenge; and on either side such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajoz was become a point of honour personal with the soldiers of both nations.

"But the strong desire for glory was in the British dashed with the hatred of citizens for an old grudge; and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage —for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cæsar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Ciudad Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found a cause of excitement; the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their right to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury. At ten o'clock the castle of San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincent, and the bridge head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to have been simultaneously assailed, and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the 5th division, and a lighted carcase thrown from the castle falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then every thing being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made. But a sudden blaze of light, and the rattling of musketry, indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle.

"There General Kempt (for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present); there General Kempt, I say, led the 3rd division: he had passed the Rivellas in single files, by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry fire, and then re-forming and running up the rugged hill had reached the foot of the castle, when he fell severely wounded! and being

carried back to the trenches, met Picton, who hastened with incredible courage, ascended amidst showers of heavy stones; logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while, from the



flanks, the enemy plied his musketry with fearful rapidity, and in front with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers, answering to the sullen strokes of the falling weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders, these un-

daunted veterans strove who should first climb; until all being overturned, the French shouted victory; and the British, baffled, but not tamed, fell back a few paces and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice to his men to follow; and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower; and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside the first, by the grenadier officer, Canch; and the next instant he and Ridge were on the ramparts. The shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement, sent from the French reserve, then came up; a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired. But Ridge fell, and no man fell that night with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory. During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such, as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and the central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled.

"The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes, and storming parties of the light division, about five hundred in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava. It was the touch of the magician's wand; for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming party were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels. For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed by the terrible sight; then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders; or, disdaining their aid, leaped reckless of the depth into the gulph below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst the blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in, and descended with the greatest fury.

"There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together; and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with the water from the inundation; into this watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said that above one hundred fusileers (*the men of Albuera*) were there smothered.

"Those who followed checked not, but, as if such a disaster was

expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin; which being rough and broken, was mistaken for a breach, and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division was destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions; and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach, many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad; the two divisions mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled; the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts were also loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continued clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, firmly fixed in ponderous beams which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down on the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shots with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and the thundering powder barrels exploded unceasingly.

"Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping; still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges, the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies! but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, and men fell so fast from the shot

that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, or who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants crowded even into a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued.

"At the beginning of this dreadful conflict Colonel Andrew Barnard had, with prodigious efforts, separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such that no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand; and the mutilated carcasses heaped upon each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formation—order was impossible. Yet officers of all nations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start as if struck with a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the 42nd, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war, if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he leap up to the fatal ruins, when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continued his course, and was shot dead within a yard of the sword blades. But there was no want of gallant leaders nor desperate followers. Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of Trinidad was impregnable: and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of their fire-balls, which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, 'why they did not come into Badajoz.'

"In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the engineers was observed by Mr. Shaw of the 43rd, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion.

Shaw having collected about fifty men of all regiments, joined him; and, although there was a deep cut along the foot of the breach, yet it was instantly passed, and these two young officers, at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but, when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent a concentrated

fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole to the earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone. After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early in the ditch had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, entirely failed to quell the French musketry. About midnight, when about two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault, for he had just then heard that the castle was taken; and, thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion, for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the distant flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders; then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased. Many of the officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, and some would even have moved the ladders, but could not break the crowd. All this time the third division was lying close to the castle, and either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged on the bridge. Thus the town was girdled with fire; for General Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the daleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard-house at the barrier gate undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion of the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops immediately springing forward, under a sharp fire of musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic stricken, threw down the scaling ladders.

"Nevertheless, the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier jumped into the ditch, but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost man succeeded in rearing the ladders, the latter were too short; for the walls were generally thirty feet high.

"Meanwhile the fire of the French was deadly; a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shell, were

rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders. Fortunately, some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty; for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and he then drew others after him until many had gained the summit, and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back; half the fourth regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others pushed along the ramparts towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

"In the last of these combats General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds, that it was wonderful how he could survive; and some soldiers, immediately after perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, "A mine!" At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier, nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder a French reserve under General Viellande, drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, and pitching some men over the walls, and killing others outright, again cleared the ramparts even to the San Vincente. Here, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent, with a battalion of the 38th as a reserve, and when the French came up shouting, and slaying all before them, this battalion, about two hundred strong, arose and with one volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; but the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yield, and meanwhile the detachment of the fourth regiment, which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated, for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whisper was heard around, latticcs were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards!

"However, the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town, and in their progress captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; but the square itself was as empty and as silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps; a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close

around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder. There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reserve, by attacking the ramparts on the town side, but they were received with a rolling musketry fire, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets.

"At last the breaches were abandoned by the French; other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts and finally General Viellande and Philippon (who was wounded), seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning upon summons, to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had with great readiness pushed through the town to the draw-bridge ere they had time to organise further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult's army, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune. Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, for hundreds risked, many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz; on the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, and the dead were disposed of. Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege,* and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault—sixty officers and more than seven hundred men being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Bolville and Picton, were wounded—the first three severely. About six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches—each division thus losing twelve hundred. And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this—the forty-third and fifty-second regiments of the light divisions alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

"Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage, taking place in the space of less than a hundred square yards—let him consider that the slain died not only suddenly, nor by one manner of death;

* Another author makes the total loss as 1,035 killed, and 3,787 wounded, between the 18th of March, and the 7th of April.

that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water—that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the the fiery explosions; that for hours the destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last—let any man consider this, and he must admit that the British army bears it with an awful power. And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men; for the garrison stood and fought manfully, with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers—the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Nicholas, of Macleod, or of O'Hare, of the 95th, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier, who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the 95th, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43rd, who, having in former assaults, received two deep wounds, which were still open, was leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion—some known, some that never will be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw. But no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajoz. "When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington," says the narrator, "the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief, for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

"Never, probably," says Colonel Jones, "since the discovery of gunpowder, were men more exposed to its action than those assembled in the ditch to assault the breaches. Many thousand shells and hand grenades, numerous bags, filled with powder, every kind of burning composition and destructive missile had been prepared, and placed along the parapet of the whole front; these, under an incessant roll of musketry, were hurled into the ditch without intermission for upwards of two hours, giving to its surface an appearance of vomiting fire, and producing sudden flashes of light more vivid than the day. Description, however, conveys but a faint idea of the imposing nature of such a mode of slaughter. The doors of success were certainly thrown open, but they were so vigilantly guarded, the approach to them was so strewn with difficulties, and the scene altogether so appalling, that instead of its being a disparagement to

the troops to have failed in forcing through them, is it not rather a subject for pride and exultation that they had firmness to persevere in the attempt, till recalled.

"I saw one instance of bravery on the part of the French, just before the grape-shot came. Eight or ten Frenchmen were standing on the battery, No. 32: one of our regiment fired and killed one or two of them, but the rest stood like statues; they kept on firing till there were but two left, when one of them being shot, the other jumped down.

"The town is about the size of Northampton—all the houses near the breach were completely battered down, and most of the others damaged.

"In the morning I returned to the camp, and by daylight retraced my steps of the night before. In every place I passed a great many wounded. I saw eight or ten shot through the face, and their heads a mass of clotted blood, many with limbs shattered, many shot through the body, and groaning most piteously! I found the body of my brother officer on the hill, his pantaloons, sword, epaulet, and hat, taken away: the dead lay stretched out in every form, some had been dashed to pieces by bombs, many had been stripped completely naked, and others had been rolled in dust, with blood and dirt sticking all over them.

"When I came to the spot where the grape-shot first struck us, the bodies lay very thick; but even there they bore no comparison to the heaps in the breach, where they lay one upon another, two or three deep; and many in the ditch were half out and half in the water! I shall give you my feelings through the whole affair, and I have no doubt, when you read this, you will feel similarly. I marched towards the town in good spirits, and when the balls began to come thick about me, I expected every one would strike me; as they increased I regarded them less: at the bottom of the hill I was quite inured to danger, and could have marched to the cannon's mouth. When the grape-shot came I suffered more for those who fell than for myself, and when I first trod upon the dead heaps, it was horrible. In the next twenty or thirty steps I trod upon many more dead, but such impression became less terrible. You see, then, that I have literally been within a few inches of death—upon the very verge of eternity! With you, when two or three of your acquaintance die, you say, 'These are awful times, death has been busy!' here he was busy, indeed! of three officers with whom I dined that day one was killed, and another severely wounded, yet not a hair of my head has been hurt, &c." *

The British found in the city immense stores of arms and ammunition, one hundred and seventy-two pieces of artillery, and more than eighty thousand shot; General Philippon and his staff, and four thousand veteran troops, were made prisoners. Few circum-

* Journal of an Officer.

of the war surprised the French more than the capture of Badajoz—the fine defence of the city made by Philippon in the preceding year, a garrison which consisted of five thousand men, several strong outworks newly constructed, and the place provisioned for two months, led them to calculate upon a defence of much longer duration. General Lery, engineer-in-chief to the army of the South, wrote thus to General Kellerman respecting the loss of the place:—"The conquest of Badajoz cost me eight engineers. I am not yet acquainted with the details of that fatal event. Never was there a place in a better state, better supplied, and better provided with the requisite number of troops. There is in that event a marked fatality. I confess my inability to account for its bad defence. Very extensive works have been constructed. All our calculations have been disappointed. The army of Portugal withdrew to a greater distance from us when it ought to have drawn nearer, and thus Lord Wellington, with his Anglo-Portuguese troops has taken the place; as it were, too, in the presence of two armies, amounting together to about eighty thousand men. This is the consequence of the want of a suprême chief. In short, I think the capture of Badajoz a very extraordinary event; and I should be much at a loss to account for it in any manner consistent with probability." *

It has been observed, that this letter contains the highest eulogium upon the conduct of the allies by an officer of very great merit (General Lery.) He is, however, mistaken respecting the garrison, which did not consist of the requisite number of troops, especially after very extensive works had been constructed; whilst before those additional works, when Marshal Soult took the place from the Spaniards, the garrison amounted to above nine thousand men. The English General had ordered his two corps of observation to fall back, for the purpose of concentrating his troops, to be master of his movements, whatever might be the issue of the assault. The town being once taken it would have been idle in Lord Wellington to encounter Soult. This General had, indeed, advanced from Seville on the 1st of April, if not to the relief of Badajoz, at least to make a diversion which might harrass the allies; but when he heard at Villa Franca, on the 8th, of the fall of that strong fortress, he retired before day-break the following morning to Llerena, which he also quitted in haste, followed closely by the cavalry of Sir Stapleton Cotton, who greatly harrassed his rear-guard. As we have said, there was no reason that Lord Wellington should encounter Soult, and thus run the risk of affording him an opportunity to palliate the fault of not having relieved Badajoz, by the brilliant report of a sanguinary battle which the superiority of his cavalry would have rendered as murderous and as fruitless as that of Albuera.

Marmont too, has been blamed for his dilatory conduct since Lord

* Sarrazin's History of the War in Spain and Portugal, p. 256.

Wellington's departure from the neighbourhood of Almeida. It is alleged that, as the British army, on the 10th of March, was moving rapidly towards the south of Portugal, Marmont should have been on the Agueda by the 15th, but he did not reach the banks of that river until the end of the month, and which he was obliged to cross on the 12th of April, in consequence of Lord Wellington's approach. He suffered a fine opportunity to escape, add his critics, for the fault which he committed by not relieving Ciudad Rodrigo.

Had he attacked that place about the 15th of March, as he might easily have done, he would, in all probability, have obtained possession of it by the 10th or 12th of April; and thus, in degree, have indemnified Bonaparte for the loss of Badajoz, which had certainly given great dissatisfaction to the cabinet of the Tuileries. An able general, instead of carrying desolation into the hamlets and cottages of Portugal (for the march to the banks of the Agueda had but gained for him some trifling advantage over the ill-organized Portuguese militias) would have left a corps of twenty thousand men on the Agueda. Half of these troops should have laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the other half should have taken up a position to cover the operations of the besiegers. With the remainder of his army, which is said to have amounted to about forty thousand, a good general would have marched to Merida by Almaraz. On the 1st of April he could have effected a junction with Marshal Soult, who was leaving Seville,* with about forty thousand men, and their joint marching to Badajoz would have forced the English to give up their designs upon that place, as it had done in 1811. It really is as mortifying to the French Generals as it is glorious to the English commander, that an army of fifty thousand men should, by the ability and boldness of its manœuvres, have been enabled to take two strong places, the reputed keys of Spain on the side of Portugal, in spite of their being protected by two French armies, amounting together to at least eighty thousand men under arms. The conduct of Marshal Marmont excites, indeed, but little surprise; but it is difficult to conceive why Marshal Soult so distinguished for twenty years of services as useful as brilliant, suffered Badajoz to be taken without opposition. If Marmont's jealousy operated so as to keep back assistance, and the inadequacy of his own troops made him afraid of being unable to oppose the fall of that place, he ought to have blown up its fortifications after having excavated it, and have kept only a flying camp in Estramadura.

Marmont had indeed made a show of operations in the north, by keeping Ciudad Rodrigo partially blockaded, but had not ventured to make any serious attempt to retake it; on the 7th (the day on which Badajoz fell), he broke up his blockade, and retreated to Sabugal.

* This is not very clear as to time, because Soult did not leave Seville until the 1st of April, and as that city is some distance from Merida, the junction of Marmont could not have taken place so early.—Ed.

We have many times in the course of our narrative had occasion to notice, "more in sorrow than in anger," the extreme anxiety of most writers (and some too of note and likelihood in the world's opinion) to describe in the glowing language of exaggerated eulogy every act done by the British and their allies, while their pens have been equally busy to villify and defame all who were opposed to them. This is disingenuous, to say the least of it, under any circumstances, but in the historian who should have nobler aim, it is disgraceful—dishonest. A wilful concealment of the truth is as base as the utterance of falsehood.

We can but smile at the squeamishness of calling those acts in a friend, "merited retaliation," "betrayal into excesses," "unavoidable license to an infuriated soldiery," which in an enemy are described as "atrocious cruelty," "horrible depravity," "fiendish propensities," and other choice phrases equally tasteful.

Voltaire says, *nul n'aura pas de virtue mais nous et nos amis.** Modern biographers seem to exact this to the very letter. Perhaps there is no circumstance to which this discreditable act of omission applies with more force than the description usually given of the conduct of the British army and their allies after the taking of Badajoz. While their gallantry is praised to the utmost, their evil deeds are left to find the light as they may, but

"Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

"Before six o'clock in the morning of the 7th of April," says an author of credit, "all organization among the assaulting columns had ceased, and a scene of plunder and cruelty, that it would be difficult to find a parallel for, took place.

"The army so fine and effective, of the preceding day, was now transformed into a vast band of brigands, and the rich and beautiful city of Badajoz presented the turbulent aspect that must result from the concourse of numerous and warlike multitudes, nearly all strangers to each other.

"The horde of Spaniards as well as Portuguese women and men that now eagerly sought for admission to plunder, nearly augmented the number of brigands to what the assaulting army had been before; and it may be said, that nearly twenty thousand people, armed with all power to act as they thought fit, and all, or almost all, armed with weapons which could be turned at the pleasure or caprice of the bearer for the purpose of enforcing any wish he sought to gratify, were let loose upon the ill-fated inhabitants of this devoted city.

"These people were under no restraint, had no person to control them, and in a short time they got into such an awful state of intoxication, that they lost all control of their own actions. What

* None shall have virtue, but we and our friends.

a frightful picture is this of a town carried by assault!—it is true, nevertheless,—and if such latitude were not allowed to the soldiery, I believe that few fortresses would be carried by assault. If the reader can, for a moment, fancy a fine city, containing an immense population, among which may be reckoned a proportion of the finest women in Andalusia, or perhaps the world, can boast of; if he could fancy that population, and those females left to the mercy of twenty thousand infuriated and licentious soldiers for two days and two nights; if, I say, he can fancy this, he can well imagine the horrors that were acted within the walls of Badajoz. In the first burst, all the wine and spirit stores were forced open, and ransacked from top to bottom, and it required but little time for the men to get into that fearful state that was alike dangerous to all—officers, or soldiers, or the inhabitants of the city. Casks of the choicest wines and brandy were dragged into the streets, and when the men had drunk as much as they fancied, the heads of the vessels were stove in, or the casks otherwise so broken that the liquor ran about in streams.



"In the town were a number of animals that belonged to the garrison, several hundred sheep, numerous oxen, as likewise many horses: those were among the first taken possession of, and the wealthy occupier of many a house was glad to be allowed the employment of conducting them to our camp, as by doing so he got away from a place where his life was not worth a minute's purchase; terrible as was this scene, it was not possible to avoid occasionally laughing, for the *conducteur* was generally not only compelled to

drive a herd of cattle, but also obliged to carry the bales of plunder taken by his employer,—perhaps from his own house! and the stately gravity with which the Spaniard went through his work, dressed in short breeches, frilled-shirt, and a hat and plumes that might vie with our eighth Henry, followed as he was by our ragamuffin soldiers, with fixed bayonets, presented a scene that would puzzle even Mr. Cruikshank himself to delineate justly.

"The plunder so captured was deposited in the camp, and placed under a guard, chiefly composed of the soldiers' wives! The shops were despoiled first by one group, who rifled them of their more costly articles, then by another, who thought themselves rich in capturing what had been left by their predecessors; then another, and another still, until every vestige of property was swept away. A few hours was sufficient for this: night was fast drawing near, and then a scene took place that has seldom fallen to the lot of any writer to describe. Every insult, every infamy, with which human invention could torture our language, was practiced. Age as well as youth, was alike unrespected, and perhaps not one house, or one female in this vast town escaped injury; but war is a terrible engine, and when once set in motion, it is not possible to calculate when or where it will stop.

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"The 8th of April was also a fearful one for the inhabitants; the soldiers became reckless, drank to such an excess, that no person's life, no matter of what rank, station, or sex, was safe. If they entered a house that had not been emptied of its furniture or wine, they proceeded to destroy it; or if it happened to be empty, which was generally the case, they commenced firing at the doors or windows, and not unfrequently at the inmates, or at each other. They would then sally forth into the streets, and fire at the different church bells in the steeples, or the pigeons that inhabited the old Moorish turrets of the castle; even the owls were frighted from this place of refuge, and by their discordant screams announced to their hearers the great revolution that had taken place near their own peaceful abodes.

"The soldiers then fired upon their own comrades, and many men were killed in endeavouring to carry away some species of plunder, by the hands of those, who but a few hours before would have risked their own lives to protect those they now so wantonly sported with; then they would turn on the already too deeply injured females, and tear from them the trinkets that adorned their necks, fingers, or ears; and finally they would strip them of their wearing aparel: some it is said, there were—ruffians of the lowest grade no doubt—who cut the ear-rings out of the females' ears that bore them, when they discerned a band of marauders approaching the unfortunate beings that were subjected to such brutal treatment, and whom they feared might anticipate them

in their infamy; for here, as in all such disgraceful scenes, might made right, and the conduct of the soldiers during the sacking of Badajoz is a sufficient proof, if such proof were wanting, of the dangers attendant upon any thing where the multitude are allowed to act from excited impulse.

"Hundreds of these fellows took possession of the best warehouses, and for a time fulfilled the functions of merchants; those, in their turn were ejected by a stronger party, who, after a fearful strife and loss of lives, displaced them, and occupied in their stead; and those again were conquered by others, and others more powerful! And thus was Badajoz circumstanced on the morning of the 8th of April, 1812.

"It presented a fearful picture of the horrors that are inevitable upon a city carried by assault, and, although it is painful to relate these disgraceful facts, it is essential nevertheless. All writers, no matter how insignificant they may be, (and I am willing to place myself at the bottom of the list of these persons,) should in any detail which may lay claim to historical facts, be extremely cautious, that they in no way mislead their readers; and in anything I have written, or may hereafter write, I shall not deviate from this principle. I feel as much pride as any man can feel in having taken a part in actions which must for ever shed lustre upon my country; but no false feeling of delicacy shall ever prevent me from speaking the truth, no matter whether it touches the conduct of one man or ten thousand!

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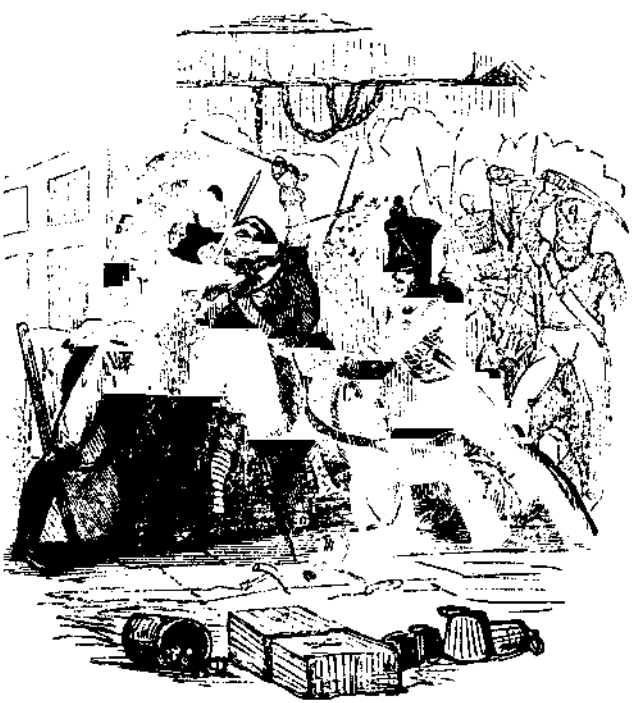
"To put a stop to such a frightful scene, it was necessary to use some forbearance, as likewise a portion of severity. In the first instance, parties from those regiments that had least participated in the combat were ordered into the town, to collect the hordes of stragglers that filled the streets with crimes too horrible to detail: but the evil had spread to such an extent, that this measure was inadequate to the end proposed, and in many instances the parties so sent became infected by the contagion, and in place of remedying the disorder, increased it by joining once more in revels they had for a time quitted. At length a brigade of troops was marched into the city, and were directed to stand by their arms while any of the mauraders remained; the provost-marshals attached to each division were directed to use that authority with which they are of necessity invested.

"Gibbets and triangles were in consequence erected, and many men were flogged; but, although the contrary has been said, none were hanged; although hundreds deserved it.

"A few hours so employed were sufficient to purge the town of the infamous gang of robbers that still lurked about its streets; and those ruffians, chiefly Spaniards or Portuguese, not in any way attached to the army, were infinitely more dangerous than our fellows bad as they were. Murder, except indeed in a paroxysm of

drunkenness, and in many cases, I regret to say, it did occur in this way, never entered their thoughts, but the infamous miscreants here referred to, would commit the foulest deed for less than a dollar!

"Towards the evening tranquillity began to return; and protected as they now were by a body of troops untainted by the disease which had spread like a contagion, the unfortunate inhabitants took advantage of the quiet that reigned; yet it was a fearful quiet, and might be likened to a ship at sea, which after having been plundered and dismasted by pirates, was left floating on the ocean, without a morsel of food to supply the wants of its crew or a stitch of canvass to cover its naked masts; by degrees, however, some clothing, such as decency required, was procured for the females, by the return of their friends to the town; and many a father and mother rejoiced to find their children, who were still dearer to them than ever from the dangers they had escaped, alive; although it was impossible to hide from them the fact, that they had been seriously and grossly



injured. But there was also many who were denied even this sad consolation; for numbers of the towns-people had fallen in the confusion that prevailed; some of our officers also werekilled in this

way, and it has been said, I believe truly, that one or two (one a colonel commanding a regiment) lost their lives by the hands of their own men.

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"The plunder with which our camp was now filled was so considerable, and of so varied a description, that numerous as were the purchasers, and different as were their wants, they had all nevertheless an opportunity of suiting themselves to their taste; still the sale had not commenced in form, although like other markets some private sales were effected.

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"Early on the morning of the 9th of April a great concourse of Spaniards had already thronged our lines; the neighbouring villages poured in their quota of persons, seeking to be the purchasers of the booty captured by our men, and each succeeding hour increased the supply of their wants, numerous and varied as they were; and our camp had the appearance of a vast market. The scene after the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo was nothing in comparison to the present, because the resources of Badajoz might be said to be in the ratio of five to one as compared with her sister fortress, and, besides, our fellows were in an equal proportion more dexterous than they had been in their maiden effort to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo of its valuables. It may therefore be well supposed, and the reader may safely take my word for it, that the transfer of property was on the present occasion considerable. Some men realized upwards of one thousand dollars (about £ 520), others less, but all, or almost all, gained handsomely by an enterprise in which they had displayed such unheard of acts of devotion and bravery; and it is only to be lamented that they tarnished laurels so nobly won, by traits of barbarity that it would be difficult to find a parallel for in the annals of any army."

When Lord Wellington was apprised of Soult's retreat from Villa Franka, he put his army in motion (leaving a strong garrison at Badajoz) towards Castile; and on the 16th of April his advanced-guard was at Castle Branco; the enemy under Marmont retreating before him: and when the British army had arrived at Alfayates, his rear-guard had crossed the Agueda (23rd April), and the following day the French were in full retreat towards Tormes. Although the heavy rains which had lately swollen the Agueda, had partly carried away the bridge, which he had constructed across that river, yet he contrived partially to restore it, and the leading corps crossed at the Puente d'el Villar, and by the fords of the upper Agueda; his rear only passing by the repaired bridge near Ciudad Rodrigo.

Being assured that the enemy had retreated beyond the frontiers, Lord Wellington directed General Hill to make a bold movement against the French posts, at the passage of the Tagus at Almarez—the effects of this would be (if executed with celerity) to cut off all communication between the French armies of Portugal (Marmont's)

and that of the south (under Soult), and thus enable his Lordsip to give battle to either army separately whenever a favourable opportunity should present itself. How this well-conceived design was executed, the following modest dispatch from General Hill will evince.

" My Lord, Truxillo, May 21, 1812.

" I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship, that your instructions relative to the capture and destruction of the enemy's works at Almarez have been most fully carried into effect, by a detachment of troops under my orders, which marched from Almendrolego on the 12th instant.

" The bridge was, as your Lordship knows, protected by strong works, thrown up by the French on both sides of the river; and, furthur, covered on the southern side by the castle and redoubts of Mirabete, about a league off, commanding the pass of that name, through which runs the road to Madrid, being the only one passable for carriages of any description, by which the bridge can be approached.

" The works on the left bank of the river were a *tête-du-pont*, built of masonry and strongly intrenched; and on the high ground above it, a large and well constructed fort, called Napoleon, with an interior intrenchment, and a loopholed tower in the centre. This tower contained nine pieces of cannon, with a garrison of between four and five hundred men; there being also on the opposite side of the river, on the height immediately above the bridge, a very complete fort, recently constructed, which flanked and added much to its defence.

" On the morning of the 16th the troops reached Jaraicejo, and on the same evening marched in three columns; the left commanded by Lieutenant General Chowne (28th and 34th regiments under Colonel Wilson, and the 6th Portuguese Caçadores) towards the castle of Mirabete; the right column under Major General Howard (50th, 71st, and 92nd regiments), which I accompanied myself to a pass in the mountains, through which a difficult and circuitous foot path leads by the village of Romangordo to the bridge; the centre column under Major General Long (6th and 18th Portuguese infantry, under Colonel Ashworth, and 13th light dragoons with the artillery), advanced on the high road to the pass of Mirabete.

" The two flank columns were provided with ladders, and it was intended that either of them should proceed to escalade the forts against whom they were directed, had circumstances proved favourable; the difficulties, however, which each had to encounter on its march, were such that it was impossible for them to reach their respected points before day-break; I judged it best, therefore, as there was no longer a possibility of surprise, to defer the attack until we should be better acquainted with the nature and position of the works, and the troops bivouacked on the Leina.

"I determined on endeavouring to penetrate to the bridge by the mountain path, leading through the village of Romangordo, although by that means I should be deprived of the use of my artillery.

"On the evening of the 18th, I moved with Major General Howard's brigade and the 6th Portuguese regiment, for the operation, provided with scaling ladders, &c.

"Although the distance marched did not exceed five or six miles, the difficulties of the road were such, that, with the united exertions of officers and men, the column could not be formed for the attack before daylight; confiding, however, in the valour of the troops, I ordered the immediate assault of fort Napoleon; my confidence was fully justified by the event.

"The first battalion of the 50th, and one wing of the 71st regiment, regardless of the enemy's artillery and musketry, escaladed the work in three places nearly at the same time. The enemy at first seemed determined, and the fire was destructive; but the ardour of our troops was irresistible, and the garrison was driven at the point of the bayonet through the several intrenchments of the fort and *tête-du-pont* across the bridge, which having been cut by those on the opposite side of the river, many leaped into the water and thus perished.

"The impression made upon the enemy's troops was such, that panic soon communicated itself to those on the right bank of the river, and Fort Ragusa was instantly abandoned, the garrison flying in the greatest confusion towards Naval Moral.

"I cannot sufficiently praise the conduct of the 50th and 71st regiments, to whom the assault fell. The cool and steady manner in which they formed and advanced, and the intrepidity with which they mounted the ladders and carried the place, was worthy of these distinguished corps, and the officers who led them.

"Could the attack have been made before day, the 92nd regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, and the remainder of the 71st regiment, under the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, were to have escaladed the *tête-du-pont*, and effected the destruction of the bridge at the same time that the attack was made on Fort Napoleon.

"The impossibility of advancing deprived them of this opportunity of distinguishing themselves; but the share which they had in the operation, and the zeal which they displayed, entitle them to my warmest commendation; and I cannot avoid to mention the steadiness and good discipline of the 6th Portuguese infantry, and two companies of the 60th regiment under Colonel Ashworth, which formed the reserve to this attack.

"Our operations in this quarter were much favoured by a division made by Lieutenant-General Chowne, with the troops under his orders against the castle of Mirabete, which succeeded in inducing the enemy to believe that we should not attack the forts near the

bridge until we had forced the pass, and thus made way for our artillery. The Lieutenant-General conducted this operation, as well as his former advance, entirely to my satisfaction. I regret much, that the peculiar situation of Mirabete should have prevented my allowing the gallant corps under his orders to follow up an operation, which they, with much spirit, were so anxious to complete.

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"Your Lordship will observe from the return of ordnance and stores, which I have the honour to enclose, that Almaraz had been considered by the enemy in the light of a most important station, and I am happy to state that its destruction has been most complete. The towers of masonry which were in fort Napoleon have been entirely levelled; the ramparts in both in a great measure destroyed, and the whole apparatus of the bridge, together with the workshops, magazine, and every piece of timber which could be found, entirely destroyed.

"A colour belonging to the 4th battalion of the corps L'Etranger, was taken by the 71st regiment, and I shall have the honour of forwarding it to your Lordship.

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"Our loss has been, one captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and thirty rank and file killed; two captains, six lieutenants, five ensigns, two serjeants, one drummer, and one hundred and twenty rank and file wounded.

Two hundred and fifty prisoners, and eighteen pieces of cannon, was the immediate result of this well-executed attack.

Marmont, whose head-quarters had been at Salamanca, now moved them to Frontieros, in consequence of the British army having crossed the Agueda and marched forward to Valmasa (on the 13th of June); this is a small rivulet about six miles from Salamanca. The enemy, on the 16th, showed some cavalry and a small body of infantry in front of the town, and seemed disposed to hold the heights on the south side of the Tormes; but the cavalry being dislodged by the British advance-guard, they retreated from Salamanca, leaving only a garrison of eight hundred men in the fortifications that they had erected upon the ruins of the convents which they had in pure wantonness destroyed.

By the fire from these they protected the passage of the Tormes by the bridge; but the British crossed that river by two fords on the 17th, and Lord Wellington entered Salamanca on that evening.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants upon this event; the French had had possession of this fine city for three years, and had practised all kinds of oppression; they had destroyed thirteen out of twenty-five convents, and twenty-two out of twenty-five colleges, which once adorned this renowned seat of learning.

The enemy had retired by the road to Toro, and so rapid was their progress, that their rear-guard was fifteen miles from the city of

Salamanca in the evening; continuing their retreat by the same route on the following day, they were concentrating their forces on the Douro, between Toro and Zamora. The forts we have spoken of were invested by the division of General Clinton, and the trenches opened the same night. Marmont, as we have seen, had gone to meet his reinforcements, by moving to the Douro. On the 20th he retraced his steps, believing himself now strong enough to force the allies to evacuate Salamanca. He found Lord Wellington near Morisco, on the road to Valladolid. The right wing of the British army was at Morisco, while the centre and left wing occupied the heights in the direction of Vilarez; the whole of the 21st passed in unimportant skirmishes. On the 22nd Marmont manœuvred to turn Lord Wellington's right, but this intention was frustrated by a well combined attack of General Graham, who commanded at that point, and which forced the enemy to fall back upon his main body; the next morning the French occupied Cabesa Vellosa with their right, and Aldea Rubbia with their centre, having their left resting on the Tormes near Huerta. This compelled Lord Wellington to change his front, advancing his left wing, while part of the right was stationed along the left bank of the Tormes.

This movement was executed just in time to oppose Marmont, who, at two o'clock in the morning, crossed the river, as Lord Wellington had foreseen; General Graham was again ordered to observe the French Marshal, who finding that the allies were before-hand with him at every point, despaired of affording any relief to his deserted garrison in the forts at Salamanca. He re-crossed the Tormes, therefore, and continued in the neighbourhood of Huerta until the 27th, when he retreated to the Douro.

In the meantime the siege of the forts of Salamanca went on but slowly, because the allies had not the requisite implements and ammunition. On the 23rd, therefore, General Bowes was ordered to carry fort Sancayetans at the point of the sword; he was wounded in the very beginning of the assault, but had his wound dressed, returned immediately to head a fresh attack of his brigade, and was killed. After the taking of this fort, that of St. Vincenti surrendered upon terms.

As soon as the enemy heard of the fall of these forts, they immediately withdrew their garrison from Alba de Tormes; it may be said, indeed, that they had the mortification to see the forts taken before their eyes, without having the means of rendering any assistance to their garrisons.

From this period until the 20th of July, both armies were manœuvred to obtain the "'vantage ground," when the Earl of Wellington being informed that General Clausel had arrived at Pollos, with the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the north to join Marmont, he (the earl) resolved to give the enemy battle.

During the night of the 20th the enemy had occupied the village

of Colvarosa de Ariba, and of the heights near it, called Nuestra Senora de la Pena, the British cavalry still being in possession of Calvarosa de Abexo; and shortly after day-light on the morning of the 22nd, detachments from both armies attempted to obtain possession of the more distant of the British right of the two hills, called Dos Arapiles. In this manœuvre the enemy succeeded, by the great strength of his force, and by which he strengthened his position materially. Early in the morning the light troops of the 7th division, and the 4th Caçadores belonging to General Pack's brigade, were engaged with the enemy on the height of Nuestra Senora de la Pena, and where they maintained themselves with great gallantry throughout the day.

The enemy being in posssession of the more distant of the Arapiles, Lord Wellington deemed it highly necessary to extend the right of the British army *un potence* to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, and for which purpose he placed there the 4th division under General Cole.

Judging that it was the enemy's intention to confine his movements to the left of the Tormes, the Earl directed Major-General Pakenham (who now commanded the 3rd division, Picton being confined by illness) to move across the Tormes, with the troops under his order, and with the cavalry of D'Urban, to occupy the rear of Aldea Tejada, the Portuguese brigade of infantry, and Don Carlos d'Espagna's infantry having been also moved up close to Las Torres, and took their station between the 3rd and 4th divisions.

Now it was (two o'clock, p.m.) that Marmont developed his plans of action, and under cover of a heavy cannonade (which did but little execution) he quickly extended his left, so as to embrace the post on the Arapiles occupied by the British army, and from thence to attack and break the line, or, at least, to render very difficult any movement which the allies might desire to make on their right.

This was a daring manœuvre, because, if it failed, it would inevitably cause his own defeat, as by thus extending his left, the British General and his allies would be put into possession of better ground to attack him with advantage. It became, therefore, essential to strengthen the right; this Lord Wellington did by the 5th division under Lieutenant General Leith, by placing it behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th division, and with the 6th and 7th divisions in reserve; and as soon as these troops had taken their stations he directed the Honourable Major General Pakenham to move forward with the third division, with General D'Urban's cavalry, and two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, under Lieutenant Colonel Hervey, in four columns, to turn the enemy's left on the heights (thus to beat the enemy at his own weapons), whilst Brigadier General Bradford's brigade, the 5th division under Leith, the 4th under General Cole, and the cavalry of Sir Stapleton Cotton should attack

them in front; this was to be supported by the 6th division, under General Clinton, and the 7th division of Major General Hope; whilst the Spaniards, under Don Carlos d'Espagne and Brigadier General Pack, were to support the left of the 4th division, by attacking that of Dos Arapiles, which the enemy still held possession of. The reserve was composed of the first and light divisions, who occupied the ground on the extreme left.

It will be perceived that these bold movements changed a defence against the outflanking and attack of Marmont, into one of a similar character against the assailants!

The British divisions were scarcely placed, when fifty pieces of artillery crowned the ridge occupied by the French. A heavy fire was soon opened from this park at half range; and as the 4th and 5th divisions advanced, they were assailed by a very formidable fire; but as yet the French infantry, posted behind the ridge, were not visible; Cole's troops advanced to the right of the Arapiles height, while Pack, with his brigade of Portuguese, two thousand strong, pressed onward to attain it. The 5th division advanced by the right of Cole's troops, and at this moment the French 7th division was seen hurrying back to occupy the ground they had so short a time before quitted, while the 3rd and 4th French divisions were arranging themselves to receive the attack of Cole and Leith.

When all was in readiness, Pakenham* departed at the head of ten battalions and two brigades of guns, to force the left of the enemy. The battalions of the 45th, 74th, and 88th, under Colonel Wallace, of the 88th, composed the first line; the 9th and 21st Portuguese, under Colonel de Champlemond formed the second line, while two battalions of the 5th, 77th, 83rd and 94th British were in reserve. General D'Urban, with six squadrons, had orders also to make head against Boyer's dragoons; and that the third division might not be molested in its operations, Le Marchant's heavy cavalry (three regiments) were placed in reserve in the rear of it.

"No sooner (says one who shared the dangers of this tremendous battle) was Pakenham in motion towards the heights, than the ridge he was about to assail was crowned with twenty pieces of cannon, while in the rear of this battery was seen Foy's division, endeavouring to regain its place in the combat. A flat space of one thousand yards in breadth was to be crossed before Pakenham could reach the height.

"The French batteries opened a heavy fire, while the two brigades of artillery, commanded by Captain Douglas, posted on a rising ground behind the third division, replied to them with much warmth. Pa-

* Lord Wellington's orders to this General (his brother-in-law) are said to have been expressed thus: "Edward, move on with the 3rd division—take the heights in your front, and drive every thing before you."—"I will, my Lord, by G—d," was the equally laconic reply.

kenham's men may thus be said to have been between two fires, that of our own guns firing over their heads, while the French balls passed through their ranks, ploughing up the ground in every direction; but the veteran troops which composed the third division were not shaken even by this.

"Wallace's three regiments advanced in open columns, until within two hundred and fifty yards of the ridge held by the French infantry. Foy's column, five thousand strong, had by this time reached their ground, while in their front the face of the hill had been hastily garnished with riflemen. All were impatient to engage, and the calm but stern advance of Pakenham's right brigade was received with beating of drums and loud cheers from the French, whose light troops, hoping to take advantage of the time, which the deploying into line would take, run down the face of the hill in a state of great excitement, but Pakenham, who was naturally of a boiling spirit and hasty temper, was on this day perfectly cool. He told Wallace to form line from open column without halting, and thus the different companies, by throwing forward their right shoulders, were in a line without the slow manœuvre of deployment.



"Astonished at the rapidity of the movement, the French riflemen commenced an irregular and hurried fire, and even at this early stage of the battle a looker-on could, from the difference in the demeanour of the troops of the two nations, form a tolerably correct opinion of what the result would be. Regardless of the fire of the riflemen, and the showers of grape and cannister, Pakenham continued to press forward; his centre suffered, but still advanced; his

right and left being less oppressed by the weight of the fire, continued to advance at a more rapid pace, and as his wings inclined forward and outstripped the centre, his right brigade assumed the form of a crescent. The manœuvre was a bold as well as a novel one, and the appearance of the brigade imposing and unique; because it so happened that all the British officers were in front of their men—a rare occurrence. The French officers were also in front, but their relative duties were widely different—the latter encouraging their men into the heat of the battle—the former keeping their devoted soldiers back—what a splendid national contrast!"

In spite of the fire of Foy's tirailleurs, they (the British officers) continued at the head of the right brigade, while the soldiers, with their fire-locks on the rest, followed close upon the heels of their officers like troops accustomed to conquer. They speedily got footing on the brow of the hill, but before they had time to take breath, Foy's entire division, with drums beating, and uttering loud shouts; ran forward to meet them; and, belching forth a torrent of bullets from five thousand muskets, brought down almost the entire of Wallace's first rank, and more than half of his officers.

The brigade staggered back, from the force of the shock; but, before the smoke had altogether cleared away, Wallace, looking full in the face of his soldiers, pointed to the French columns, and leading the shattered brigade up the hill, without a moment's hesitation, brought them face to face before the French had time to witness the terrible effect of their murderous fire.

Astounded by the unshaken determination of Wallace's soldiers, Foy's division wavered; nevertheless, they opened a heavy discharge of musketry, but it was unlike the former; it was irregular and ill-directed; the men acted without concert or method, and many fired in the air. At length their fire ceased altogether, and the three regiments for the first time cheered. The effect was electric; Foy's troops were seized with a panic, and as Wallace's closed upon them, his men could distinctly remark their bearing. Their mustachioed faces, one and all, presented the same ghastly hue, a horrid family likeness throughout; and as they stood to receive the shock they were about to be assailed with, they reeled to and fro like men intoxicated.

The French officers did all that was possible by voice, gesture, and example, to rouse their men to a proper sense of their situation, but in vain. One, the colonel of the leading regiment (the 22nd), seizing a firelock, and beckoning to his men to follow, ran forward a few paces and shot Major Murphy dead at the head of the 88th; however, his career soon closed—a bullet, the first that had been fired from our ranks, pierced his head; he flung up his arms, fell forward, and expired.

The brigade, which till this time cheerfully bore up against the

heavy fire they had been exposed to, were now impatient, and the 88th greatly excited; for Murphy, dead and bleeding, with one foot hanging in the stirrup iron, was dragged by his affrighted horse along the front of his regiment; the soldiers became exasperated, and as the proper moment had arrived, the three regiments were ordered forward, and the mighty phalanx, who but a moment before was so formidable, loosened and fell to pieces before one thousand five hundred British soldiers, fighting in a line of only two deep! Wallace, seeing the terrible confusion that prevailed in the enemy's columns, pressed on with his brigade. A vast number were killed in this charge of bayonets, but the men, wearied by their exertions, the intolerable heat of the weather, and famishing from thirst, were nearly run to a stand-still, and many dropped down from fatigue.

Immediately on our left the fifth division were discharging vollies against the French 4th, and Pack's brigade could be seen mounting the Arapiles height, but disregarding every thing except the complete destruction of the column before him. Pakenham followed it with the brigade of Wallace, supported by the reserves of his division.

The battle at this point would have been decided on the moment, had the heavy horse under Le Marchant been near enough to sustain him. The confusion of the enemy was so great that they became mixed pell-mell together, without any regard to order or regularity, and it was manifest that nothing short of a miracle could save Foy from total destruction. Sir Edward Pakenham continued to press on at the head of Wallace's brigade, but Foy's troops outran him. Had Le Marchant been aware of this state of the combat, or been near enough to profit by it, Pakenham would have settled the business by six o'clock instead of seven. An hour, at any period during a battle, is a serious loss of time, but in this action, every moment was of vital import. Day was rapidly drawing to a close; the Tormes was close behind the army of Marmont, ruin stared him in the face; in a word, his left wing was doubled up—lost; and Pakenham could have turned to the support of the fourth and fifth divisions, had our cavalry been ready to back Wallace at the moment he pierced the column. This, beyond doubt, was the moment by which to profit, that the enemy might not have time to re-collect himself; but, while Le Marchant was preparing to take part in the combat, Foy, with admirable presence of mind, remedied the terrible confusion of his division, and calling up a first brigade to his support, once more led his men into the fight, assumed the offensive, and Pakenham was now about to be assailed in turn. This was the most critcal moment of the battle at this point; Boyer's horsemen stood before us, inclining towards our right, which was flanked by two squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and two regiments of Portuguese cavalry; but we

had little dependance upon the Portuguese, and it behoved us to look to ourselves.

Led on by the ardour of the conquest, we had followed the column until at length we found ourselves in an open plain, intersected with cork trees, opposed by a multitude, who, reinforced, again rallied, and turned upon us with fury. Pakenham, Wallace, Senton, and Mackie, rode along the line from wing to wing, almost from rank to rank, and fulfilled the functions of adjutants in assisting the officers to re-organize the tellings-off of the men for square. Meanwhile the first battalion of the 5th drove back some squadrons of Boyer's dragoons; the other six regiments were fast approaching the point held by Wallace, but the French cavalry in our front and upon our right flank caused Pakenham some uneasiness.

The peals of musketry along the centre still continued without intermission; the smoke was so thick that nothing to our left was distinguishable; some men of the 5th division got intermingled with ours; the dry grass was set on fire by the numerous cartridge papers that strewed the field of battle; the air was scorching, and the smoke rolling on in huge volumes, nearly suffocated us.

A loud cheering was heard in our rear—the brigade turned half round, supposing themselves about to be be attacked by the French cavalry. A few seconds passed—the trampling of horse was heard—the smoke cleared away, and the heavy brigade of Le Marchant was seen coming forward in a line at a canter. "Open right and left," was an order quickly obeyed; the line opened, the cavalry passed through the intervals, and forming rapidly in our front prepared for their work.

The French column, which a moment before held so imposing an attitude, became startled at this unexpected sight. A victorious and highly excited infantry pressing closely upon them; a splendid brigade of three regiments of cavalry, ready to burst through their ill-arranged and beaten column, while no appearance of succour was at hand to protect them, was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The plain was filled with the vast multitude; retreat was impossible, and the troopers came still pouring in, to join their comrades already prepared for the attack. It was too much for their nerves, and they sank under its influence, although they bravely made an effort to face the danger.

Hastily, yet with much regularity, all things considered, they attempted to get into the square; but Le Marchant's brigade galloped forward before the evolution was half completed.

The column hesitated, wavered, tottered, and then stood still! The motion of the countless bayonets, as they clashed together, might be likened to a forest about to be assailed by a tempest, whose first warnings announce the ravage it is about to inflict. Foy's

division vomited forth a dreadful volley of fire as the horsemen thundered across the flat; Le Marchant was killed, and fell downright in the midst of the French bayonets; but his brigade pierced through the vast mass, killing or trampling down all before them. The conflict was severe, and troopers fell thick and fast; but their long, heavy swords, cut through bone as well as flesh. The groans of the dying, the cries of the wounded, the roar of the cannon, and the piteous moans of the mangled horses, as they ran away affrighted from the terrible scene, or lying with shattered limbs unable to move in the midst of the burning grass, was enough to unman men not placed as we were, but upon us it had a different effect, and our cheers were heard far from the spot where this fearful scene was acting.

Such as got away from the sabres of the horsemen, sought safety among the ranks of our infantry, and scrambling under the horses, ran to us for protection, like men who having escaped the first shock of a wreck, will cling to any broken spar, no matter how little to be depended on. Hundreds of beings frightfully disfigured, in whom the human face and form were almost obliterated —black with dust, worn down with fatigue, and covered with sabre cuts and blood—threw themselves among us for safety. Not a man was bayoneted—not even molested or plundered.



Nine pieces of cannon, two eagles, and five thousand prisoners* were captured at this point: still the battle raged with unabated fury on our left; immediately in front of the 5th division, Leith fell

* This is evidently an exaggeration.

wounded as he led on his men, but his division carried the point in dispute, and drove the enemy before them up the hill.

While these events were taking place on the right, the 4th division, which formed the centre of the army, met with a serious opposition. The more distant Arapiles, occupied by the French 122nd, whose numbers did not count more than four hundred, supported by a few pieces of cannon, was left to the Portuguese brigade of General Pack, amounting to two thousand bayonets. Falsely, though with well founded reliance—their former conduct taken into the scale—Cole's division advanced into the plain, confident that all was right with Pack's troops, and a terrible struggle betweem them and Bonnet's corps took place. It was, however, but of short duration.

Bonnet's troops were driven back in confusion, and up to this moment all had gone on well.

The three British divisions engaged, overthrew all obstacles, and the battle might be said to be won, had Pack's formidable brigade (formidable in numbers, at least) fulfilled their part—but these men totally failed in their effort to take the height occupied only by a few hundred Frenchmen, and thus gave the park of artillery that was posted with them full liberty to turn its efforts against the rear and flank of Cole's soldiers. Nothing could be worse than the state in which the fourth division was now placed, and the battle, which ought to have been and had been in a manner won, was still in doubt.

Bonnet seeing the turn which Pack's failure had wrought in his favour, re-formed his men, and advanced against Cole, while the fire from the battery and small arms on the Arapiles height completed the confusion Cole fell wounded; half of his division were cut off; the remainder in full retreat; and Bonnet's troops pressing on in a compact body, made it manifest that a material change had taken place in the battle, and that ere it was gained some ugly up-hill work was yet to be done.

Marshal Beresford, who arrived at this moment, galloped up to the head of a brigade of the 5th division, which he took out of the second line, and for a moment covered the retreat of Cole's troops; but this force—composed of Portuguese—was insufficient to arrest the progress of the enemy, who advanced in the full confidence of an assured victory, and at this moment Beresford was carried off the field wounded. Bonnet's troops advanced, uttering loud cheers, while the entire of Cole's division and Spry's brigade of Portuguese were routed. Our centre was thus endangered. Boyer's dragoons, after the overthrow of the French left, countermarched, and moved rapidly to the support of Bonnet; they were also in the track of his infantry, and the fate of this momentous battle might be said to hang by a hair. The fugitives of the the 7th and 4th French divisions ran to the succour of Bonnet, and by the time they had joined him, his force had, indeed, assumed a formidable aspect, and thus

reinforced, it stood in an attitude far different from what it would have done, had Pack's brigade succeeded in its attack.

Lord Wellington, who saw what had taken place by the failure of Pack's troops, ordered up the 6th division to the support of the 4th, and the battle, although it was half-past eight o'clock at night, re-commenced with the same fury as at the outset.

Clinton's division, consisting of six thousand bayonets, rapidly advanced to occupy its place in the combat, and relieve the 4th from the awkward predicament in which it was placed, and essayed to gain what was lost by the failure of Pack's troops, in their feeble effort to wrest the Arapiles height from a few brave Frenchmen: but they were received by Bonnet's troops at the point of the bayonet, and the fire opened against them seemed to be three-fold more heavy than that sustained by the 3rd and 5th divisions. It was nearly dark, and the great glare of light caused by the thunder of the artillery, the continued blaze of musketry, and the burning grass, gave to the face of the hill a novel and terrific appearance—it was one vast sheet of flame, and Clinton's men looked as if they were attacking a burning mountain, the crater of which was defended by a barrier of shining steel. But nothing could stop the intrepid valour of the 6th division, as they advanced with desperate resolution to carry the hill.

The troops posted on the face of it to arrest their advance were trampled down and destroyed at the first charge, and each reserve sent forward to extricate them met with the same fate.

Still Bonnet's reserves having attained their place in the fight, and the fugitives from Foy's division joining them at the moment, prolonged the battle until dark.

These men, besmeared with blood, dust, and clay, half naked, and some carrying only broken weapons, fought with a fury not to be surpassed! but their impetuosity was at length calmed by the bayonets of Clinton's troops, and they no longer fought for victory but for safety. After a desperate struggle they were driven from their last hold in confusion, and a general and overwhelming charge, which the nature of the ground enabled Clinton's troops to make, carried this ill-formed mass of desperate soldiers before them, as a shattered wreck borne along by the force of some mighty current. The mingled mass of fugitives fled to the woods and to the river for safety, and under cover of the night, succeeded in gaining the pass of Alba, over the Tormes. It was ten o'clock at night—the battle was ended. At this point it had been confined to a small space, and the ground, trampled and stained, gave ample evidence of the havoc that had taken place. Wellington, overcome as he was with fatigue, placed himself at the head of the 1st and light divisions and a brigade of cavalry, and following closely the retreating footsteps of the enemy, with those troops who had not fired a shot during the battle, left the remnant of his victorious army to sleep upon the

field of battle they had so hardly won. Lord Wellington renewed the pursuit at break of day, and Brock and Anson's brigades of cavalry having come up during the night, and crossing the Tormes, the pursuers were enabled to overtake the enemy's rear guard, both of cavalry and infantry, near La Serna—they were attacked immediately by the dragoons, and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. The pursuit was continued as far as Peneranza—the scattered remains of Marmont's army retreated through Flores de Avelin, and from thence by Arevalo towards Valladolid, where they were joined by the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north, who, with all their efforts, could not arrive sooner."

The loss in this sanguinary battle was immense on both sides; on the part of the British, Major-General Le Marchant, Lieutenant Colonel Barlow of the 61st, and five hundred killed. Marshal Beresford, Lieutenant Generals Cotton, Leigh, Cole, Major-General Allan, Colonels Elley, Barnes, Kingsbury, Bird, Cuyler, Ellis, Miles, May, Bingham, and Williams, and three thousand and seventy-one others of all ranks, wounded, one hundred and one missing; of the Portuguese, three hundred and thirty-eight killed, sixteen hundred and forty-eight wounded, two hundred and seven missing; Spaniards, two killed, four wounded; total, eight hundred and forty killed, four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three wounded, and three hundred and eight missing. Of the enemy seven thousand were taken prisoners, and six thousand were put *hors de combat*, twenty pieces of cannon were captured, besides the numerous ammunition waggons, several eagles,* six colours, one General, three Colonels, three Lieutenant Colonels, and one hundred and thirty officers of inferior rank. Marshal Marmont was struck early in the action by a shell, which broke his right arm and made two large wounds in his side. General Bonnet, second in command, was wounded early in the day, as were Generals Clausel and Menne. Among the killed were General of Division Ferey, and Generals Thomiers and Desgraviers, and an immense number of other officers.

Great rejoicings took place in England on the occasion of this victory; three nights' illumination, &c. Earl Wellington was created by the Prince Regent, a Marquis of the United Kingdom; and he was allowed as a further honour to add to his Armorial bearings in the dexter quarter, "An Escutcheon, charged with the Crosses of St. George, St Andrew, and St. Patrick, being the Union badge of the United Kingdom, as a lasting memorial of his glorious and transcendent achievements." He had before been elevated by the Spanish Regency to the rank of a Grandee of Spain, with the

* It is said, that when Lord Wellington, before sending home the dispatches, was anxious to collect all the eagles taken from the enemy, it was found that the Connaught Rangers had taken three, and had sold them to a suttler for a bottle of rum

title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and created a Knight of the Golden Fleece. Lord Wellington was also created by the Portuguese Regency, in addition to his title of Conde de Vimiero, Marquis of Torres Vedras.

The opposing armies in the late battle were nearly of equal strength, and were estimated at fifty thousand men each. Clausel (who now had the chief command of the French retreating army) had about thirty-six thousand men; these he led by forced marches to Valladolid. The allies arrived at Olmedo on the 28th, and they occupied Valladolid on the 30th, being unable to overtake the "army of Portugal," which effected its retreat to Burgos.

On the 1st of August, the New Constitution of the Spanish Nation was proclaimed, with all due pomp and solemnity, at Salamanca; all the grandees, heads of religious houses, colleges, municipality, and military assisting at the ceremony. On the 3rd, Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral, bull fights performed, illuminations and every other appearance of joy manifested by the released citizens; so rejoiced were they at being ridded of French fraternity.

Joseph Bonaparte had left Madrid on the 21st of July, and marched by the Escurial to Alba de Tormes. He had already reached Blanco Sancho, near Arevalo, when he heard of the defeat of Marmont's army, at Salamanca; he retrogaded as far as Espiner, where he arrived on the 26th, and being ashamed to return to his capital without attempting something, he made a movement on his right, and took possession of Segovia. His object was to take off the attention of the Marquis of Wellington from Clausel's army, so as to allow the latter time to rally his defeated forces.

The reception of the British General at Valladolid was as enthusiastic as in Salamanca; of which, thus writes an eye-witness.*

"On the 30th we entered Valladolid; two squadrons of the 12th light dragoons had the honour of escorting Lord Wellington on his *entrée*, and were the only British troops who entered the town; the reception was flattering, and if we were to trust to appearances, the people must have been in great joy; shouts of "*Viva los Ingleses*" almost stunned us. His Lordship was received with all the honours of war by Martinez' corps of Guerilla, in the Plaza Major; the windows of the square were crowded with people, whose exclamations corresponded with the pedestrian spectators.

"The French left in the town six hundred men, mostly sick and wounded, whom we took prisoners. Before their departure they destroyed a large quantity of stores, waggons, arms, &c, and blew up the bridge over the Pisuerga, near the town. The bridge over the Douro, at Tudela, is also destroyed. King Joseph is watched by the 2rd, 4th, and 7th divisions, the heavy Germans, and the Portuguese cavalry, under General D'Urban, who are very fine troops.

"The general officers on both sides have not been neglected by

* Journal of an Officer.

the balls. Marmont's wound is severe; the irritation of his mind increases it much. General Ferey died of his wounds at Almeida. The enemy are retreating towards Burgos and Aranda; from the former we are thirteen leagues, from the latter eight. The Guerillas are active against stragglers and small bodies; at Mugos, four leagues hence, they killed seven and took five yesterday. We who have the advance, have but little spare time; we mount every morning at two o'clock, and pass sometimes twelve or fourteen hours on horseback."

A French officer at Valladolid said, "that the army never had so severe a business."

The Marquis of Wellington now advanced to Madrid; and whilst the advanced guard and left continued the pursuit of the army of Portugal, his Lordship moved with the right along the Cega to Cuellar. On the day of Wellington's arrival at the latter, Joseph Bonaparte retired from Segovia by the Guadarama pass,—leaving at Segovia some cavalry under General Espert, first spiking the guns, and destroying the ammunition, stores, &c.

On the 7th of August the Marquis of Wellington detached a force, under Brigadier General D'Urban, to occupy Segovia: it was taken possession of; and on the following day the British advanced to St. Ildefonso, where the force was to be collected for the attack of Madrid. The passage of the Guadarama, a lofty mountain, was not even disputed by the enemy, and the corps of Brigadier General D'Urban, supported by Captain Macdonald's troop of horse artillery, moved forward early on the 11th, from Galapagas, and, with the heavy brigade of the German legion from Torrelodonas, drove in the French cavalry, and made themselves masters of Majalahonda. The enemy's cavalry, who had been compelled to retire in the morning, returned in greater numbers in the latter part of the day, and assumed an offensive position. D'Urban immediately formed the Portuguese cavalry in front of Majalahonda, which he supported with the horse artillery. The Portuguese cavalry being ordered to charge the enemy's leading squadrons (they being advanced apparently too far from their main body) they trotted up with some show of resolution; but as soon as they came within a few paces of the French they hesitated, and disgracefully turned round and fled through the village back upon the German dragoons, leaving Macdonald's troop of horse artillery totally unprotected. The enemy advanced quickly, and took the guns; the German legion now charged the French, and succeeded in checking their further approach, but with some loss. At this moment the left wing of the British army was at Puente De Ratemer, on the Guadarama, about two miles from the scene of action—upon hearing the firing, Colonel Ponsonby's brigade of light cavalry came up at full gallop, and quickly changed the scene; the enemy were

driven back upon the village, and as night came on retired upon Alcorcon, leaving the captured guns nearly in the same place where they had fallen into their temporary possession.

After this affair, which could hardly be considered as a check, the French, under Joseph Bonaparte, with the army of the centre, made no further efforts, but retreated by the roads of Toledo and Aranjuez, leaving only a garrison in the Retiro. This is an ancient palace of the Spanish monarchs, and is situate on an eminence on the east side of the city of Madrid, and surrounded by extensive grounds. The French had converted it into a kind of citadel, and had strongly fortified it.

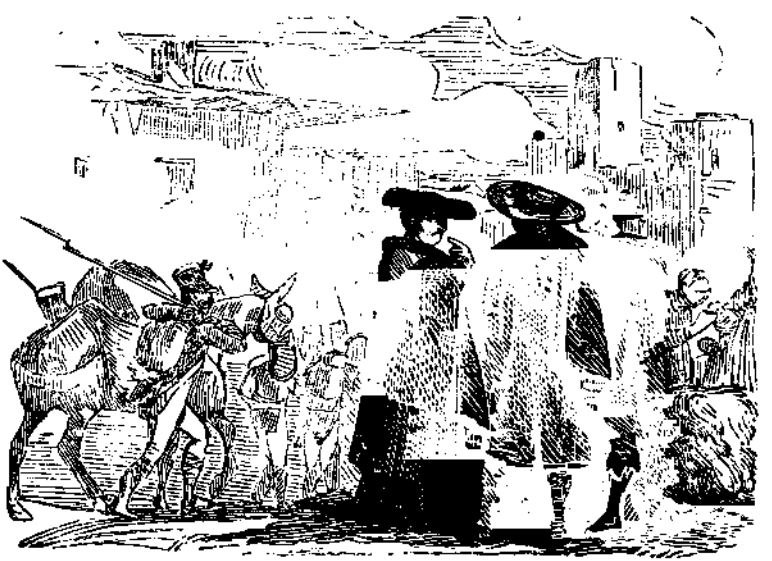
The Marquis of Wellington, although in complete possession of Madrid, still deemed it necessary to direct the investment of the Retiro, which was accordingly done on the 13th, by detachments of the 7th division of light infantry, under Major General Hope; and the 3rd division under the Honourable Major General Edward Pakenham, who drove the enemy's posts from the Prado, the Botanical garden, and from the works outside the park-wall. The British were making preparations to assault the interior line, and the building called La China, when the governor sent a flag of truce to capitulate. Honourable terms were granted by the Marquis of Wellington, and the garrison, which consisted of two thousand five hundred men, besides two colonels and other officers, were allowed to march out with all the honours of wars, retaining their private property, &c. The French proceeded by the road to Ciudad Rodrigo on the 14th, and the British troops took possession of the whole works of the Retiro.

A great quantity of military and other stores fell into the hands of the captors, consisting of one hundred and eighty-one pieces of ordnance, twenty-one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two round of shot, one thousand one hundred and forty-eight shells, twenty-three thousand muskets, near three million of ball cartridges, of the army of the centre; these were exclusive of eight field guns, a quantity of shot, seven hundred barrels of powder, eight hundred thousand ball cartridges, with an immense quantity of intrenching tools, &c. which belonged to the army of Portugal.

The manner in which the British army entered the capital of the Spanish Monarchy, bespeaks the feelings of the inhabitants on that event.—"At length we have reached," says a participator in this welcome reception, "the summit of our hopes and wishes; Lord Wellington entered this city on the 12th instant. It is not in my power to give you an adequate idea of the enthusiasm with which we have been received. The whole population came out to meet us, with tears of joy. Every individual, from the first to the last, embraced either the officer or soldier whom they could lay hold of, whilst we were marching. They invited us to their houses, and insisted upon our drinking wine with them, almost at every corner of

the streets. In the evening, the ancient government of Cortes and Ferdinand VII. was proclaimed anew, amidst the acclamations of the whole town. The soldiers of the Empecinado and del Medico, appeared quite proud of parading in the streets of their capital. The illuminations were splendid, and consisted chiefly of torches placed on the balconies. All the parlours were hung on the outside with magnificient silk tapestry. It was indeed no small gratification for an Englishman to walk in the streets of Madrid, and to be saluted by the Spaniards as the deliverer of their country, &c."

In the Madrid Gazette was a high-flown address to the English, which began thus: "Brave and gracious allies, you have not met in Madrid with the pomp due to your triumphs; but the people have unbosomed their hearts to you—those hearts so constant in adversity, and as firm in their resolves, as tender as grateful." However willing the Spaniards were to open their hearts, they were not quite so ready to open their purses, for their inflated priase of their "deliverers" came down to freezing point, when the Marquis of Wellington asked for a loan of two millions of piasters.



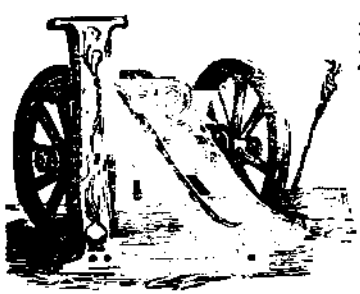


BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

CHAPTER V.

1812.—1813.

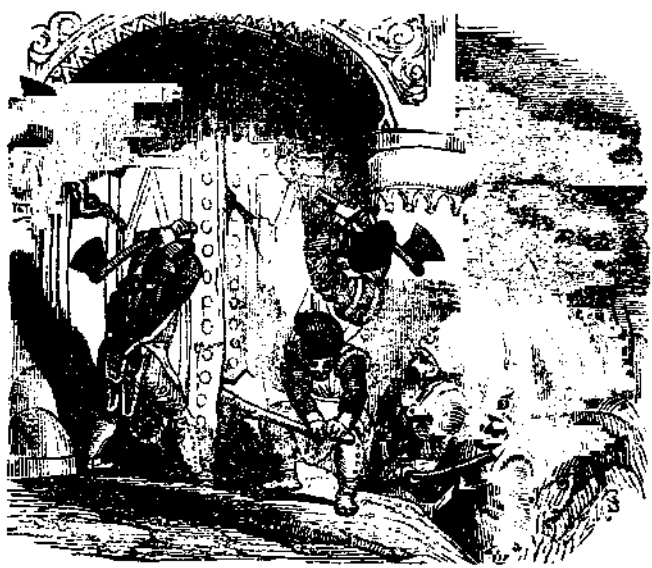
DEFENSIVE OPERATIONS OF THE SPANIARDS.—RAISING OF THE SIEGE OF CADIZ.—SIEGE OF BURGOS.—RETREAT OF THE BRITISH.—SKIRMISHES.—BATTLE OF VITTORIA.—SIEGE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—BATTLE OF THE PYRENEES.—PASSAGE OF THE BIDASSOA.—STORMING OF THE POSITION OF ST. JEAN DE LUZ.



LEAVING for a time the immediate subject of our narrative, we shall now take a rapid glance at the efforts made by the Spaniards themselves, in other parts of the Peninsular. The French, under Suchet, had beseiged Tarragona early in May. On the 8th the enemy established a great redoubt on the sea shore. The guns of the English squadron in the roads warmly opposed the erection of this redoubt, as it was calculated to obstruct, if not altogether intercept the communication between the town and the fleet. This attempt, however, failed.

On the 10th General Campoverde entered Tarragona with troops from Catalonia, and on the 14th the beseiged made a sortie with six thousand men, furiously attacked the French, overthrew all obstacles, destroyed several works, and retired only when the enemy had collected a force to attack them. Again on the 21st, General Sarsfield, at the head of several thousand *miquelets*, drove the French from Alcova, on the high road to Lerida. Suchet, however, sent

against them some choice troops, who easily dispersed this irregular force. On the 27th four heavy batteries were completed against Fort Oliva, to obstruct which the garrison made a sortie; they succeeded in beating back the first posts of the besiegers, and were in the act of destroying the works, when General Salm came up at the head of three battalions, and succeeded in driving the garrison into the town; but in this he was killed on the spot by a musket ball. On the 18th these batteries opened; and in spite of the excellent fire kept up from the Spanish guns, succeeded in dismounting several, and by the next day a breach was made: this was stormed by the French at midnight; the assailants were repulsed by the great intrepidity of the garrison, and the assault would have completely failed, but that the extreme darkness of the night enabled a column to march unobserved, and take possession of the gate, which they forced open with hatchets. The



Spanish force, which was weak at this point, retired in confusion, and the garrison at Fort Oliva were put to the sword, and the Fort itself seized. The taking this fort greatly facilitated the proceeding against Tarragona, and on the 1st of June the French constructed their first parallel, about one hundred fathoms from the body of the place: the siege proceeded, however, but slowly; and on the evening of the 21st three breaches were made, to attack which five columns marched, one for each breach, and two to scale the ramparts. This attack was successful; four columns succeeded in getting into the town, but the 5th was defeated by General Sarsfield. The French who got into the town, made dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants; they

gave no quarter to the garrison, two thousand of whom were put to the sword, the remainder retreated to the upper town, where, with the assistance of the British fleet, they kept the enemy in check for some time; but on the 28th the French made the fifth assault, and took the place. A frightful scene of slaughter followed,* "four thousand men were slain in the town; from ten to twelve thousand tried to escape into the country by leaping from the walls, but one thousand of these were cut to pieces, or drowned. About ten thousand (five hundred of whom were officers) have been taken prisoners, and marched to France. Nearly one thousand five hundred lie wounded in the hospitals of the town, where their lives had been spared in the midst of the slaughter. Three Major-Generals and the Governor are among the prisoners. Several other superior officers are among the dead. Twenty stands of colours, three hundred and eighty four battering pieces, forty thousand cannon balls, or bombs, and five hundred thousand quintals of gunpowder and lead, are in our power, &c."

The conduct of the French after the assault is said to have been most horrible; on entering the town they slew indiscrimately all they found. The governor has been greatly blamed for protracting the defence after the engineers of Colonel Skerret's corps (an English force we landed to assist the defence) had declared the place untenable, and had re-embarked in consequence.

After the fall of Tarragona, Suchet repaired the fortifications, and marched to Montserret, where the Spaniards, under the Marquis d'Ayroles, were greatly annoying the French at Barcelona. The reader will recollect that this mountain derives its name of Monte Serrado, or the Sawed Mountain, from its consisting of an assemblage of immense pyramids seated on a great number of insulated rocks. This post, so strong by nature, was but slightly guarded (as usual) by the Spaniards. The French *Voltiguers* climbed the rocks at every place where they were accessible, and drove the Spaniards from them at the point of their bayonets; the Marquis d'Ayroles himself escaping only by the darkness of the night. Suchet then retired to Arragon to prepare for his contemplated expedition against the kingdom of Valentia.

In Catalonia, the Spanish army under the Marquis de Campoverde, although they were unsuccessful against Fort Montjuic—the key of Barcelona—yet they contrived to surprise Figueras; and in which they left four thousand men, under General Martinez. The French, under General Barraguay d'Hilliers, who commanded in Upper Catalonia, hastened to invest Figueras. The Marquis de Campoverde, attempting to throw supplies into the place, was obliged to fight a most sanguinary battle almost under the walls of the fortress, in which he was defeated by the French with great loss. Martinez, thus deprived of assistance, attempted to cut his way through Marshal Macdonald's army, but in this he was unsuccessful (although the

* Suchet's report to Prince Berthier.

Spaniards fought with desperate valour), and was compelled to surrender himself and garrison prisoners of war.

In the other provinces the daring of the bands of Guerillas, particularly that under the Marquis de Porlier, more generally known as the *Marquesito*, greatly harrassed the French in the Asturias, and even fought some well contested battles with them. Mina also made himself the terror of the French convoys in Navarre, Biscay, and on the road from Burgos to Bayonne.

Ballasteros, it it true, made but little progress in Niebla, afterwards retreating into Andalusia. This conduct is supposed to have been influenced by his jealousy of Lord Wellington's appointment by the Cortes, as Generalissimo of the Spanish armies; it is but justice, however, to say, that Ballasteros maintained himself, in spite of repeated attacks of the French, between Ronda and Gibraltar. He is blamed for not having made an attempt upon Seville, at the time of the battle of Albuera, between Beresford and Soult.

In July, Blake, who had left the allied army and crossed the Guadiana, after attempting to scale the castle of Niebla, in which he failed, embarked troops for Cadiz, without any apparent object; he left that city in a few days and landed at Almeira, where he formed a junction with the army at Murcia; he made his way toward Murcia, but on the 10th of August was totally routed by Soult; and of his army of twenty thousand men not more than seven or eight thousand even rallied; these retreated to Lebrilla, where they established themselves, and thus were enabled to cover Murcia and Carthagena.

At the beginning of the following year (1819), Blake had shut himself and army up in Valentia. Suchet's force immediately invested it, and completed their first parallel, and opened their trenches early in January; on the 8th the French mines were preparing to blow up the wall which enclosed the town; when Blake, to spare, as he said, Valentia the horrors of a storm! offered to capitulate; this was effected on the 9th, and the garrison declared prisoners of war. By this act the loss to the allies was eighteen thousand good troops, three hundred and seventy-four pieces of ordnance, and stores of all kinds!

A glorious defence was made at Tariffa by Colonel Skerret, who with a garrison of one thousand English troops and about the same number of Spaniards beat off the French army, commanded by General Leval, who is said to have had ten thousand men; these retreated after several attempts to take the place by storm.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by General Lacy and the Baron d'Eroles, at the head of ten thousand Spaniards, to relieve Tarragona. This led to a battle on the heights of Altafala with the French, in which the Spanish army was defeated, and obliged to retreat by the mountains toward Cervera.

At Alicant the Spaniards made a good defence against a French detachment under Montbrun, who had the temerity to summon it; and was laughed at for his folly; they were equally successful against General Harispe's division. Shortly after, O'Donnel was foolish enough to give battle to General Harispe, and was routed with great loss. Nothing can excuse the conduct of O'Donnel, because General Maitland, with six thousand British troops from Sicily, was off the coast, and in fact landed at Alicant the day after this ill-advised battle.

Ballasteros gained some advantage over Maransin, near Cartanra, and pursued him as far as Malaga. Such is a hasty view of the exertions of the Spaniards themselves during the period of the late operations of the allied army: under the Marquis of Wellington, which we left after his triumphal entry in Madrid. We resume now our narrative of his lordship's proceedings in that capital. On the 24th of August, intelligence was received at Madrid that the city of Valentia had surrendered to the expedition sent against it from Majorca, and that Tarragona and Lerida had also been taken possession of by the allies. This good news was scarcely known when the still more important intelligence was sent to Lord Wellington, that the French had raised the siege of Cadiz, and altogether withdrawn from before that city, on the 25th of August. This siege was extraordinary, not only for the time it occupied, but for the immense means taken to secure its success. This was one of the beneficial effects of the battle of Salamanca. The citizens of Cadiz had thus endured a siege of thirty-one months; a siege which, in fact, was more harrassing than dangerous, the city being placed beyond the reach of bombardment, after the dismantling of the fort, and was otherwise protected from the danger of storm from the works on the Isla de Leon, and the defences thrown by the duke d'Alberquerque Graham. The retreat of the French was hailed with joy. "The greatly desired moment," said one of the Spanish journalists, "is arrived when we behold the haughty and insulting foe broken down and humbled, even on these coasts of the Peninsular. The siege of Cadiz is raised! The brilliant triumphs and progress of the allied army, led on by *the great* English general, have already produced the most felicitous results. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and its safety insured on the plains of Salamanca. The tenacity of the Vandal Soult, in retarding this happy moment, will in the end prove greatly advantageous to the common cause.

"Such has been the issue of the incessant labours of the enemy against Cadiz; labours which have been often blazoned in the French reports as models of their kind, and as, like the works of the Romans, calculated to excite the admiration of the world."

Soult retreated from Cadiz, in good order, and almost unmolested, except by Colonel Skerret, who, with his troops harrassed the rear-guard of the French on their route to Seville; the Colonel, in conjunc-

tion with Spanish troops, under General Cruz, made a gallant dash at Seville, of which he took possession, and compelled the French to continue their retreat by the road to Cordova, with the loss of some killed and wounded, together with two hundred prisoners. Soult continued his retreat by way of Grenada, followed by Ballasteros. Joseph Bonaparte had broken up at Ocana, and was apparently proceeding to Valencia, General Clausel (who had succeeded Marmont) had by this time re-organized his army, and having received some re-inforcements, had pushed a strong reconnoitering party to Tudela, and by this movement obliged General Anson to recross the Duoro; the British corps of observation falling back to Arevalo.

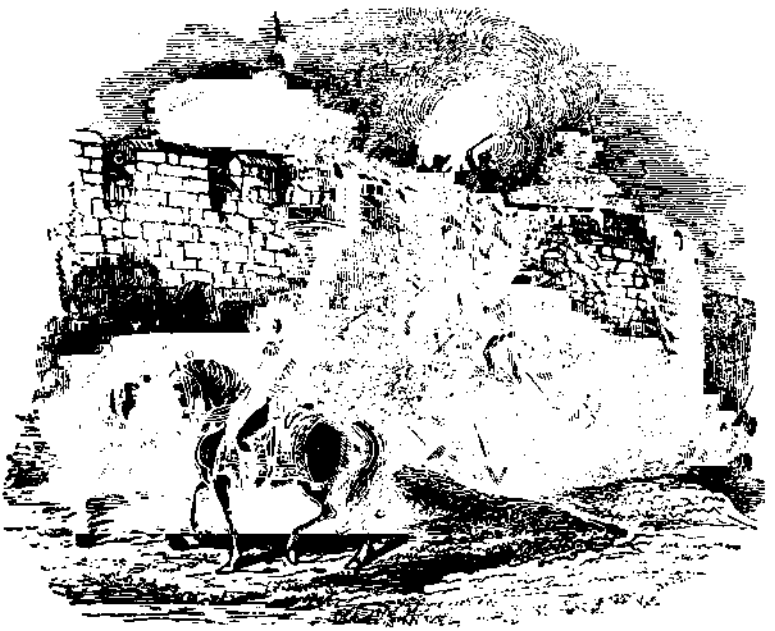
The Marquis of Wellington deemed it adviseable again to take the field. Accordingly, on the 1st of September he left Madrid, and on the 6th he crossed the Duoro unmolested; the next day he entered Valladolid, which the French had abandoned the night before; destroying in their retreat the bridges over the Pisuerga; on the 16th Lord Wellington reached Pampliega, near Burgos. Three divisions of the Galician army joined here, and the allies entered Burgos on the 19th, the enemy having retreated to Briviesca, leaving in the castle of Burgos a garrison of two thousand men under the command of General Dubreton.

General Pack, by crossing the Arlouzon, had forced the enemy to withdraw his outposts; they keeping only the hornwork on St. Michael's Hill. This point Lord Wellington determined to storm; and it was accordingly assaulted on the following night by General Pack's division, and was taken (with five hundred prisoners) in spite of a most vigorous resistance by the French garrison.

The success of this induced Lord Wellington to attempt to take the castle by a similar attack, and on the night of the 22nd several columns advanced with ladders to scale it, but the French received them with such determination and valour, that after repeated efforts the storming columns were obliged to retire.

The besiegers were now compelled to proceed in form. It is alleged, that the Marquis of Wellington did not evince his usual foresight in attempting to take the castle of Burgos by a *coup de main*, but that he should have proceeded, as in the case of Badajoz, by regular siege, and only have made the assault when the breach was effected, and when the garrison had been exhausted by the fatigues of a vigilant defence of fifteen or twenty days. The British proceeded by mining, on the 29th they exploded one under the outer wall of the castle—the breach was practicable, a detachment ascended the rampart, but were not supported in sufficient time, and they were forced to retire. On the 4th of October another mine exploded, and a second breach was made; the besiegers lost not a moment in making the assault, and possessed themselves of the outer works. The French, however, fought with the greatest bravery, and defended

their works so well, that no further advantage was obtained. Several sorties were made with more or less success. On the 15th, the French army moved so as to force the allies to raise the siege of



Burgos; Lord Wellington offered battle to Clausel, placing his army in array, his right wing being on the Arlauzon, and his left towards Ibeas and Robiena. The only collision which took place, however, was by General Paget with two divisions, having repulsed a French force which had advanced to Quintana Palla.

On the 21st, the Marquis of Wellington being informed that Soult was approaching the Tagus, and threatening the force of General Hill, he resolved to abandon the siege of Burgos; this he did on the 22nd, and the allied army fell back to the Duoro. The loss of the allies before Burgos was considerable, but not by any means to be compared to that which a battle might have produced. Soult was now proceeding rapidly to Valentia, so as to form a junction with the combined army of Suchet and Joseph Bonaparte, and Decaen was marching from Barcelona to the same point, upon which Ballasteros immediately took possession of Grenada. This was nearly the last act of General Ballasteros, who was shortly after dismissed from his command for disobedience of the orders of the Marquis of Wellington—which

it is said was wilfully done, by reason of his jealousy of the appointment of Lord Wellington as Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish armies. General Virues succeeded Ballasteros in the command of his army.

Thus, in the early part of October, four French armies, little short of eighty thousand men, were united in Valentia, and began their march for the Tagus, by the high road from Valentia to Aranjuez.

The Marquis of Wellington's feelings, on being obliged to retire from Burgos, were not those of disappointment or regret, as it appears from his letter* to the Secretary of State. "Your Lordship is aware, that I never was very sanguine in my expectations of success in this siege of Burgos, notwithstanding that I considered success was attainable even with the means in my power, within a reasonably limited period. If the attacks made on the first line on the 22nd or the 29th (September), had succeeded, I believe we should have taken the place, notwithstanding the ability with which the Governor conducted the defence, and the gallantry with which it was executed by the garrison. Our means were limited; but it appeared to me that if we should succeed, the advantage to the cause would be great, and the final success of the campaign would have been certain.

"I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the officers and troops during the siege, particularly with the brigade of guards."

The following diary of a field officer will serve to elucidate many interesting circumstances of this retreat, and show correctly the condition of the allied army in the retrograde movement.

"October 21st. The retreat began at sun-set of this day, and with the exception of a small force left to blockade the castle, the army was in full march with the first darkness of the night The first division, being on the heights on the other side of Burgos, towards Monestrio, had to fall back upon the town and bridge, and to pass the latter under the cannon of the castle, by which it was fully commanded. The division did not reach Burgos till near midnight; it succeeded in passing the bridge without alarming the enemy, and followed the rest of the army. About six in the morning the army reached Caleda del Camino, the light cavalry being in advance on the flanks at two villages, Esteven and Balier.

"October 22nd. The army remained in bivouac three or four hours, and thence continued its retreat to Aledad de Cima, eight miles. The troops left in blockade of the castle retired at day-break of this day, and joined the army on its march from Caleda to Aledad. The enemy did not discover the retreat of the allies till late on this day; they then collected about ten thousand men, and

* Public Despatches.

moved rapidly towards them; Lord Wellington, however, had prepared for them, by composing his rear-guard of tried troops and good strength. It consisted of two light battalions of the king's German legion, under Colonel Halket, and Major General Anson's, and Major General Bock's brigades of cavalry. The whole was under the direction of Sir Stapleton Cotton; and it was fully understood by these troops, as well as by their commander, that the safety of the army in a good measure depended upon their steadiness and conduct, inasmuch as the French were greatly superior in cavalry. Lord Wellington, likewise, now received information that the army of the enemy were greatly superior to what he had estimated. The enemy did not reach the army this day.

"October 23rd. The army continued its retreat towards Torrequemada. The enemy's whole army were now on the pursuit (if this term has any propriety on the present occasion). They reached Cedala del Camino as our army left Aledad for Torrequemada. Major General Anson here charged them twice with great success. The road was crossed by a rivulet in the immediate front of the village. The British rear-guard took a determined station on the bank nearest to Celada, and thus detained the enemy nearly three hours before they could force a passage. The rear-guard then retired slowly towards the main army; and the enemy having become cautious, and awaiting the arrival of more troops, left a considerable interval between themselves and this guard. The guerillas, who had been hovering in a kind of scattered form on the flank, now took courage, entered this interval, and made an irregular charge on the enemy. They were driven back as a matter of course, and four or five squadrons of the enemy having mixed with them, were allowed to approach us.—They were mistaken for Spaniards, nor were we undeceived, till they fell upon the flank and rear of our troops. Very considerable loss and still more confusion was the consequence. Lieutenant Colonel Pelly of the light dragoons was amongst the prisoners. Nor was this the whole of the misfortune of this unlucky mistake. The enemy availed himself of the delay and confusion to bring up the greater part of their cavalry, and matters began to assume a very serious aspect: Major Generals Bock and Anson made a charge upon them, but were immediately compelled to retire. The superiority of the enemy's cavalry was indeed overwhelming. They had at least thirty squadrons opposed to eight on our side. Our men had no difficulty in charging through one line and breaking the second; but they were then met by the third, and whilst they were preparing to charge that likewise, they found themselves shut in by the first line closing on their rear, so as to oblige them to make a third charge to extricate themselves. The failure of this charge of our rear-guard necessarily occasioned some confusion and even dispersion, and the enemy availed themselves of it to press their advantage with more vigour.

Lord Wellington now hastened to the spot, and ordered Colonel Halket with the brigade of light infantry to our assistance. The Colonel formed the brigade into squares, in *echellon*. The enemy immediately charged it, and were received with a fire from every front and flank of the *echellon*, as they came within its aim. The effect was prodigious. The enemy was not merely arrested in their progress, but apparently panic struck. They did not even return the fire, but retreated in confusion and dismay. Colonel Halket was loudly and deservedly praised, both by his Lordship and the army. It would be a want of soldierly candour and generosity to withhold the expression of our warm approbation. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that he saved our rear-guard, but he assuredly performed a most valuable service.

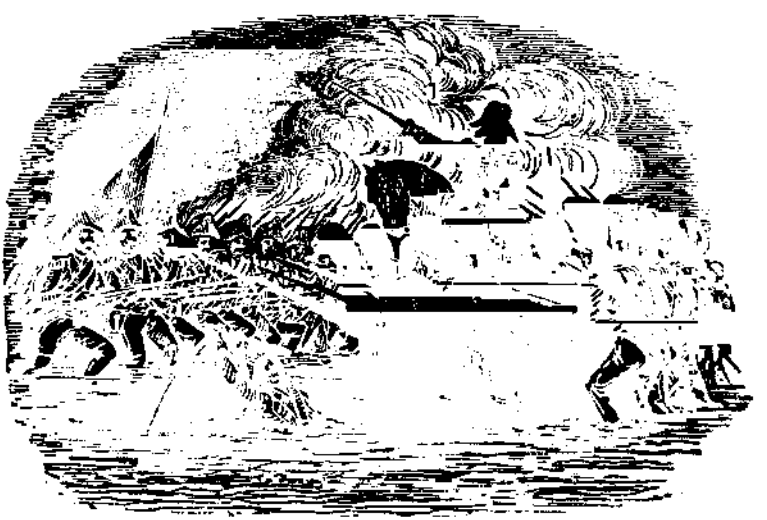
"October 24th. The army continued its retreat to Duenas, having destroyed the bridge over the Pisuerga at Torrequemada. The enemy followed, but were more shy than on the preceding day, evidently remembering their reception. It must not be denied, however, that the suffering and distress which necessarily accompany a retreat began to show themselves. And as the enemy's army began now to press upon the rear, having had time to collect in their full force; as their cavalry were greatly superior to our own, and as the roads and weather were unfavourable in the most extreme degree; heavy, sandy, and perpetual rains; and added to this the nature of the route, which was every where crossed by rivers and ravines; all these circumstances began to convert the difficulty and embarrasment into a degree of actual danger and distress, which required the perpetual exertions of all the abilities of the Marquis.

"These difficulties were caused by the following state of the retreating army. First; The duties of the inferior departments of the staff were very ill, not to say very ignorantly, executed. Every thing was confusion. This greatly added to the distress of the army. The situation of affairs would allow no repose, but in short bivouacs. And nothing could have rendered such bivouacs in any degree means of refreshment, and rest and comfort, but the utmost order and dispatch in settling the positions, and providing food, water, and fuel, on the instant. From the want of this order and dispatch the men were absolutely, for successive days, without an ounce of bread, though the army abounded in it, and nothing was wanted but the distribution of it. As for fuel for cooking, the men availed themselves of the absolute want of it as an excuse for going in search of it, in the course of which they either fell into the hands of the enemy, or committed the most frightful outrages on the farmers and peasantry. We may almost take upon ourselves to say, from the documents before us, that more prisoners were lost in the bivouac, than in the actual engagement with the enemy! The bivouac was hailed by the ill-disposed as the means of escape plunder, and desertion. The men, perhaps, would disappear for

some days, during which they were employed in marauding; they would then return under the pretence of having escaped from the enemy; by whom they stated themselves to have been taken prisoners, on the day they had been missed. The losses of the army in these circumstances became truly alarming. Secondly; Some of the regimental officers and some of the Brigadiers (we lament to say it) entirely neglected their duty of supervision and inspection, and appeared as if they considered the retreat as a mere race. The greater part of the march was of course in long columns. It is evident, therefore, that nothing could have prevented the disorder and indiscipline of a retreat, but a constant vigilance along the whole depth; and it was accordingly the duty of the officer to be perpetually on every part of his brigade. From the neglect of this duty there was a continual departure, or not to use words of unnecessary delicacy when the public service is concerned, a perpetual desertion from both flanks. Instead of dense and continuous columns the army moved as it were in swarm. It is in the very nature of the best conducted retreat to tend towards a flight. An army is a kind of machine, composed of an infinite number of individual parts, having no mutual connexion but in the moral union of discipline and military law. Take away this discipline and your army necessarily becomes disorganized into its component atoms. You have a mob of individuals, but no army; a panic will disperse them, and where a sense of duty (under the existence of this state of indiscipline) will only club them together, instead of restoring them to the union, order, and energy of a military whole, in natural connexion with its members. Thirdly; From the above causes the losses in prisoners became very considerable. The enemy, indeed, seeing the state of the retreat, and the unprecedented laxity of command and obedience, seem to have confined themselves to this advantage; they endeavoured to elude the necessity of any attack, and to content themselves with intercepting the straggling bodies. And their success in these attempts corresponded with what might be expected. They took to the amount of two, three, or four hundred of our men a day. The army this day marched to Duenas, and took up its ground on the Carron, with its right at Duenas, and its left at Villa Muriel. The first battalion 1st Guards here joined the army from Corunna. Duenas is a mere village eight miles from Torrequemada, and sixteen from Cabezon. It is said to be the Eldana of Ptolemy, and the country is beautiful.

"October 25th. The army halted this day on its position at Duenas, behind the Pisuerga, having the river between itself and the enemy. The Pisuerga at Duenas is a considerable stream, being swelled by the waters of the Carrion and Alarcon poured into it, which junction takes place about four miles on the Burgos side of Duenas. The road from Burgos to Valladolid has one very considerable advantage for a retreating army; that is to say, that it is crossed

every ten or twelve miles by a river over which the road passes by a ford or bridge. The Marquis of Wellington availed himself of this advantage. He took up his several positions upon the farther side of these rivers, destroyed the bridges, and thus interposed the stream as a barrier between himself and the enemy. He thus secured himself from surprise in his bivouacs, and the easy defence of the fords gave him a considerable advantage over the enemy. He had time to retreat in full leisure before his rear was forced. The enemy for example, upon reaching the banks and finding the bridges destroyed, had to seek a ford—they moved down the line of the stream on the one or the other flank for this purpose, and were accompanied in this movement by a division of the allied army on the opposite side. Upon finding the ford, the parties came in contact. If the enemy succeeded in forcing it, it became necessary to drive them back, or that the army should continue its march to avoid being turned in flank. But it more frequently happened that the enemy did not attempt, or did not succeed in forcing the ford till the main army was actually a league or two on its march, and that their rear-guard abandoned the defence because no longer necessary. Such was the general character of the manœuvres of both armies during the retreat. The one defending itself by skilful positions, and the other endeavouring, by means of distant fords on the right or left, to get on the flanks. The enemy made an



attempt of this kind in the halt of to-day. Our 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions were posted on the banks of the river, and defending it in front. Having observed this disposition, the enemy made a sudden

march to their right, reached Placentia, and crossed at that town. They thus came upon the left of the allied position of Villa Muriel. Lord Wellington ordered an immediate charge in front. The enemy, at the same time, were crossing the river by a newly discovered ford. They were attacked on the instant, and repelled with great loss by the 5th and Spanish divisions, who charged and bayoneted many of them mid-deep in the river. The Spaniards behaved with extraordinary courage. And the gallantry of our men deserved more eloquent praise, than it is in the power of our humble talent to give them. The British army never appeared greater than under circumstances in which any other army would have been lost. It is true, indeed, that it knew not how to retreat, because such retreat is opposed both to its feelings and its practice. But when its enemy, in confidence of its apparent disorder, rushed forward to reap the expected fruits of their advantage, they were taught, in the instant, that in a brave people danger is but the occasion of glory, and that they might venture the rear, but not the front of the British army. Never indeed is courage more formidable, than when a sense of honour awakens it in its full stature.

"October 26th. The army marched this day from Duenas to Cabezon, where it again took up a position behind the Pisuerga; as the bridge was here very strongly built, it was resolved rather to fortify than to destroy it. This was accordingly executed, and the army took up a position at its foot. The enemy soon arrived at the opposite bank.

"October 27th. The army halted this day in the above position at Cabezon. The enemy had now assembled their whole army on the opposite side of the Pisuerga, and this day they made a display of it, and drawing themselves out in array along the bank of the river. They appeared in great strength. Lord Wellington reconnoitered them in person, and thus mentions his inferences in his dispatch. 'I had an opportunity of seeing the enemy's army yesterday (October 27th), as they placed themselves opposite to us on the Pisuerga. They are certainly in very great strength. The army of Portugal has received a reinforcement of ten thousand men, including cavalry from France, and I have reason to believe there are two divisions of infantry now with this army belonging to the army of the north. The cavalry of Caffarelli's army is certainly with it, and they have at least five thousand good cavalry.'

"October 28th. The army still continued halted in the above position (Cabezan). The enemy this day extended their right, and made an attack on the bridge of Simancas. The Simancas bridge (over the Pisuerga) was defended by Colonel Halket, who so much distinguished himself on the 24th. He resisted their attempts for a long time, and being at length hardly pressed he blew it up. Seeing themselves foiled in this quarter, the enemy detached a considerable

force to Tordesillas, with the purpose of seizing the bridge over the Douro, at that town. Colonel Halket, with equal skill and alacrity, saw and understood the movement, and upon his own part, immediately detached the Brunswick Oel's regiment to the defence of the menaced points.

"October 29th. Colonel Halket's detachment had arrived in time the preceding evening to destroy the bridge of Tordesillas; but as this point was very critical, and that the forcing of the Douro by the enemy would have placed them on the line of our communication, the Marquis of Wellington deemed it necessary to hasten to that spot, and he this day put himself in march for that purpose. He crossed the Douro by the bridges of Ponte de Douro and Tudela, and thence marched to Rueda, which he reached the same day.

"October 30th. The English army was now in position on the south of the Douro, immediately opposite Tordesillas, on the north side. The enemy were at Tordesillas. The river, therefore, was between the two armies. The enemy and ourselves remained in this position from this day, the 30th, to the 7th of November. The enemy occupied themselves in this interval in repairing the bridges, in collecting the baggage and provisions, and in seizing the towns of Toro, Tordesillas, Valladolid, and the north line of the Douro. The Marquis of Wellington employed the same interval in refreshing and reposing his army, and in waiting for the junction of General Hill."

At the period of these operations by the allied army under the Marquis of Wellington, the detached force under General Sir Rowland Hill was compelled to quit the neighbourhood of Madrid in consequence of the advance of Soult and Joseph, who were making rapid progress towards the capital, the Tagus being every where fordable, and their having pushed a small body of troops over that river at Fuente Duenas. Sir Rowland Hill's retreat from Madrid was by the following route, viz:—Rosas, the Escurial, by the pass of the Guadarrama mountain to Villa Castin, from thence to Sabajos, Espenosa, and to Arevalo, where the junction was to take place.

The retreat of Hill's corps was attended with nearly equal difficulties as that of the allies from Burgos, and arose from nearly similar causes; the shameful state of the commissariat!

By some inconceivable error the plentiful stores in Madrid were destroyed when the army were in great want of them. The marches were long, and over the most horrible roads; the clothing wretched, and the army for days together without bread, or on a most miserable allowance. No order in marking out the ground for the bivouacs; the time allowed for rest and cooking was consumed in the search of means and place; add to this the autumnal inclemency of the weather, perpetual rains, and impassable

roads, and some inadequate notion can be formed of the character of this retreat.

The junction with the Allied Grand Army was effected on the 6th of November, at Arevalo; General Hill occupying the castle of Alba, while General Hamilton's Portuguese division was on the right bank of the Tormes. On the 9th the advanced posts were attacked by the French, and driven back to Alba de Tormes, and on the following day Hamilton was also attacked; the latter had thrown up a few entrenchments, which proved of very great assistance in the defence and preservation of his position. After a brisk fire, which lasted till night the French retired to the neighbouring heights.

Soult now occupied himself in reconnoitering the allied positions in the Tormes; and, although challenged to battle on the 14th and 15th, he was contented with entrenching himself on the heights of Mozorbes, and of sending some detachments towards Ciudad Rodrigo, to alarm Lord Wellington for his communication with that place. On the following day the allies were encamped on the Valmusa. A detachment of Soult's light troops concealed themselves in a wood on the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and took General Sir Edward Paget prisoner, almost in the centre of the allied army. It appears that he had rode forward to inquire into the cause of some delay, and was returning alone to his division when he was thus seized. This accident Lord Wellington deeply regretted, Sir Edward being a first-rate cavalry officer, who had rendered the most important services during the campaign. And as a proof of the estimation in which General Paget was held by his chief, the latter authorised him to guarantee the exchange of any French officer who was prisoner in England, for his own release.

The united French army opposed to that of Lord Wellington was, at this period, at least seventy thousand men, full of enthusiasm and hope, from the retreat of the British before Burgos; while that of the latter was dispirited from the same cause. It was, therefore, an act of consummate judgment on the part of the Marquis of Wellington to put his army into cantonments. This he did by taking strong positions on the left banks of the river Agueda. The French, who were as much in need of repose as the allied army, were not long in following this example. Marshal Soult fixed his head quarters at Toledo, while his troops were stationed between the Douro and the Tagus; Joseph Bonaparte returned to Madrid.

The disorganized state of the British army during the retreat from Burgos was a subject of deep regret to the Marquis of Wellington, and he had no sooner put his army into cantonments than he addressed the following letter to the Colonels commanding the several regiments.

"Sir,

"I have ordered the army into cantonments, in which I hope circumstances will allow me to keep them for some time, during

which the troops will receive their clothing, necessaries, &c. which are already in progress by different lines of communication to the several divisions and brigades. But, besides these objects, I must draw your attention in a very particular manner to the state of discipline of the troops. The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes, in some degree, relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but, I am concerned to have to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect in the late campaign to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disasters, it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather at a moment when they were most severe. It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos, on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over their men.

"Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity, and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever undertaken in which the troops made such short marches; none in which they made such long and repeated halts, and on which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army to some causes beside those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged. I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army. I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that as their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention, to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty (and the strict performance of duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served), they will in future give their attention to these points. Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to conceive that the period during which an army is on service, is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule, for the regulation and controul of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries and field

equipments, and his horse and horse appointments, for the receipt, issue, and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food, and the forage for his horse, must be strictly attended to by the officer of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army, a British army in particular, shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet an enemy on the day of trial. These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiment under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant inspection and superintendance of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments, and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority, and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty by being constantly under the view and superintendance of the officers. By these means the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the Provost, and to punishments by the sentence of court-martials, will be prevented; and the soldiers will not dare to commit offences and outrages, of which there are too many complaints, when they know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and their attention turned towards them. The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant real inspection of the soldier's arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries; in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article, and of the soldier's necessaries. With this view both should be inspected daily. In regard to the food of the soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked, in comparison with those of our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same as that of every other description—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and to the conduct of their men, and their consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c., to be cooked, and it would soon be found, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named as it ought to be, equally as for the parade, that cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy.

"You will of course give your attention to the field exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should

not loose the habit of marching, and the divisions should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the divisions be dry. But I repeat, that the great object of the attention of the general and field officers must be to get the captains and subalterns of the regiment to understand and to perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WELLINGTON.

Frenada, Nov. 28, 1812.

To ———, or the officer commanding the———"

It was to be expected that the reverse which attended the British army before Burgos, and its subsequent retreat, would excite disquietude in the public mind in England. Complaints were loud and numerous, that the advantages which ought to have resulted from the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the well fought battle of Salamanca, and ultimately the occupation of the capital, had not been realized, and that the British and their allies had been obliged to retreat to, and occupy their old quarters (certainly most judiciously chosen) near Salamanca. We shall pass over the criticism, however just, of the diurnal writers; and notice only such discussions as were, from their character, official—and, although we have not much fancy for such documents,—first, of the Prince Regent's Speech to the British Parliament. After praising the valour and intrepidity displayed by His Majesty's forces, and those of his allies in the Peninsular, during the late campaign, and the consummate skill and judgment with which the operations had been conducted by General the Marquis of Wellington, which had led to consequences of the utmost importance. By transferring the war into the interior of Spain, and by the glorious and ever memorable victory obtained at Salamanca, the Marquis had compelled the enemy to raise the siege of Cadiz, and thus the southern provinces of that kingdom had been delivered from the power and arms of France. With respect to the unfortunate events connected with the siege of Burgos, His Royal Highness said, that he could not but regret that the efforts of the enemy, combined with a view to one grand operation, had rendered it necessary to withdraw from before that fortress, and even to evacuate Madrid for the purpose of concentrating the main bodies of the allied forces; still these efforts of the enemy had been attended with important sacrifices on their part; sacrifices which would materially contribute to extend the resources and facilitate the exertions of the Spanish nation.

Upon the debate which ensued the Marquis Wellesley spoke at great length, (it must be observed that he was not then in the

ministry), and such a speech, from his near relationship to the hero of Salamanca, may be considered as indicative of his sentiments of the causes which produced the failures in the campaign of 1812. "The great and distinguished general," said he, "at the head of our army in the Peninsular, having reduced Badajoz, would at that season of the year have proceeded to the expulsion of the French force from the south of Spain. Whatever he might have thought proper to do at another period of the year, at the season in question, his object would have been to expel the French from the south. Why did he not do it? Because his means were deficient. He was under the necessity of repairing to the north, to oppose the incursion of the French army under Marmont—an incursion which, if our general had been able to keep a force near Ciudad Rodrigo, would never have been attempted, had it not been for this deficiency; he would then have cleared the south of Spain of the enemy. But he had no force to keep the enemy's troops in the north in check, though the army under Marmont was at that time inconsiderable. He then went to the north, and was under the necessity of remaining upon the frontier until the 13th of June. Then indeed he advanced—but why did he remain so long on the frontier? Because his means were inadequate: he had neither the necessary supplies of men, nor money, and was even without the common means of transport. He challenged any person to deny this, that he was even without the common means of transporting a battering train; and he then asserted, that even after the advance of the British army, previous to the battle of Salamanca, in addition to the want of money, that he had not above 20,000 dollars in the military chest, whilst the richest brigade in the army had not above three dollars. A sum of 47,000 dollars happened then to be on its passage for the Spanish army, and this he was under the necessity of applying to the purposes of the British forces. Under these circumstances he had been obliged to commence a real retreat on the 17th of July, only five days before the glorious epoch of the battle of Salamanca. This event indeed he acknowledged was one full of glory; but what was the cause of our success in that battle? Was it that the general was furnished with adequate means? No—it arose from an accident which could not reasonably have been hoped for—an error of the enemy, and the extraordinary talents of the general, who instantly took advantage of that error; who, in a moment, saw the opportunity of striking, and, with the rapidity of lightning, plunged his spear into the heart of the enemy."

Taking a general retrospect of the whole campaign, which the Marquis Wellesley rapidly glanced at, he said, that his brother had gained the battle of Salamanca—driven the French from the south of Spain—raised the siege of Cadiz—and entered Madrid—but did these advantages remain permanent? The plan of the general was to have pursued the defeated Marmont to the last extremity. Why

did he not? Because Joseph had a force operating on his flank. The occupation of Madrid was proper, as it was one of the principal depôts of the enemy, though it might even be doubtful how long it would be retained. But then Lord Wellington found that the defeated corps had made a movement to Valladolid, and he could not proceed to the south till he had driven off Marmont. He therefore moved again to the north; and then came the "siege of Burgos, the capture of which would have been next to a miracle, with the means in Lord Wellington's power." It might indeed have been taken by a *coup de main*, but what could two eighteen pounders have done against such a fortress? "I confess," said his Lordship, "without some further explanation, I cannot well see how, with the means possessed by Lord Wellington, success in that operation could have been well calculated upon. But, at all events, the general principle applies here also—that Lord Wellington was not furnished with means adequate to the object."

With respect to the affairs on the eastern coast of Spain, the Marquis Wellesley observed, that he had no intention of imputing blame to commanders, who, of course, were bound down by a higher authority; but what was done—what was the fact? Disturbances were, indeed, raised in Catalonia; most impolitic, and cruel, and injurious to the general cause; tending to produce nothing but dreadful executions among the people, and inspire them with the strongest suspicions of our feeling, our fidelity, and our courage. But what was the destination of this force?—Barcelona and Tarragona had been pointed out; but instead of these it went to Alicant, a place no man ever dreamt of as an *appui* for military operations. This, then, was the history of the Sicilian operations.

Lord Liverpool, in reply, said, that "he certainly admitted more might have been done with respect to sending reinforcements to Spain; he did not deny the simple fact, but contended that it still would have been impolitic in a general view, though perhaps beneficial to some extent in that particular one." He asked, would it be politic, for the sake of a formidable exertion in one campaign, and when there was no probability of that exertion being final, to exhaust the means of supporting future campaigns? Was every thing to be risked upon the turning up of a single die; and for the extraordinary flourish of this year, were we to throw away all our resources and debilitate all our future exertions? He then asserted, that all our exertions were always progressive, and that they had, in fact, grown with the progress of the war, and that even three or four years ago it would not have been thought possible to make those exertions which had taken place during the last campaign. Lord Liverpool added, that independent of the force required for our Indian Empire, our colonial possessions, and for our domestic defence on the 25th of June, 1812, we had in Sicily, the Mediterranean and the Peninsular, a force of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand

men, of which the British troops, including of course the Germans, amounted to ninety-one thousand, while the Portuguese might be reckoned at thirty-six thousand.

This was altogether independent of the Spanish armies. In that month, Lord Wellington, he said, had no less than fifty-eight thousand British troops under his command exclusive of Portuguese. Did this, then, he asked, argue no effort on the part of the ministers? Nay, he would ask, would it have been believed two or three years ago that this country could have made such exertions? He added, that since the 24th December, 1811, not fewer than twenty thousand men and seven thousand horses had been conveyed to the Peninsular.

Lord Liverpool then remarked upon the alleged deficiency of supplies; and he was prepared to say, that never was an army on the whole, better equipped, and never had any requisition been made by its illustrious commander, that had not been complied with. It was not the conduct of that great general, as it had been of some other generals, to demand more than was necessary. He knew his own means, and also the means of the government which employed him. In the correspondence between Lord Wellington and the government, the most complete openness had prevailed. On the one hand, ministers had told him what means they could furnish, and, on the other, his Lordship explained what it would be in his power to effect.

He denied, then, that the expectation of supplies which Lord Wellington had been induced to entertain, had been disappointed in every instance; true it was, that more might have been done, had there been at all times a greater command of specie, but this depended not on the British government, being entirely attributable to the confused state of affairs in South America, and to other circumstances of our exterior commerce.

Now as respected the Sicilian expedition, Lord Liverpool said, that every information had been sent to Lord Wellington in due time, and that its landing on the coast of Valentia was not a circumstance unknown to his Lordship. As to the spirit of the Catalonians being broken at its altered destination, this he did not consider to be the case: and he observed that the expedition to Alicant had at least contributed to raising the siege of Cadiz, and the evacuation of Andalusia, which Lord Wellington contemplated as one great object, had thereby effectually been accomplished.

At the commencement of the campaign, he asked, would any one have predicted the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajoz, and the deliverance of the South of Spain. Whoever had done so, would have been considered as a sanguine prophet.

Lord Liverpool further stated, that although the battering train at Burgos was small, it is a fact that there were three battering trains on the confines of Spain and Portugal; while the government at home, in expectation of distant sieges, had sent another battering train, which remained afloat at Lisbon, in readiness to be transported

by sea to any part of the Spanish coast. It was not, however, consistent with Lord Wellington's purpose, in rapidly advancing to the attack of Burgos, to wait the bringing up of a battering train. Even on the face of his despatches, he appears to have been aware that if it could not be taken without a train, it was not likely to have been taken at all; and he then added, that the refusal of Ballasteros to advance, would have been materially injurious to the final success of that enterprise, and the favourable issue of the campaign. It was, he said, Lord Wellington's opinion, that if Ballasteros had moved according to orders, from Granada to Almaraz, the French would not have been able to enter Madrid. The advance of the Spanish general would have rendered the force at Alicant disposable, and the French would not have made their movement on the Tagus, with Ballasteros on their left flank and the Sicilian force in their rear.

On a subsequent evening, when a vote of thanks was carried, some very amiable traits of the private character of the Marquis of Wellington were eulogised by Lord Somers; and the Marquis of Lansdown, with other opposition peers, bore willing testimony to his great merits as a Commander.

In the Commons, a message from the Prince Regent was received to settle an adequate sum upon the Marquis of Wellington, as a testimonial of the estimation in which his talents were held by the country. Lord Castlereagh went over the same ground as Lord Bathurst had done in the other house, and proposed, in addition to the thanks of the Commons to the Marquis of Wellington, and the other officers, &c., who were engaged in the campaign of 1812, "that the sum of £100,000 should be vested in the hands of trustees, to be laid out in the purchase of lands of that value, to be settled on Lord Wellington, his heirs, and successors;" this passed unanimously, excepting the opposition of Mr. Whitbread, which referred only to the time chosen for granting it.

Nearly at the same time the Marquis of Wellington was created by the Prince Regent of Portugal, a grandee of the first order in that kingdom, by the title of Duke of Vittoria; and on the 1st of January, 1813, he was appointed Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards of England.

The campaign of the year 1813 opened under the most favourable circumstances for the allies. The complete discomfiture of Napoleon's immense invasion of Russia, with the disastrous retreat of his army, while it caused the most enthusiastic joy in all the continental enemies of France, was productive of more immediate consequences in the affairs of the Peninsular. The withdrawal of Soult, who was commanded to Germany, with fifty thousand choice troops, had a much greater influence on the campaign than the mere numerical loss of French troops, great though it was. Marshal Soult was the first tactician of the French army, and though the campaign might

have ended with the same results, from the gallantry of the allied army, and the able dispositions of the Marquis of Wellington, yet there can be no doubt that the great errors of Joseph Bonaparte, or rather of his Major-General, Jourdan, would not have been committed, and the disgraceful flight of the French army (it was more than a



defeat) would certainly not have taken place.' During the time that the allies continued in their cantonments, the Marquis of Wellington was most diligently employed in re-organising not only his own army, but that of the Spanish; his time was incessantly occupied in

preparations to take the field in an efficient manner; large reinforcements were sent to him from England, and he had found the means of inducing the Spanish Regency to act with vigour.

These necessary proceedings occupied much time, and it was not until the 1st of May that his army was in motion. A pontoon train was likewise added to the *materiel*, a most valuable adjunct, as the part of the country where the Marquis of Wellington had determined to carry his operations was intersected by rivers in every direction.

To more completely elucidate the operations we are about to describe, and their results, it will be necessary to restate the precise line of cantonments occupied by the allies during the late winter and the early part of this year. Sir Rowland Hill with the 2nd division, and a body of Spaniards under General Murillo, was in Estramadura, and the remainder of the British and Portuguese occupied cantonments along the northern frontier of Portugal to Lamego. The Duke del Parque commanded an army in La Mancha, and the force of General Elio was stationed on the frontiers of Murcia and Valencia. The recent levies in Andalusia were intended to act as an army of reserve, and placed under the command of O'Donnel; the army of Gallicia was commanded by Castanos, and occupied the frontier of that province. It will be perceived that the French had directed their attention chiefly to the defence of the Douro, where they had erected fortifications at every assailable point.

Although the French force in Spain might be calculated at one hundred and sixty thousand strong, yet a large proportion was dispersed in garrisons and in the army of Suchet, which amounted to thirty-five thousand men. The armies of Portugal, the centre and the south, under command of Joseph Bonaparte, amounting collectively to seventy thousand men, were spread through Castile and Leon, with the general head-quarters at Madrid. The army of Portugal, under the immediate command of General Reille, had its head-quarters at Valladolid; that of the centre, under Drouet, was distributed around the capital, and the head-quarters of the southern army were at Toledo. Arragon and Biscay were also occupied by independent divisions, under Clausel and Foy.

By a glance at the map it will be seen, that the allied army occupied positions which formed an extensive semicircle round that of the enemy; and the latter evidently believed, they could, by a rapid concentration of the forces, baffle the efforts of their opponents along a line so extended; and they relied, too, upon their defences on the bank of the Douro—a very rapid river.

All the necessary preparations being completed by the 16th of May, the allied army began its march in three bodies. Five divisions, with a large force of cavalry, under Sir Thomas Graham crossed the Douro by means of boats at Lamergo, Torre-Moncorvo, and St. Ioao de Pesquera, whose orders were to move in the province of Tras Os Monets on Braganza and

Zamora, and afterwards to effect a junction with the army at Valladolid.

The Marquis of Wellington, with the light division, a brigade of cavalry, and a corps of Spaniards, moved on Salamanca by the direct route; and Sir Rowland Hill on the right, with the troops from Estramadura, was directed to advance on the same point by Alba de Tormes. By this masterly movement the enemy's strong position on the Douro was turned, as well as that of their whole force on the south of that river. These movements of the right and centre were executed with such rapidity that the officer in command at Salamanca had barely time to abandon the town, when it was entered by the British cavalry under General Fane, who pursued the enemy's rear-guard with great effect, and captured about two hundred prisoners and some guns. Lord Wellington then placed the divisions of the right and centre into cantonments, between the Tormes and the Douro and, passing that river, he joined the corps of General Graham.

This portion of the allied army had encountered serious difficulties from the impracticable character of the country through which its march lay. The roads were miserable, intersected at many points by rivers and ravines, and leading over steep mountains, up which the horses were unable to drag the artillery. By great exertions, however, these obstacles were overcome; the corps reached its point of destination on the appointed day, and took up a position, with the left resting on Tabara, in communication with the Gallician army.

The enemy were utterly unprepared for this movement of Lord Wellington. Their attention had hitherto been directed to the front of the position, and the possibility of the allied army effecting the passage of the Douro within the Portuguese frontier had never been contemplated. The corps of General Graham reached the Esla, therefore, without encountering an enemy, and a party posted to guard the fords near Lossilla hastily retired on his approach. On the 13th the fords were reconnoitred; but being found too deep, a bridge of pontoons was laid down for the passage of the troops; and on the 1st of June, General Graham encamped in the neigbourhood of Zamora, the enemy having fallen back on his approach.

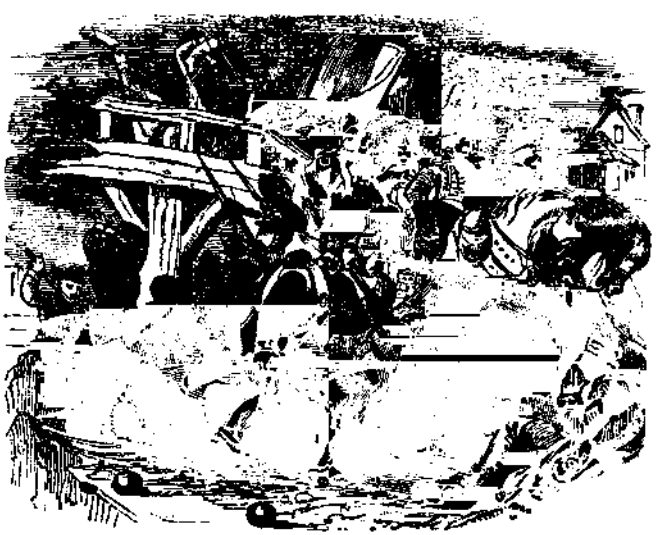
On the following day the French continued their retreat, after having destroyed the bridges at Toro and Zamora.

The British hussars, being in advance, came up with a large body of the enemy's cavalry, which was posted between Toro and Morales. The 10th, supported by the 18th and 15th, under Major Roberts, immediately charged the enemy in the most gallant style. The front line of the French made a most determined stand, but the impetuosity of the 10th and 18th could not be resisted, and they reached the enemy's second line, and drove it with loss to the heights, two miles in front of Morales; a position which the enemy occupied with a large force of cavalry and infantry, and where the remains of their shattered squadrons took shelter under cover of their guns.

In this affair the loss of the enemy was several killed, two hundred and ten prisoners, two officers, and several horses. The British lost two killed and nineteen wounded; Colonel Grant and Captain Lloyd being among the latter.

On the same evening Don Julian Sanchez surprised a post of the enemy, at Castronerno, took two officers and thirty cavalry prisoners, and drove their posts from the ford at Pollos. On the 3rd of June, General Hill's corps having crossed the Toro, the whole army directed its march on Valladolid. The French evacuated the latter city on the 4th, retreating in some confusion from thence. Here the allies found a quantity of ammunition.

This rapid advance of the allies had placed the army at Madrid in a very perilous situation, as, if it remained there, it would have been cut off from the army of the North, and from its line of communication with France. Joseph Bonaparte therefore, determined to abandon the capital; and crossing at Puente de Douro, succeeded in effecting a junction with the army of Portugal. The French armies,



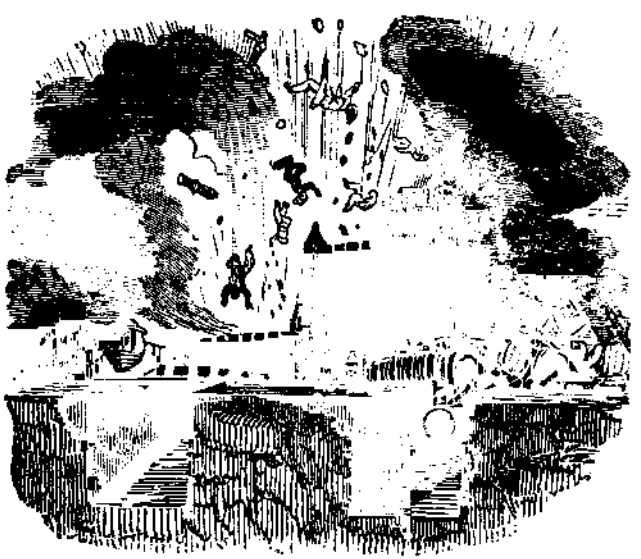
thus united, continued their retreat. On the 7th the allies having crossed the Carrion, on the following day they occupied both banks of the Pisuerga. On the 12th Sir Rowland Hill attacked the position of Hormazas, which was defended by General Reilla, having his right above the village, and the left in front of Estepar; the British immediately turned the enemy's right with the hussars.

Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry, and the light division from Isar, while General Alten's brigade of cavalry, and Colonel O'Callaghan's brigade of the 2nd division, moved up the heights from Hormazas, and the remainder of the troops of Sir Rowland threatened the heights of Estepar.

These movements dislodged the enemy from their position immediately. The cavalry of the allies left in the centre were then entirely on the rear of the enemy, who were thus most judiciously forced to retire across the Arlonzon, by the high road towards Burgos.

This retreat, however, was ably performed; for, although they were pressed by the cavalry, and were much annoyed by Major Gardiner's troop of horse artillery, and by consequence obliged to retreat at an accelerated pace, yet they still retreated in admirable order; they lost, however, one gun and some prisoners, who were taken by a squadron of the 14th light dragoons.

The enemy now took post on the left of the Arlanzon and Urbel rivers, which had much swollen by the rains, and in the night retired with their whole force through Burgos; they effectually destroyed the works of the castle, which had been constructed at an expense so vast. The inner walls of the castle of Burgos were



blown up by the enemy on the 15th, in consequence of the rapid advance of the allies; indeed, so great, it is said, was their haste to retreat, that thirty of the garrison lost their lives by the ex-

plosion; two thousand three hundred loaded shells were found in one of the unexploded mines at Burgos. The enemy continued his retreat towards the Ebro by Briviesca.

The next great object of the Marquis of Wellington was to effect the passage of the Ebro, which the enemy had made every effort to defend. They had garrisoned the strong fortress of Pancorvo, and the attempt to cross the river in face of the enemy must have led to serious consequences. Instead of continuing his pursuit, therefore, along the main road, he moved the army to its left by the road to St. Andero, and then traversing a country of such difficulty as to have been hitherto deemed impracticable, crossed the Ebro at San Martino and Puente de Arenas.

The rout now taken by the Marquis of Wellington was so unexpected by the enemy, that the strong natural defences were wholly unguarded.

From Puente de Arenas the road, for nearly three miles, runs along the bank of the river, and is flanked by a ridge of rugged and precipitous mountains, in many places inaccessible. In some parts the road has been hewn through the solid rock, and at that point in particular not only projects over the road, but juts out upon the Ebro. The whole country on either bank of the Ebro above Miranda is eminently defensible. Having passed the river, the march of the Allied army often lay through passes and defiles, which a thousand men might easily have defended against a force twenty times that number.

Through such a country did the Allied army pursue its march to Vittoria, without obstruction of any kind from the enemy; but on the 18th, the light division came in contact with two brigades of French infantry on the march from Frias to Vittoria, which they attacked and defeated, with the loss of three hundred men.

At Osma a strong corps of the enemy, which had been assembled in great haste at Espejo, made a spirited attack on the 1st and 5th divisions, under Sir Thomas Graham.

Though the superiority of force was on the side of the French, they were repulsed and pursued to Espejo. From thence they continued their retreat unmolested to Subijana on the Bayas.

On the 19th the enemy's rear-guard were found strongly posted on the left of the Bayas, their right covered by Subijana, their left by the heights in front of Pobes. Lord Wellington therefore directed the light division to turn the left of the position, while Sir Lowry Cole attacked it in front; and the rear-guard was thus driven back on the main body of the army, then in full march on Vittoria.

On the 20th the two armies were in presence of each other. The French had their left wing posted on the heights between Arunez and Puebla de Arlanzon—their centre on a height which commanded the valley of Zadorra, and their right wing resting against Vittoria. This position was covered on the whole of its front by the Zadorra,

which at that time of the year was not fordable anywhere. The English general made his arrangements for the attack on the following day.

Early on the 21st of June, the Allies, fully confiding in the talents, and, above all, in the good fortune of Lord Wellington, marched to the battle with an enthusiasm that beggars description. His Lordship is said to have encouraged his troops with only these few words, that were eagerly circulated through the ranks, "Remember, my friends, that you are the brothers of the Heroes of Trafalgar, and that you have before you those whom you vanquished at Salamanca."

In point of numbers there existed little disparity on either side,* it having been found necessary, before passing the Ebro, to detach General Foy with twelve thousand men towards Bilboa, to procure subsistence for the army, and keep in check the powerful Guerilla bands which haunted the neighbourhood, and General Clausel, with a corps of fifteen thousand men, was at Logrono.

Lord Wellington likewise had found it necessary to employ the sixth division under General Pakenham, in guarding the line of supply. The number of combatants on either side, therefore, may be fairly considered at from seventy to seventy-five thousand men.

At day-light Lord Wellington put his army in motion, in three great divisions; that on the right, under Sir Rowland Hill, consisting of the 2nd British division, the Portuguese division of the Conde de Amarante, and Morillo's corps of Spaniards, was destined to commence the action by attacking the enemy's left on the mountains behind Subijana.

The left column, commanded by Sir Thomas Graham composed of the 1st and 5th divisions, two brigades of cavalry, and the Spanish divisions of Longa, was directed by a wide movement to turn the enemy's right, and crossing the Zadorra to cut off his retreat by the road to Bayonne.

The centre corps, consisting of the 3rd, 4th, 7th and right divisions, in two columns, was ordered to wait till both, or one of the flank columns should have crossed the Zadorra, and then to make a powerful attack on the French centre.

The Spanish troops, under General Morillo, commenced the action, by an attack on the enemy's corps posted above Puebla, supported by the light companies of the 2nd division and the 71st regiment under Colonel Cadogan. After a severe struggle, in which that gallant officer was mortally wounded, the enemy were driven from the heights at the point of the bayonet. Strong re-inforcements were then brought up by the enemy, and the contest was renewed, and continued for some time, with great obstinacy on both sides. Sir Rowland Hill, however, having detached an

* Sarrazin will have it, that the Allied Army was eighty thousand, but that of the French only sixty thousand.

additional force to support the troops already engaged, the French at length gave way, and yielded undisputed possession of the heights.

Thus far successful, Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Zadorra, and directed two brigades of the second division to attack the heights of Subijana de Blava. Here the contest was severe. The troops advanced under a heavy fire of artillery, and succeeded in dislodging the enemy, and driving them back on their reserve. The heights thus gallantly carried, however, were too important to be resigned while a chance of regaining them remained. Fresh columns of attack were formed, and repeated efforts were made by the enemy to recover their ground, but without success. At length Joseph, alarmed at these repeated failures, and the threatening attitude assumed by Sir Rowland Hill, withdrew his advanced posts from the Zadorra, and directed the left to fall back for the defence of Vittoria.

In the meantime General Cole, with the 4th and light divisions, had passed the Zadorra, at the bridges of Nanclares and Tres Puentes, and the 3rd and 7th divisions, crossing by the bridge on the Mendouza road, both columns advanced against the heights in the centre. At the same time Sir Rowland Hill moved forward from Subijana de Alava, and vigorously followed up the left wing in its retreating movement.

Though the enemy had been forced to withdraw his left, the centre still stood firm, and received the columns advancing from the Zadorra, with a fire so destructive as for a time to check their progress. Two brigades of the horse artillery were then moved forward to the front, and, thus supported, the centre columns continued their advance in fine order. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, the division of Sir Thomas Picton first came in contact with a strong body of the enemy, whom, by a spirited attack, he drove into immediate retreat, with the loss of twenty-eight pieces of artillery. On the approach of the 4th and light divisions the whole heights were abandoned, and the French retired in admirable order to Vittoria, taking advantage of every favourable position to turn on their pursuers.

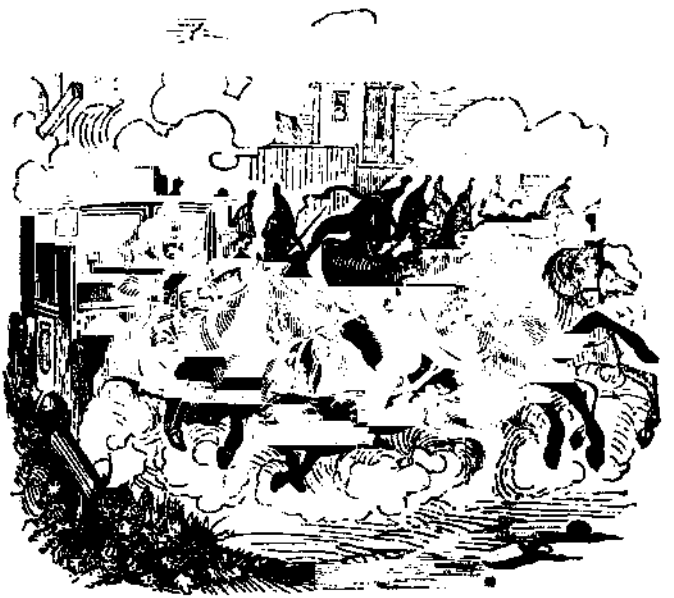
In the mean while Sir Thomas Graham, with the left column, which, on the evening before, had been moved to Margina, was advancing on the high road from Bilboa to Vittoria. About ten o'clock he appoached the enemy's right posted on the heights, commanding the village of Abechuco. From these he immediately dislodged them, by attacks both in front and flank. Having gained possession of the heights, Sir Thomas Graham directed General Oswald's division to advance against the village of Gamarra Major, which the enemy occupied in great force, while with the 1st division he attacked the village of Abechuco. Gamarra Major was carried in the most gallant style, by the brigade of General Robinson, which advanced in columns of battalion, under a heavy fire of

artillery with musketry (without firing a shot), and drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet with great slaughter and the loss of three guns. The attack on Abechuco was no less successful. Under cover of two brigades of horse artillery, Colonel Halket's brigade of the German legion advanced to the attack, and drove the enemy from the village, with the loss of three guns, and a howitzer captured by the light battalion in a very gallant charge. The village of Gamarra Minor was likewise carried by the Spaniards under Longa, after a trifling resistance. During the operations at Abechuco, the enemy made the greatest efforts to re establish themselves in Gamarra Major. A strong body advanced to regain the village; but were driven back in confusion by General Hay's brigade; but, Sir Thomas Graham having caused the houses in front of the bridge to be loopholed, and placed his artillery in position to flank the approach, the enemy was again repulsed, and did not afterwards venture to renew the attack.

Notwithstanding these successes it was found impossible to cross the bridges, the heights on the left of the Zadorra being occupied by a strong reserve; and General Graham awaiting the moment when the attacks on the enemy's left and centre should occasion the withdrawal of the corps in his front. This at length came. Towards evening, when the centre of the allies had penetrated beyond Vittoria, the right wing of the enemy, fearing to be cut off, retired hastily from its position. Sir Thomas Graham immediately pushed forward across the Zadorra, and took possession of the road to Bayonne, which for some distance runs along the margin of the of the river. Great confusion ensued. The baggage, heavy artillery, military chest and court equipages of Joseph Bonaparte had already been put in motion by that road, and were intercepted. The enemy's columns, which were also retreating on Bayonne, were forced into the Pampluna road, and in a moment the French army became a vast mob without organization of any sort, and divested of every attribute of a military body. Never had any victory, achieved by the enemy over the rude and undisciplined Spanish levies, been more complete; never was any army reduced to a more absolute and total wreck, than that which now fled from the field of Vittoria. The allies pressed forward, allowing not a moment of respite in which order might be restored; and adding to the amount of their captures at almost every step. Unfortunately the country was too much intersected by ditches to admit of the action of cavalry, and it was impossible for infantry advancing in military order to come up with an enemy who trusted solely for safety to rapidity of flight. The amount of prisoners, therefore, was comparatively small, although the pursuit was kept up with great activity until the coming on of night, when it nearly wholly ceased: the exhausted state of the allied troops, and the dangerous nature of the ground, obliged Lord Wellington to order its discontinuance. The rout of

the French army was so complete, that the fugitives could not be rallied, even under the ramparts of Pampluna.

Joseph Bonaparte himself escaped with extreme difficulty, owing his safety to the fleetness of his horse. The 10th Hussars entered Vittoria at full gallop, the moment after his carriage had left it.



Captain Wyndham with one squadron, pursued and fired into the carriage; Joseph had only time to leap out of the coach and mount his horse. He escaped under the protection of about fifty dragoons, who encountered the English Hussars sword in hand.

"The moment our brave fellows," writes an officer, who was present, "got possession of the enemy's baggage, all was riot, the army chest was forced, and the men began to load themselves with bullion. To stop this was impossible. Some of the officers reported to the General, that the men were plundering, and carrying off money. 'Let them,' was the answer of his Lordship, 'they have fought well, and deserve all they can find, were it ten times more.' In other quarters the men found among the baggage the wardrobes of the officers. In a moment they began to dress themselves in the spoils; the appearance of these groups cannot be fancied; no masquerade ever presented such a scene. All were not fortunate enough to find generals' and officers' uniforms, for many of the chests were filled with ladies' dresses; no matter—all was employed to decorate the men, who converted the dresses into cloaks, sashes,

&c. Several carriages with ladies, among whom was the Countess de Gazan, fell into the hands of the victors. Many other females of rank, whose husbands were attached to the Court of Madrid, sought safety by mingling in the confused *melée* of fugitives. It is said, that being totally unprepared for such a disaster, their sufferings were extreme during the retreat to the Pyrenees, and many crossed the frontier bare-footed, and in a state of the most pitiable privation. Considering the immense number of combatants in this battle, the loss on both sides was comparatively small. The British loss was twenty-two officers, fifteen sergeants, four drummers, four hundred and sixty rank and file, and ninety-two horses killed; one hundred and sixty-seven officers, one hundred and twenty-three sergeants, thirteen drummers, two thousand five hundred and four rank and file, and sixty-eight horses wounded; Portuguese, one hundred and fifty killed, and eight hundred and ninety-nine wounded; Spanish, eighty-nine killed, and four hundred and sixty-four wounded. The principal British officers killed were Lieutenant Colonel Cadogan,



and Honourable Lieutenant Thellusson. Among the wounded were Major General Colville, Marquis of Tweedale, (Major) Lieutenant

Colonels Campbell, (1st.) Patterson, Ridewood, Lane, Weir, Cothen, Grant, Campbell, (94th) Camson, &c.

The loss of the French was six thousand men, and one thousand prisoners, but the materiel taken was immense; one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon of all sizes, four hundred and fifteen caisons, fourteen thousand two hundred and forty-nine rounds of ammunition for guns and howitzers, one million nine hundred and seventy-three thousand musket ball-cartridges, forty thousand six hundred and eighty-eight pounds of gunpowder, fifty-six forage waggons, forty-four forge waggons, &c.; the colours of the 100th regiment, and the baton of Marshal Jourdan!

This last brilliant prize is said to have been found by a drummer of the 87th Irish regiment, named Shannon, in the carriage which Marshal Jourdan had just time to leave, and mount his horse. So ignorant was the finder of its value, that he sold it to one of the Jew camp followers, for a bottle of brandy, and it was discovered by mere accident by an officer, and presented to the Marquis of Wellington, when he was in the act of closing his despatches, to send to England.

On the arrival in London of the news of this decisive battle, great rejoicings took place, the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated for three successive nights, various fêtes were given by the British nobility, Spanish envoy, &c, and a splendid dinner and festival took place in honour of the battle at Vauxhall Gardens, which was attended by all the royal dukes, the *élite* of the Nobility, Members of Parliament, and a numerous and respectable company. The evening fête was attended by the Princess of Wales, &c.

Both Houses of Parliament unanimously voted thanks to the Marquis of Wellington, and his gallant companions in arms; this was done also by the Common Council of the City of London, Merchant Taylor's Company, &c. &c.

On the 3rd, a notification appeared in the London Gazette, stating, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent had been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, to nominate and appoint General Arthur the Marquis of Wellington, K. G. to be Field Marshal in the British Army;—taking rank from the 21st of June, 1813, the day of this brilliant victory.

The appointment was conveyed to the Marquis of Wellington in the following autograph letter.

Carlton House, July 3rd, 1813,

My Dear Lord,

Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a General.

You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame,

the staff of a French Marshal, and I send you in return that of England.

The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so imperiously called for it.

That uninterrupted health, and still increasing laurels, may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing, and most ardent wishes of

My Dear Lord,

Your very sincere and faithful friend,

G. P. R.

The Marquis of Wellington.

The discomfited army of the Intruder Joseph Bonaparte, did not venture to take refuge in Pampluna, but continued its disordered retreat by the Roncevallas road towards the town of St. Jean Pied de Port in France.

Pampluna was invested immediately by a Spanish detachment, whilst the pursuit of the French was continued by the light division.

It should be observed, that there are three principal roads from France into Spain;—viz, one from Bayonne through Irun, Tolosa and Vittoria, the second from Perpignan to Junquierra, Gerona, Barcelona, &c. and the third from St. Jean Pied de Port, in France through Roncevallas to Pampluna;—the whole district is sixty-six English miles. On the left of this road, near Roncevallas, is the beautiful valley of Bastan, one of the most fertile and delightful valleys in Spain, and abounding in every species of plenty.

From Pampluna to Zabieta the road passes over a gentle ascent. From Zabieta this ascent increases, and becomes extremely rough and fatiguing, near the village of Borquette. From this village it begins to ascend very lofty mountains, but which are extremely fertile and well wooded. Immediately after passing Borquette, the road ascends a mountain, and upon descending the same enters upon the memorable plain of Roncevellas, or Playa de Andes Zaro, so celebrated for the (perhaps fabulous) defeat of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France. The Abbey of Roncevallas (or Roncevaux) is in this plain. On the farther side of which the road again ascends, descends again, and then reaches the foot of the tremendous mountain, called Mount Altobiscar, which separates France from Spain.

The ascent is laborious even for man and mule, and impassable for carriages. Upon reaching the summit a steep road, or rather a ravine, descends into French Navarre, and St. Jean Pied de Port.

The road from Pampluna to Bayonne (which is the carriage road) is first from Bayonne to the Bidassoa; thence to Elisonada, a village in the valley of Bastan, and hence to Pampluna;—this road is

better than the other, because it winds in part round the mountains. From Pampluna to Madrid the road is through Tudela, a town on the Ebro,—from Pampluna to Tudela is sixty-six miles.

Pampluna (the capital of Navarre) is a very considerable town. It is partly situated on an eminence, and partly in a plain on the banks of the small river Agra, which washes a portion of its walls, It is surrounded on all sides by a circle of mountains, about eight miles distance. Its military character is very respectable. It is regularly fortified, and has two castles, one of which is in the town, and the other contiguous, though without the walls. This last place, which is the catadel, was built by Philip the Second, and its situation on the rocks renders it very strong. It has five bastions covered with stone, and good fosses, and a deep marsh of considerable extent renders the approaches to it difficult toward the side on which it could be attacked. This citadel has a handsome tower, several magazines, a square, ornamented with trees, and an armoury in the very centre of the fortress, which is round, and opens by five grand and strait streets, which lead to the five bastions.

While the Marquis of Wellington was pursuing the enemy by the road before described, Sir Thomas Graham was detached to the left, towards Tolosa, with a view to operating in that quarter, and after a long and fatiguing march he arrived before that place.

Tolosa (anciently Iturissa) is a small but handsome town, situated in a pleasant valley upon the rivers Oria and Aranxes; the latter of which is crossed by a beautiful bridge, defended by a tower. This town was founded by a king of Castile Alphonso the Wise, whose son Sancho the Brave, completely peopled it in 1291. It is in the centre of Guipuscoa, of which it is considered the capital, and is considered next to St. Sebastian, the most populous town in the canton; for, together with its suburbs, it contains upwards of four thousand inhabitants, having one parish church, a convent of monks, and another of nuns. The Vittoria gate was barricaded, and also Pampluna gate on the bridge, and both were flanked by the convents and other buildings. The town itself being no where open, was occupied by the enemy, under General Foy, with fifteen thousand men. Sir Thomas Graham immediately ordered a nine-pounder, under cover of the fire of the light battalion, close up to the gate, which, being burst open, the troops stormed the town. The enemy made an obstinate defence, for he had erected new towers, to flank the exterior wall, and a strong wood block house in the square. However, they were driven out of the town, leaving many killed and wounded in the streets, besides above two hundred prisoners. The British loss was only twenty-one killed and one hundred and forty-two wounded;—General Graham himself was hit slightly upon the hip; the Portuguese lost thirty-eight killed and one hundred and seventy-four wounded. On the 1st of July, Sir Thomas Graham established himself on the ancient boundaries of Spain and France.

The division of the enemy under General Clausel occupied the attention of the centre of the allies; this corps was at Logrono, but, by the celerity of his movements, and tardiness of the allies, he was enabled to reach Saragossa unmolested, and ultimately return to France by Jacco and Oleron. The castle of Pancorbo being still in possession of the enemy, and as it obstructed the communications of the allies between Vittoria and Burgos, Lord Wellington directed the Spanish General, the Count d'Abisal, to make himself master of it. This was done in the most gallant style, and the place surrendered, after eight hours' cannonade. The garrison, which consisted of six hundred and fifty men, was well provisioned. They were made prisoners of war, and twenty-five pieces of cannon, and a quantity of ammunition, fell into the hands of the captors. An expedition had been sent out from England to Tarragona, early in June, under Sir John Murray, to operate against the French army in that quarter, commanded by Marshal Suchet—the British immediately invested Tarragona, thus making demonstrations on the lower Ebro, while Lord Wellington was threatening Bayonne. At first the expedition was highly successful: two French divisions advanced from Valentia to oppose it. Marshal Suchet was himself at Tortosa, while the flower of the Catalonian French army, under Maurice Mathieu, was at Arbos, about a day's march from Tarragona. It is contended, therefore, that Sir John Murray's efforts should have been to prevent a junction of these two armies, instead of setting himself down before Tarragona for a regular siege. As we have said, the British army was at first successful, and defeated Suchet's corps at Castalla, but that able French Marshal so manœuvred as to effect his union with General Mathieu's corps, and it became imperative upon Sir John Murray to effect the best retreat that he could. This he did, and was ultimately obliged to re-embark his troops on board the British squadron leaving behind him seventeen pieces of heavy cannon. This reverse of Sir John Murray caused great dissatisfaction in England; but his conduct was approved by all whose opinion was worth having. Another expedition, under Lord William Bentinck (who succeeded Murray) sailed from Alicant, with a similar object, but, being delayed by contrary winds, the enemy was on the alert; and the expedition was obliged to return to Alicant, without accomplishing anything.

Hitherto the fortress of Pampluna had only been blockaded—extensive preparations were now made for the active siege of it, as well as of St. Sebastian's. The battering train had already arrived at Satander, with all the ordnance stores, entrenching tools, &c.

Lord Wellington was determined to follow up briskly the advantages which he had gained by the late brilliant victory of Vittoria. Leaving Sir Rowland Hill to blockade Pampluna (for it was only intended to blockade that place), and charging Sir Thomas Graham with the conduct of the siege of St. Sebastian, he proceeded against

the enemy, who were now under the command of Marshal Soult—who had been again selected for that duty; and appointed (with increased powers) Lieutenant of Napoleon.

Previous to the entry of the Allied troops into France, Lord Wellington, in consequence of some excesses, issued to the army the following order of the day.

It bore date the 9th of July, 1813, from the British head quarters at Irunte.

"1st. The Commander of the Forces is anxious to direct the attention of the officers of the army to the situation in which they have hitherto been amongst the people of Portugal and Spain; and that in which they may hereafter find themselves among those of the frontiers of France.

"2nd Every military precaution must, henceforward, be used to obtain intelligence and prevent surprise; general and superior officers at the head of detached corps will take care to keep a constant communication with the corps, upon the right and left, and with their rear, and the soldiers and their followers must be prevented from leaving their camps and cantonments, on any account whatever.

"3rd. Notwithstanding that these precautions are absolutely necessary, as the country in front of the army is the enemy's, the Commander of the forces is particularly desirous that the inhabitants should be well treated, and private property must be respected.

"4th. Officers and soldiers must recollect that their nations are at war with France, solely because the ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke; and they must not forget that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal have been occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and their cruelties, authorised and encouraged by their chiefs, towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country.

"5th. To avenge this conduct upon the peaceful inhabitants of France would be unmanly, and unworthy of the nations to whom the Commander of the Forces now addresses himself, and, at all events, would be the occasion of similar and worse evils to the army at large, than those which the enemy's army has suffered in the Peninsular; and would eventually prove highly injurious to the public interest.

"6th. The rules, therefore, which have been hitherto observed in requiring and taking and giving receipts for the supplies from the country are to be continued in the villages, in the French frontiers; and the Commissaries attached to each of the armies of the several nations will receive the orders from the Commander-in-chief of the army of his nation respecting the mode and period of paying for such supplies."

On the 11th, the head quarters of Lord Wellington were at

Gayeta—on the following day they were advanced to Ernani, when the first parallel was opened before St. Sebastian; for the siege of which twenty twenty-four pounders, twelve eighteen pounders, and twenty howitzers were landed from the British squadron.

St. Sebastian occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on the third by the river Gurumea. This stream, though inconsiderable with respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it, therefore, adds not a little to the general strength of the place: but the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river of the bay, is erected a chain of stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and seems to hold the town and every thing in it entirely at its mercy. The scenery around St. Sebastian is in the highest degree interesting and fine. The ground, beginning to rise on all sides about a mile and a half from the glacis, is seen broken into hill and valley, mountain and ravine. Numerous orchards are moreover planted upon the lowest of these heights, with here and there a vineyard, a chateau, and a farm house; whilst, afar off, in the back ground, are seen the rugged tops of the Quatracome and the other gigantic mountains, which overhang the Bidassoa, and divides Spain from France. The enemy having occupied in full force, and strongly fortified the Convent of San Bartholome, about four hundred yards from the works of St. Sebastian, a battery of four eighteen pounders was opened on the morning of the 14th, and the convent was so far destroyed that General Graham ordered that building and a redoubt, which protected its left flank, to be stormed on the morning of the 17th. But, as the defences were very strong, and there was no possibility of access to either, but by their fronts, it was thought most desirable to beat down by a new battery; but this not being completed in time, the assault was ordered.

The picquets of the 4th Portuguese Cacadores, one hundred and fifty men of the 13th Portuguese regiment, three companies of the 9th, and a reserve of three companies of the Royal Scots, the whole under Major General Hay, formed on the right of the redoubt.

Major General Bradford commenced the assault with the left column, composed of two hundred men of the 13th Portuguese regiment, an equal number of the 4th Cacadores, and supported by the 9th regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Cameron.

The whole of the troops employed were under the command of Major General Oswald.

About ten, A. M. the left column began the attack on the convent, while the right passed the ravine near the river, and both the

attacks were made with such vigour and gallantry that all obstacles were soon overcome.

The enemy were driven down the hill in the greatest confusion, carrying a strong reinforcement just sent from St. Sebastian's, along with them in their flight through the village of San Martin, to which they had previously set fire. In that village, and at the convent, the troops were immediately established, but their impetuosity could not be restrained by their officers, and they followed the retreating enemy to the very foot of the glacis: this being contrary to the orders of General Oswald, who had directed that they should not pass beyond San Martin, they were recalled, but not before they had experienced some loss.

Two practicable breaches having been effected on the 25th of July, orders were given that they should be assaulted on the following morning. This assault was made on the breach in the line wall, on the left flank of the works, and the time selected for it was when the fall of the tide left the foot of the wall dry, which was soon after day-light, but it was so determinedly met, that the assailants were forced to retire.

"As fast as the assailants came up," says an officer, employed at this siege, "they were knocked down by a dreadful fire from the defences, which bore upon the breaches, and when a few got into them, they were not able to effect any thing, from their weakness. In short, the carnage was so great, that the French themselves called out to our officers to draw the men off, and actually ceased firing upon them!

"Never was witnessed such heroism on the part of our soldiers as on this trying occasion, particularly by the Royals, who, though almost cut to pieces, resolutely refused to retire, till the third or fourth command was issued for them to do so. At length, after great loss in killed and wounded, and some prisoners (mostly made in the body of the place) the party was withdrawn, and General Graham immediately proceeded to dismantle the batteries, and remove the guns to the water side. During this part of the business it was that the garrison made a sortie, surprised Portuguese corps, and nearly destroyed the whole of it.

"The loss of the British division in this unsuccessful attack was severe, one hundred and sixty-two officers and men killed, twenty-four officers, twelve serjeants, five hundred and seventy-one rank and file wounded; three Lieutenants, two Ensigns, four Serjeants, and one hundred and forty-five rank and file missing.

"The Portuguese lost one hundred and forty-four killed, four hundred and eighty-seven wounded, and two hundred and ninety-eight missing, probably prisoners. The French garrison are deserving of the highest praise, for their gallant defence of this fortress. General Rey, their commandant, needed not the exaggerated boast of having destroyed fifteen hundred of his assailants, to

herald his able defence of St. Sebastian;—it acquired for him the highest reputation for skill and courage.

The Marquis of Wellington now ordered General Graham to suspend the siege of St. Sebastian, and station himself near Rentiro; by this arrangement General Graham formed the reserve for the troops posted on the lower Bidassoa, whilst a corps of observation kept the garrison of St. Sebastian in check. The British and their allies were now in position thus, in the passages of the mountains. Major General Byng's brigade of British infantry and General Morillo's Spanish infantry, were on the right of the pass of Roncevallas, Lieutenant General Sir Lowry Cole was posted at Viscenet to support these troops, and Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division, was at Olaque in reserve; Sir Rowland Hill occupied the valley of Bastan, with the remainder of the second division and the Portuguese corps of Amaranthe; Campbell's (detached) brigade at Los Alduides (French teritory). The light and seventh divisions occupied the heights of Santa Barbara, the town of Vera and the Puerte de Eschalar, and kept up the communication with the Bastan, whilst the 6th Longa's division kept up the communication between Vera and Sir Thomas Graham, and Pampluna was kept in blockade.

On the 24th of July, Marshal Soult collected the two wings of his army, with one division of his centre, and two divisions of cavalry, at St. Jean Pied de Port, on the 25th, attacked with between thirty and forty thousand men the post of General Byng, at Roncevallas. Sir Lowry Cole instantly moved up to support Byng with the 4th division, and these Generals were enabled to stand their ground the whole of the day; but in the evening, the enemy turned the British post, and Sir Lowry Cole was obliged to retreat in the night and march towards Zubiri.

Meanwhile two divisions of the enemy's centre had attacked Sir Rowland Hill's position, at the head of the valley of Bastan, early in the evening; his chief attack was against Pringle and Wilson's brigades in the 2nd division, under Lieutenant General William Stewart; the enemy came on with such impetuosity, that the allies gave way, and it was only by the opportune arrival of Major General Barnes' brigade of the 7th division, that they were enabled to regain their post, which was important, as it formed a sort of key to the position, yet notwithstanding this partial success, Sir Rowland Hill finding that Sir Lowry Cole had retreated, he deemed it necessary to withdraw also; this he did by retiring to Irurita, the enemy advancing to Puerto de Mayor.

It was not till late on the 25th, that the Marquis of Wellington was aware of these retrograde movements: he proceeded immediately to concentrate the army to the right, but still keeping up the blockade, both of Pampluna and St. Sebastian.—General Cole

was now directed to leave his position at Zubirt, as being too much exposed, and to manœuvre so as to cover the blockade, of Pampluna. His right rested at Huarte, and his left was established on the heights near Villada. Sir Stapleton Cotton's cavalry was on the right, near Huarte, and two Spanish divisions formed, he reserve. Marshal Soult attacked this position almost at the very moment that Lord Wellington came on the ground, but the enemy was repulsed on the whole line, except the left. He took the village of Sorauren, on the road from Ostiz to Pampluna, and all the exertions to drive the French from it proved unavailing. Soult remained master of that part of the field, and the two armies passed the night on the ground upon which they had fought. During that night, Lord Wellington ordered up reinforcements, and on the morning of the 28th he was joined by a corps of infantry, which he stationed on the heights near Sorauren. This movement gave some uneasiness to the French, who marched a large body of infantry out of the village, but they were soon forced to retreat with great loss. To repair this reverse they attacked the whole line between Villaba and Huarte, and succeeded in breaking it on two points. But their successes were only momentary. Generals Campbell and Ross having been quickly reinforced, the French were forced back, and the Allies resumed their positions. General Hill, although furiously attacked during the whole day, still kept his positions near Lezassa, but in the evening Lord Wellington ordered this column to fall back, so as to form the line with the troops near Pampluna. This movement led the French to believe that it was preparatory to a general retreat of the Allies, and they followed quickly the retiring column of General Hill, and attempted to turn his left, but this caused the enemy to occupy a line too extended for safe operations. Lord Wellington immediately saw this, and quickly availed himself of the error, and assumed the offensive. On the 30th the French were attacked on the whole of their line. A lofty mountain, against which their right was resting, was carried at the point of the bayonet, by General the Earl of Dalhousie. At the same time the division of General Pakenham attacked and took possession of Sorauren. This decided the fate of the battle of the Pyrenees, and Marshal Soult had the mortification of being obliged to order a retreat, without having the slightest hope of throwing into Pampluna the convoy which was escorted by his army. From the nature of the ground the only cavalry engaged in the action was part of the 10th Hussars. The Marquis of Worcester, whose troop was not engaged, joined Lord Wellington, as an extra aid-de-camp; a nearly-spent shot struck his sword plate, knocked him off his horse, and glancing, passed through Lord Wellington's sash! He was several times recognized by the enemy, and was exposed to the hottest fire; several of his staff being wounded, particularly Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

In the late battle the French troops fought with great gallantry and resolution; their columns were headed by conscripts, who had never yet been engaged with the English, and whose manœuvring was described as beautiful. Marshal Soult himself was personally very conspicuous, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. His officers also distinguished themselves most honourably; many were seen with colours in their hands, leading on their men; others with drums beating at the head of their troops, &c. In their retreat



a great number of the enemy were taken prisoners by the allies, and their loss was at least ten thousand men, in the three days' battle put *hors de combat*. The allies' loss was also severe—viz: five hundred and seventy-four killed, three thousand five hundred and thirty-four wounded, and four hundred and sixty-five missing. Among the wounded were Generals Stewart and Pack, Colonels Wallace, Gordon, Grant, Cameron, Hill and Fenwick; Majors Gomm, McKenzie, Mitchell, McPherson, Wilson, Dispard, Wood, White, Moor, Fitzgerald, &c.

The immediate consequences of the battle of the Pyrenees was the surrender of Pamplona, and the retreat of the French to their own territory. Thus Spain became free, excepting Catalonia, and a few strong fortresses where Suchet had placed garrisons.

With regard to the late battle, it was said by an able judge of such matters,* that, "as the French government did not publish the reports of the battles of the 28th and 30th of July, Marshal Soult's *loss can be stated only by surmise*. Lord Wellington rates it at

* Sarrazin, p. 330.

fifteen thousand men, *hors de combat*, and that of the Allies at six thousand. The circumstances in which the two armies found themselves, acting alternately on the offensive and defensive, induce the belief that this bloody conflict was equally fatal to both, and that each lost about eight thousand men, killed, wounded, or prisoners. It is also but an act of justice to observe, that the generals and soldiers of both armies covered themselves with glory. If Marshal Soult's star was for a moment eclipsed by that of Lord Wellington, it was effected by prodigies of activity, courage, and devotion. The French commander had formed his plans worthy of his great talents, and would have executed them had it not been for the double disadvantage of commanding an army recently beaten, against soldiers rendered invincible through their late triumphs. The heights of Maya, of Roncevallas, and of Sorauren, prove that the valour of troops is subordinate to the ability of the general. Marshal Soult, though defeated, deserves high praise for the regularity of his marches, the precision of his attacks, and above all for his able retreat. As early as the 28th he had sent back to France the cannon and baggage, which might have encumbered the roads. This foresight was a severe reflection upon the loss of artillery experienced by Marshal Jourdan on the 21st of June."

From the beginning of August, the siege of St. Sebastian had been resumed, and carried on with renovated vigour.* "The tents of the besiegers were placed on the lower range of hills, about two and a half miles distant from the town. Of course they were so pitched that they should be as far as possible hidden from the enemy, and for this purpose the uneven nature of the country happily sufficed. They stood for the most part among orchards, valleys, and ravines, in which the place abounded. Leading from them to the first parallel were cut various covered ways, and the parallel itself was drawn almost upon the brow of the ridge. Here, or rather in the ruined convent of St. Bartholomew, was established the principal magazine of powder, shot, workingtools, and other necessaries for the siege, and here, as a matter of course, the reserve or main body of the picquet guard was stationed.

"The first parallel extended some way beyond the town on both sides, and was connected with the second, as that again was with the third by other covered ways cut in an oblique direction towards the enemy's works; but, no sap had been attempted.

"The third parallel therefore completed the works of the besiegers; and it was carried within a few hundred yards of the foot of the rampart. In each of these, batteries were built, as well as on the brows of the surrounding heights; but as yet they were masked by light sand and turf; though the guns were placed once more in many of them, and the rest were rapidly filling.

* Journal of an Officer present at the siege.

"The breach which had been effected previous to the first assault, was now almost entirely filled up; whilst many new works were erected, and, what was not perhaps in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare—they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows labouring at their tasks in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labour on without a single gun being turned against them.

"Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—night after night petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design, than to disturb the repose, and to harrass the spirit of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance further than the first parallel; and was uniformly beaten back by the picquets and reserve.

"During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of artillery, some of these sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different calibre prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bade fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins. These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbour, and in some degree infiladed the trenches.

"For this service a detachment, consisting of a hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who filing from the camp soon after night-fall, embarked in the boats of the cruisers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer; and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison, surrendered, or rather was taken possession of by the assailants.

"So trifling indeed was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th accordingly passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned, affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after day-break a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town as a signal for the batteries to open; and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo indeed was one of the finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillery-men laying their

guns by such observations as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges; nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid indeed were the gunners in their movements, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning to night, during the whole of the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, that by sunset on the latter day not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated condition, but a new and far more promising breach was effected."

In the meantime, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavours to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns.

"They had indeed exercised their artillery with so much good will, that most of the cannon found in the place after its capture were unserviceable, being melted at the touch holes, or otherwise damaged from their too frequent use. But they fought on the present occasion under every imaginable disadvantage, for not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more intermitted, till long before mid-day on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

"The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river Hue: there was no ditch nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shock of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who have never beheld it. It seemed indeed as if it were formed of one solid rock, and hence the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without, appeared at once capacious and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all—the rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments, such as might afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's throw apart the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to

carry the place by assault. That this attempt would be made, and that too on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon, and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack. Among the most forward of those who anticipated success was Major Snodgrass, of the 52nd regiment, but who, upon this occasion, commanded a battalion of Portuguese.

"Up to the present night only one ford, and that at some little distance from both breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream, as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope at a a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known as to carry those who should cross by it at once to the foot of the smaller breach.

Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 30th to a personal trial of the river, and he found it as he expected to find it fordable at low water, immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above the waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town



How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels, I know not, but, that he did elude them, and that he performed this gallant act, is undoubted. So pased the night of the 30th; a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all. About an

hour before day the troops were as usual under arms—and the first orders were given for the assault.

The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock in light marching order, that is, leaving their knapsacks, &c., behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn-hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river; this post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st or royal regiment of foot, that by the 4th, that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at day-break on the 30th of August, and these orders all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

"The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench about ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and the gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war; and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting but novel in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon from the castle, and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches, whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could from time to time be distinguished leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements. Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle.

"With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry, which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches; a proceedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced an officer as that corps ever produced, Sir Richard Fletcher—chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

"Noon had scarcely passed when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance.

"Silent as the grave the column moved forward; in one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began.

The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, cannister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper! inasmuch that in the space of two minutes the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing place and foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm the breach presented the appearance of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire, so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks, likewise, had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful. At length the



head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood on a level with their enemies, for this

was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount, before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable time elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back. Things continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner, but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable, nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as never, perhaps, had been adopted before.

"Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach!

"Nothing could be more exact or more beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy. This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded for an instant the combatants on both sides.

"A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring, as soon as our troops had made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit, but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated such intentions. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, immediately succeeded by a smoke so dense as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it such as no powers of language are adequate to describe.

"Such indeed was the effect of the whole occurrence that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced, insomuch that a whisper might have caught your ear from a distance of several yards. The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown did not, however, last long with the British troops.

"As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout the troops sprang

over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all the maddening scenes which are witnessed only in a successful storm of flight and slaughter, and parties rallying, only to be broken and dispersed, till finally having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down in the town. To reach the streets they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house and street to street, nor was it till late in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased.

"Then, however, the Governor, with little more than a thousand men retired into the castle; whilst another detachment perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think about without a shudder. The houses were every where ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops heated already by angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest discipline over their men, who on the contrary controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.—Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from the burning houses, which one after another took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight it was one sheet of flame, and by noon on the following day little remained of it except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty like those of the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first some attempts were made to extinguish it, but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till at last houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest for the majority. The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses disclosed crowds of dead, dying and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and every thing valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, while ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown

from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations, which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. The careless hum of conversation, and the occasional laugh and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames produced such a concert as no man who ever listened to it can ever forget. Of these various noises the greater number began gradually to subside as night passed on, and long before dawn there was a fearful silence.

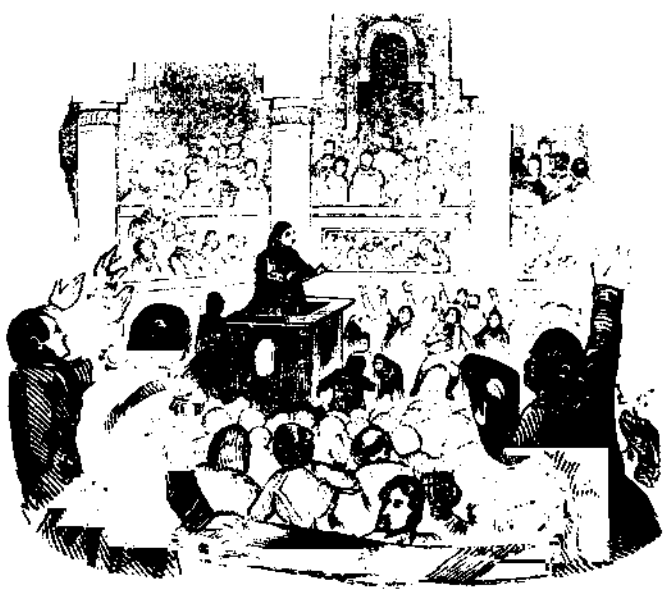
"Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army; of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago many had expired, and the very fire had wasted itself by consuming every thing upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard except an occasional faint moan distingnishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even this was soon heard no more." Such were a few of the horrors of this dreadful scene—horrors which scarcely change their fearful characteristics, let who will be the victors—whatever nation—whose soldiers they are—wanton cruelty and abuse of power are ever the attendants."

General Rey, the French Governor, still held possession of the castle; on the 3rd of September he sent a communication to Sir Thomas Graham to the effect of soliciting a suspension of hostilities for a fortnight, and then to surrender if not relieved, but not as prisoners of war. This was, of course, rejected; and the siege was recommenced. A battery was erected, with considerable difficulty, in the horn work, and mounted with seventeen twenty-four-pounders; this was aided by a second, consisting of three eighteen-pounders; these and the other battering ordnance (in all fifty-four pieces) opened fire at 10 a.m. on the 8th with such terrible effect that in two hours a flag of truce was hoisted by the garrison at the Mirador battery, and the French surrendered. By the terms of the capitulation the garrison became prisoners of war, to be sent to England; but the women and children were to be sent to France, and the non-combatants also permitted to return there after examination; the other articles were of the usual description. The garrison that surrendered were eighty officers, and one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six serjeants, rank and file, artillerymen, &c.; of those, twenty-three officers and five hundred and seventy-two men were sick and wounded, in the hospitals.

Ninety-three pieces of cannon, consisting of nineteen iron guns mounted, nineteen ditto dismounted, with fifty-five brass guns, howitzers, and mortars, *principally twenty-four-pounders and thirteen* inch mortars were taken. *The quantity of ammunition found*

was immense, and consisted of twenty-five thousand rounds of round and case shot of all sizes, four-hundred shells, three-hundred and eighty barrels of powder, and between seven and eight thousand musket cartridges. The loss of the Allies was as follows:—thirty-six officers, thirty-one serjeants, five hundred and three rank and file, killed; seventy officers, fifty-four serjeants, six drummers, nine hundred and seventy-three rank and file wounded; one officer, forty rank and file missing. Portuguese, eight officers, nine serjeants, one hundred and seventy two rank and file, killed; thirty-five officers, five hundred and twenty men wounded; four rank and file missing. Amongst the British wounded were Generals Sir James Leith, Oswald, and Robinson; Colonels Burgoyne, Piper, and Cameson, &c., &c.

During the whole siege Lord Wellington personally inspected the preparations made to carry it to a successful termination. His lordship approved highly of all the arrangements made by Sir Thomas Graham; whom he spoke of in his despatches in the highest terms of commendation, and all the time he could spare from the main body of the army he passed before St. Sebastian.



The Spanish Cortes whose permanent sittings were held in Cadiz, were not tardy in expressing their gratitude for the Marquis of Wellington's great services to their country and their sovereign. The

news of the battle of Vittoria, and the consequences which accrued to Spain from that decisive action, were duly appreciated by the Spanish deputies. A motion was carried with acclamation, "That Te Deum should be sung in the presence of the Cortes; that thanks should be given to the Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo and the other chiefs and troops of the combined army, and that there should be a general salute of cannon and illumination."

On the 11th of July, the Cortes still further resolved, that "the general and extraordinary Cortes, wishing to transmit to the most distant posterity the memory of the late glorious victory, which the allied army gained under the command of the Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo, on the 21st of June, over the enemy commanded by the intrusive king, in the fields of Vittoria, decree as follows:—

"1st. When circumstances admit of it, there shall be erected in the situation best calculated for that purpose, in the fields of Vittoria, and in the manner which goverment shall consider the most proper a monument which shall record to the latest generation this memorable battle

"2nd. The political chief and provincial deputation of Alava shall charge themselves with the execution of this monument."

It was also recommended that a grant of territorial property should be made to the Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo (the Marquis of Wellington); the Regency agreed to this proposal of the Cortes, and it was determined that the estate in the valley of Granada, called Soto de Roma (this estate was situate on the river Zenil, and its produce was thirty thousand dollars = £7,500, annual value—should be settled upon the duke and his heirs for ever.*

It will be well to remember that Suchet, upon learning the result of the battle of Vittoria, had retreated in haste from Valentia, followed by the British from Alicant, under Lord William Bentinck. On the 25th of July the British invested Tarragona; but in consequence of General Decaen having formed a junction with Marshal Suchet, the British were obliged to raise the siege of Tarragona. The French blew up the fortifications, and then fell back to Barcelona. Nothing remarkable occurred after the destruction of the defences of Tarragona, except an attack upon the British advanced guard, on the 13th of September, in the pass of Ordal, in which the enemy was successful. General Clinton succeeded Lord Bentinck in the command of the British army, and continued in position near Tarragona.

We now return to the operations of the Allies under the immediate command of the Marquis of Wellington. On the 1st of September, early in the morning, the French, finding that all their efforts in the Pyrenees to stop the Allies were vain, effected the passage of

* We do not believe that either the monument was erected or that the duke has ever received one shilling advantage from his estate.

the Bidassoa, by the Puerto de Vera; the brigade of Major General Skerret, as soon as it was daylight, much annoyed the enemy by a brisk fire during the passage of the river. The extreme inclemency of the weather prevented the Allies from crossing the Bidossoa until the 7th of October. This delay enabled Soult to train his newly arrived conscripts, thirty thousand of whom had already joined him, and more were daily added to his numbers. On the 7th of October General Graham prepared to pass the river. He met with an obstinate resistance, particularly at the hermitage of the Rhine, which is situate on a very steep rock. The enemy succeeded in keeping this post the whole of the day, but at two o'clock on the following morning it was forced in the most gallant style by General Graham's division, in spite of a brave and long sustained resistance on the part of the enemy.

The passage of the Bidassoa cost the Allies one thousand men, *hors de combat*, and the French about the same number. The army with which the Marquis of Wellington invaded France was most formidable, and consisted of fifty-seven thousand British and Portuguese, and thirty-five thousand Spaniards, to which were added ten thousand cavalry, and eight thousand belonging to the artillery, engineer, and waggon corps; besides nearly twenty thousand sick and wounded; numbers of whom daily joined their different regiments. Pampluna surrendered to the Allies on the 31st of October, after having been blockaded four months and ten days. They were taken prisoners of war; but they were treated with the greatest regard, because the civil authorities declared that "the conduct of the French towards the Spaniards had been conformable to strict discipline, and that the measures adopted by the governor during the scarcity occasioned by the blockade, had been so excellent that not one single inhabitant died."

Pampeluna (or as it is more often called, Pampluna), is the *Pompeiopolis* of the Romans; being founded by the great Pompey. Its modern fortifications are the work of the celebrated Vauban, who, for his virtues, talents, services, and misfortunes, well deserved to be handed down to posterity, as equal in glory to the illustrious conqueror of Mithridates.

The character of the Spanish troops was now completely changed; the discipline which they had undergone, and the example of gallantry which their British Allies had shewn them, had made them worthy emulators of that bravery, and their conduct was, upon all occasions of the most praiseworthy description, and such as to call forth the well-merited encomiums of the Marquis of Wellington. The behaviour of the Spanish Regency, however, was not equally relished by his Lordship. He complained loudly and justly of their conduct to Castanos and others (who were removed from their commands without his knowledge), which greatly annoyed

him. He shortly after himself resigned the command of the Spanish armies as General in Chief.

"The Spanish Government,"* said he, "have behaved very ill in this, as they have in every other transaction; but in the existing state of affairs I do not wish to push them to extremities, or to manifest an inclination so to treat them. The Cortes and the people of Cadiz are, as usual, making an intrigue of this concern; and I have therefore thought it best to act in this instance as I have in all others, on my own grounds, according to my own judgment of what is most advantageous for the public interests, and keeping myself clear of the intrigues and cabals of others.

"The only chance which the party against English influence and alliance have, is to work upon the prejudices of all Spaniards against foreign interference in their internal concerns. The note proposed to be presented by my brother,† would give them a terrible instrument to work with, and I am quite convinced we have not a friend in Spain who would not be shaken by such a document. You may depend upon it that I shall not miss any fair opportunity that may offer to give the democratical party a shake, and so much depends upon the state of opinion at Cadiz, and in the provinces at this moment, that it is much better to leave my brother and me the choice of the opportunity and means, than to incur the risk of instructing us from England."

The Marquis of Wellington was also very much annoyed by some strictures which appeared in the English newspapers, upon the atrocities of his soldiers at the storming of St. Sebastian, which conduct he censured as much as man could do. To make examples by punishment was impossible; the offenders were too numerous, it would have decimated his army. "Our newspapers," he writes, "do us plenty of harm by that which they insert, but I never suspected they could do us the injury of alienating from us a government and nation with which, on every account we ought to be on the best of terms, by that which they omit. I, who have been in public life in England, know well that there is nothing more different from a debate in Parliament than the representation of that debate in the newspapers. The fault which I find with our newspapers is, that they seldom state an event or transaction as it really occurred (unless where they absolutely copy what is written for them, and their observation worded from the text), even when they have a despatch or other writing before them; that they appear absolutely incapable of understanding, much less of stating the truth on any subject."

Marshal Soult had been engaged (since his defeat in the Pyrenees) in forming a strong line of defences, about twelve miles in extent, covering the town of St. Jean de Luz, and extending from the sea,

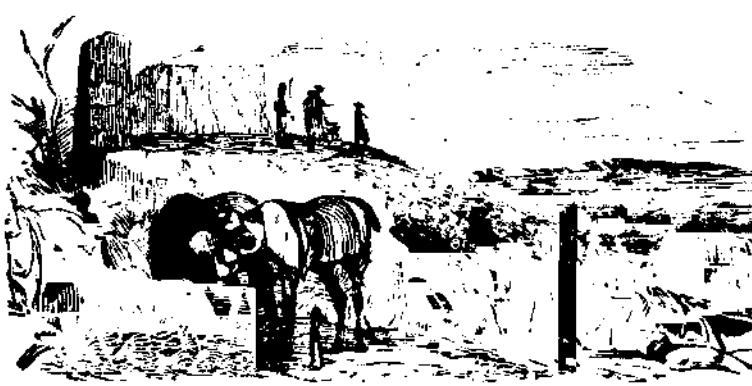
* Despatch to Earl Bathurst.

† Sir H. Wellesley was British Envoy.

across the Nivelle, to the heights behind Ainhoe. The whole front, of this position was strongly fortified, and the right in particular was covered by several formidable redoubts, and by an interior line of very considerable strength. In the centre the line extended along the left of the Nivelle, which at that part forms a considerable inflexion in the rear of the mountain Petite la Rhune, a long range of heights, covered on the left by the Sarre. The line then crossed the Nivelle and extended along a strong ridge in rear of Binhoe, covered by a series of redoubts.

Early in November Lord Wellington determined on a general attack on the enemy's positions, and wrote thus to Sir George Collier, who commanded the British naval force on the station, to desire his co-operation. "I have to inform you that I propose to attack the enemy in his position on the Nivelle in the course of a few days, as soon as the weather shall have cleared up, and the country becomes practicable for the movement of the troops. I will hereafter acquaint you with the time fixed upon. I conceive that the appearance of some armed and other vessels off, and to the westward of St. Jean de Luz on that day, might aid our operations, and that the Vesuvius bomb vessel, if she could approach sufficiently near to throw shells into the rear of the enemy's works, on the right of their position to the south of the Nivelle, might be able to render important services."

At length, on the 10th of November, 1813, the attack took place. Soon after midnight the troops having taken arms without the signal of trumpet or drum, began to ascend the Pyrenean mountains by moonlight by the different passes, and advanced to the verge



of the line of out-picquets, preparatory to the attack at daybreak. This grand movement was made in the most profound silence. As the columns moved onward the stillness was felt by all to be impressive.

The village clocks striking the hours amid the darkness, increased the general anxiety for the break of day; and the first streaks of light which dappled the east were watched by many thousand eyes with almost feverish impatience. On reaching their station, the troops were ordered to be extended on the ground, and the columns were so posted that the intervening ground concealed them from the enemy. It was the object of Lord Wellington in the approaching attack, to occupy the attention of the enemy by false attacks on his right wing, where the position was too strong to be seriously assailed, while his chief efforts should be directed to penetrating the centre, and thus to separate the wings of the French army. This object attained, it was even possible that by establishing his troops in rear of the enemy's right wing, its retreat on Bayonne might be cut off. The left wing of the army was commanded by Sir John Hope, who on crossing the Bidassoa, had succeeded Sir Thomas Graham as second in command.* It consisted of the first division, under Major-General Howard, the 5th division under Major General Hay; Lord Aylmer's independant brigade, and the Portuguese brigades of Generals Wilson and Bradford. The centre was divided into two columns; the left of which consisted of the light division, under Charles Baron Alten, supported by Longas' corps of Spaniards. The right column of the centre was commanded by Marshal Beresford. It was composed of the third division, under the Honourable Sir Charles Colville, in the absence of General Riton; of the fourth division, under the Honourable Sir Lowry Cole; of the seventh division, under Mariscal del Campo de Cor, in the absence of Lord Dalhousie. General Giron, with the Spanish army of reserve, was posted between the two columns of the centre, which were supported by a brigade of cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton. The right wing, under Sir Rowland Hill, consisted of the second division under the Honourable Sir William Steuart, the sixth division, under Sir Henry Clinton; the Portuguese division of Sir John Hamilton, and the Spanish division of Morillo. The attack began at daylight by a brisk cannonade, and a skirmish of the picquets along the whole line. The fourth division then advanced to attack a strong redoubt of the enemy, in front of the village of Sarre, and carried it with little opposition. Sarre was then abandoned by the enemy, without any attempt at resistance. At the same time the right division, advancing with the greatest impetuosity, forced the lines on Petite La Rhune, and, having driven the enemy from their different redoubts, formed on the summit of a hill. "In a few minutes," says an officer engaged in the attack, "we reached the summit of the small mountain by a green slope (not unlike a large breach) within twenty yards of the walls of the first fort. The soldiers and officers gasped for breath; many of them

* Sir T. Graham had been compelled to retire from ill-health.

staggered and fell forward, from the weight of their knapsacks and accoutrements, and before they could recover their limbs, were pierced with bullets to rise no more; the officers led on in a group and carried the first fort. The second was then attacked hand to hand, the French using their bayonets and the butt end of their pieces; one of our officers gallantly jumped into the second fort, and a French soldier thrust a bayonet through his neck-handkerchief, transfixed him to the wall and then fired his piece, which blew away the officer's collar, who jumped up unhurt! Another officer, while clambering up the wall, received a most tremendous blow on the fingers with the butt end of a firelock which made him glad to drop his hold; and, we were so hard pressed that one or two of the officers seized the dead



soldiers' firelocks and fought with them. Amongst others, Sir Andrew Barnard, of the rifle corps, joined in this hard fight. As the enemy rushed out of the second fort, a little athletic man with red hair eagerly followed a French officer; the Frenchman parried two of his thrusts, but finding his men give way he turned suddenly round and made off, and the soldier, fearing his prey might escape, hurled his firelock at him; the bayonet flew through the back of his body, and he fell heavily on his face with the weight of the musket, and the bayonet still sticking in him. Another French officer, who had shown a noble example of heroism, stood on the top of the wall

with both his eyes hanging on his cheeks, with his short cloak flapping in the wind, and not daring to move from his perilous position lest he should tumble headlong down the steep precipice of many hundred feet in depth. The forts being now carried I seized the hand of an officer and congratulated him on his escape, the next instant he was down with a horrible wound, and a ball grazed my left cheek. Thus in ten minutes six companies assaulted a tremendous post and carried three forts at the point of the bayonet. It was one of the best contested fights I ever saw, but ten officers were killed and wounded, and nearly a hundred men. General Sir James Kempt, and his gallant aid-de-camp, the Honourable G. Gore, had urged their horses up the rocks with hats off, and were cheering us on while carrying the third fort, when the General was wounded in the wrist of the right arm."

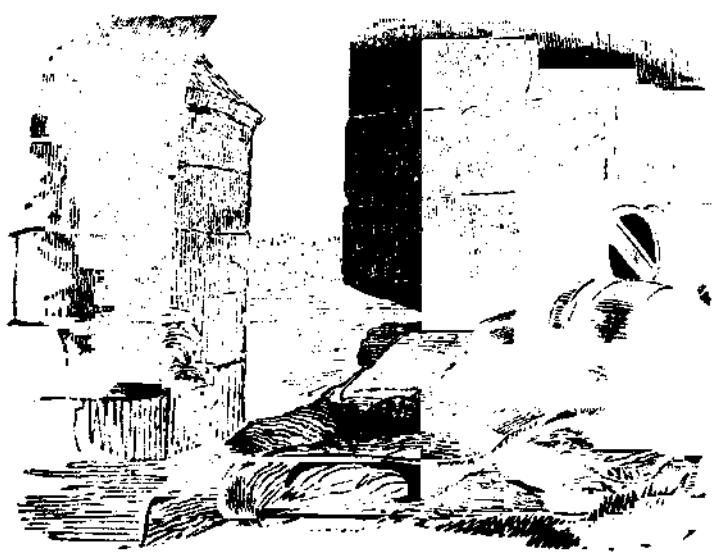
These preliminary attacks having proved successful, the centre columns continued their advance against the heights in rear of Sarre, under a heavy fire from the various lines of intrenchments, by which this point of the position had been secured. On the approach of the columns, however, these were successively abandoned with scarcely an effort at defence; and the enemy fled in great disorder towards the bridges of the Nivelle. The garrison of only one redoubt attempted to repulse the assailants.

While the light division was escalading the works, the column of Marshal Beresford succeeded in intercepting the retreat of the garrison, and an entire French battalion, nearly six hundred strong, were in consequence made prisoners. In the meanwhile Sir Rowland Hill made a powerful attack on the heights of Ainhoe. The troops moved on in *eschelons* of divisions, and the sixth division, supported by that of Sir John Hamilton, having first crossed the Nivelle, came in contact with the enemy's right, and at once carried the whole of his defences on that flank. The second division was equally successful in its attack on a redoubt, on a parallel ridge in the rear, and both divisions then advanced to Espellate, when the enemy, afraid of being intercepted, abandoned their advanced line in front of Ainhoe, and retreated in some confusion towards Cambo. During these operations a detachment of fifteen hundred Spaniards, of Mina's division, moved along the heights of Maya, and attacked the advanced posts of the enemy in that direction. Their onset was vigorous, and the French were at first forced to retire, but being reinforced, they again returned to the assault, and beat the Spaniards back nearly to the village of Maya. The heights on both sides of the Nivelle being thus carried, the third and seventh divisions were directed to move by the left, and the sixth division by the right of the river, against a ridge of fortified heights near St. Pe, where the enemy were observed to be collecting in considerable force. These divisions came up, and after a smart engagement with the enemy, drove them in confusion from the position. By this success the

troops of the centre were established in rear of those which still remained in their works.

But the extreme extent of the line of movement, and the great difficulty of part of the ground to be crossed, joined to the approach of night, prevented Lord Wellington from pushing farther the advantage of the darkness, to retire the force from his right, and resigned his whole line to the victorious army.

The result of these splendid operations was the capture of fifty guns, fifteen hundred prisoners, and a considerable quantity of stores and ammunition. The loss of the victors little exceeded five hundred killed, and two thousand wounded. The truth is, that the enemy in defending his works on the Nivelle, did not display that courage and resolution, by which, aided by the talent of their leaders, the French army had earned trophies in every quarter of Europe. They were dispirited and disheartened by a continued series of defeats, and no longer met their opponents in the field with that confident anticipation of victory which, like other prophetic aspirations, frequently contribute to their own fulfilment. Had it been otherwise the loss of the Allies must have been severe.





BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

CHAPTER VI.

1813—14.

WELLINGTON'S LETTER TO LORD BATHURST ON THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS. CROSSING OF THE ADOUR.—BATTLE OF ORTHEZ.—TARBES.—BORDEAUX OCCUPIED BY MARSHAL BERESFORD.—BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.—ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON.—LOUIS XVIII. ON THE THRONE OF FRANCE.—ARMISTICE WITH SOULT.—WELLINGTON GOES TO PARIS AND THEN TO MADRID



oscow having occasioned the great defeat experienced by Bonaparte in his second expedition to Russia, this, together with the utter annihilation of his grand army at Leipsic (October, 1813), had raised the hope of the Bourbons of once more seating themselves upon the throne of France. A proposition having been made of the Duke de Berri joining the army, to take the command of twenty thousand men, said to be ready organized and armed, to forward the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, Lord Wellington said, "My opinion is that the interests of the House of Bourbon, and of all Europe are the same,—viz: in some manner or other, to get the better and rid of Bonaparte. Although therefore, the Allies in the north of Europe, and even great Britain and Spain, might not be prepared to go the length of declaring that they would not lay down their arms till Bonaparte should be dethroned, they would be justified in receiving this assistance from the House of Bourbon, and their French party, who are

dissatisfied with the government of Bonaparte. It might be a question with the House of Bourbon whether they would involve their partizans in France upon anything short of such a declaration; but none with the Allies whether they would receive such assistance. Indeed, there could scarcely be a question for the Princes of Bourbon, if they are acquainted with the real nature and extent of Bonaparte's power. He rests internally upon the most extensive and expensive system of corruption that was ever established in any country; and externally upon the military power which is supported almost exclusively by foreign contributions. If he can be confined to the limits of France by any means his system must fall. He cannot bear the expence of his internal government and of his army, and the reduction of either would be fatal to him. Any measure, therefore, which should go only to confine him to France, would forward, and ultimately attain the object of the House of Bourbon and their partizans. If the House of Bourbon and the Allies, however, do not concur in this reasoning, we must then, before the Duke de Berri is allowed to join the army, get from the Allies in the north of Europe a declaration how far they will persevere in the contest, with a view to dethrone Bonaparte; and the British government must make up their minds on the question and come to an understanding upon it with those of the Peninsular." Again he says,* "I have not, myself, heard any opinion in favor of the House of Bourbon. The opinion stated to me upon that point is, that twenty years have elapsed since the princes of that house have quitted France; that they are equally, if not more, unknown to France than the Princes of any other royal house of Europe; but that the Allies ought to agree to propose a sovereign to France instead of Napoleon, who must be got rid of, if it is hoped, or intended, that Europe should enjoy peace; and that it was not material whether it was of the House of Bourbon or of any other royal family. I have taken measures to open correspondence with the interior, by which I hope to know what passes, and the sentiments of the people, and I will take care to keep your Lordship acquainted with all that I may learn. In the mean time, I am convinced more than ever that Napoleon's power stands upon corruption; that he has no adherents in France but the principal officers of his army, and the *employés civils* of the government, and possibly some of the new proprietors; but even those last I consider doubtful.

"Notwithstanding this state of things, I recommend to your Lordship to make peace with him, if you can acquire all the objects which you have a right to expect. All the powers of Europe require peace, possibly more than France, and it would not do to force a new system of war upon the speculations of any individual, on what he sees and learns in one corner of France.

"If Bonaparte becomes moderate, he is probably as good a sove-

* Despatch to Earl Bathurst. Nov 21, 1813.

reign as we can desire in France; if he does not, we shall have another war in a few years; but if my speculations are well founded, we shall have all France against him; time will have been given for the supposed disaffection to his government to produce its effect; his diminished resources will have decreased his means of corruption, and it may be hoped that he will be engaged single handed against insurgent France and all Europe.



"There is another view of this subject, however, and that is the continuance of the existing war, and the line to be adopted in that case. At the present moment it is quite impossible for me to move at all, although the army was never in such health, heart, and condition, as at present; and it is probably the most complete machine for its numbers in Europe. The rain has so completely destroyed the roads that I cannot move, and, at all events, it is desirable before I go farther forward that I should know what the Allies propose to do in the winter; which I conclude I shall hear from your Lordship, as soon as the King's government shall be made acquainted with their intentions, by the King's diplomatic servants abroad. As I shall move forward, whether in the winter or the spring, I can enquire, and ascertain more fully the sentiments of the people, and the governments can either empower me to decide to raise the Bourbon standard, or can decide the ques-

tion hereafter themselves, after they shall have all the information before them, which I can send them of the sentiments and wishes of the people.

"I can only tell you that if I were a Prince of the House of Bourbon, nothing should prevent me from coming forward, not in a good house in London, but in the field of France; and if Great Britain should stand by him, I am certain that he would succeed. This success would be much more certain in a month or more hence, when Napoleon commences to carry into execution the oppressive measures which he must adopt in order to try to redeem his fortunes."

The army under the Marquis of Wellington had gone into cantonments between the Nivelle and the sea, while Marshal Soult had retired to strong positions on the line of retreat. Operations were not resumed until the 8th of December. On the evening of that day the pontoon train was ordered to move through Aramitza and the troops were under arms three hours before daybreak.

The left wing under Sir John Hope were first to advance, which they did by the great road from St. Jean de Luz towards Bayonne; on the south side of which latter place the French were encamped. Sir Rowland Hill was to cross the river Nive at Cambo, and Sir Henry Clinton's division, the 6th, at Ustaritz. Hope succeeded in driving the enemy back from the heights on the Bayonne road, and ultimately to his intrenched camp; while at the same time Hill passed the river, took the enemy in flank at Ureuray, and gained possession of the great road from St. Jean Pied de Porte. Sir Henry Clinton's corps crossed the river at Ustaritz, and dislodged the enemy from his position at Ville Franque, after some hard fighting.

Soult, under cover of night, withdrew to his intrenched lines at Bayonne. This city is situated at the confluence of two rivers, Nive and Adour; the former is a rapid mountain stream, not fordable for miles above the city. The Adour rises in the Pyrenees, fertilizes the plains of Gascony, and falls into the sea at Bayonne; the city is thus defended on one side by the last named river, and is strongly fortified on the other sides; it has a citadel also of great strength, which commands the bridge over the Adour, and the whole city and roadstead; the fortifications were the work of the celebrated Vauban. Soult had found an intrenched camp of great strength on the left bank of the river, having an impenetrable morass in its front; this camp was capable of containing a very large force. There are but two roads by which approach could be made for attack, and by which artillery could pass—viz: one from St. Jean de Luz, and the other from St. Jean Pied de Porte. Soult who had always an excellent road open to retreat in case of failure—his intrenched lines—determined to prevent the advance of the Allies. He moved forward at daybreak with his main body, to make a powerful effect against the left of the Allies, under Sir John Hope, and coming upon it by the wood of St. Jean de Luz, he attacked briskly the fifth division under Major General Hay, stationed on the plateau of Barouillet, having

the brigade of General Campbell in its front. Another column also assailed the light division, and drove in their outposts to the village of Arcangues in spite of the intrenchments. A strong body of the enemy pushed forward beyond the left flank of the light division, in the hope of dividing the two Allied corps in the direction of Arbonne. This body of the enemy made a furious attack on the right of the 5th division, which, however, maintained its ground, though its loss was most severe. The enemy, strongly reinforced, attacked, and finally drove back the Portuguese brigade under Campbell, as well as that of General Robinson, which came up to support it. Such, in fact, was the ardour of his attack that he penetrated beyond the front of the position. Another Portuguese battalion having moved forward to the rear of the wood, charged the French column, whilst at the same time, the 9th regiment attacking the enemy in the rear, who stood for a moment, when he fled with considerable loss. Again and again was the attack renewed upon the position of the 5th division; the brigade of British guards now supported this critical point, and it was not until nightfall that the enemy ceased his assaults. The light division which occupied the village of Argangues had also to withstand the oft repeated furious attacks of the French; but which they did with great gallantry, the enemy succeeding only in retaining the plateau of Bassussary, which is immediately in front of Arcangues. On the following morning at daybreak, the enemy showing a disposition to attack in great force the light division, Sir John Hope moved a corps to its support; this being perceived by Soult, he changed immediately his plan of attack, and advanced with impetuosity on Barouillet. So sudden and unexpected was the enemy's attack upon this position, that the British troops were cooking their rations at the time. However, the men forming with astonishing celerity, received the French attack with indomitable bravery, and after a short contest repulsed it.

Both armies remained, on the 12th of December, in their former positions, nothing took place but some skirmishing with the respective picquets. Lord Wellington, in his despatches dated St. Jean, 14th December, says, "I cannot sufficiently applaud the ability, coolness, and judgment of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, who, with the General and staff-officers under his command, showed the troops an example of gallantry which must have tended to produce the favourable result of the day. Sir John Hope received a severe contusion, which, however, I happy to say, has not deprived me for a moment of the benefit of his assistance. After the action was over, the regiments of Nassau and Frankfort, under the command of Colonel Krouse, came over to the posts of Major General Ross's brigade of the 5th division, which were formed for the support of the centre."

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"Two guns and some prisoners were taken from the enemy, who, beaten on all points, and having suffered considerable loss, were obliged to retire upon their intrenchments. The enemy marched a

large body across the bridge of the Adour yesterday evening, and retired their force opposite to Sir Rowland Hill this morning towards Bayonne."

Lord Wellington had, at this period, not only to guard against the ceaseless vigilance of his able antagonist, Soult, but to quell the repeated bickering of his own officers, and the ridiculous orders and counter-orders from the authorities at home. He addressed a spirited remonstrance to the late Duke of York (then Commander-in-chief) against the sending on other expeditions the troops he had been at so much pains to organize and disciple, and for which our wise government at home wished to substitute fresh levies; this remonstrance was successful in convincing the Commander-in-chief of the impolicy of measures contemplated by the British government, and they were consequently abandoned.

The loss of the Allies in the late actions had been severe, and amounted to five thousand men; while that of the enemy was from four to five thousand killed and wounded alone.

Such a loss to Soult's army (exclusive of desertions) was irreparable, because it not only rendered him numerically inferior to the Allies, but the declining power of Napoleon rendered fresh levies impossible; besides, it was evident that the Spanish troops had as much improved in their fighting qualities as his own soldiers had decreased in their gallantry, from the disheartening influence of repeated defeat. These were enough to cripple the energy of an ordinary general; but to render these difficulties the greater, he was soon painfully convinced that the spirit of his own countrymen, on the very scene of his operations, was adverse to his great master's dynasty. The south of France has ever been proverbial for its loyalty to the house of Bourbon. How great, then, was the merit of Marshal Soult in resisting so gallantly, under such circumstances and with such difficulties, the advance of an army flushed with victory.

That the cause of Napoleon was rapidly declining, and Lord Wellington's conviction of that fact, may be judged of by the following extract of a despatch from his Lordship to Earl Bathurst at this period. "Your Lordship very reasonably however, asks what objects we propose to ourselves here which are to induce Napoleon to make peace. I am now in a commanding situation, on a most vulnerable frontier of France, probably the most vulnerable frontier. If I could put twenty thousand Spaniards into the field (which I could do if I had money), and was properly supported by the fleet, I must have the only fortress there is on the frontier, if it can be called a fortress, and that in a very short space of time. If I could put forty thousand Spaniards in the field I should most probably have my posts on the Garonne. Does any man believe that Napoleon would not feel an army in such a position more than he would feel thirty or forty thousand British troops laying seige to one of his for-

tresses in Holland? If it be only the resource of men and money of which he will be deprived, and the reputation he would lose by our being in this position, it will do ten times more to produce peace than ten armies on the side of Flanders. But if I am right in believing there is a strong Bourbon party in France, and that that party is a preponderating one in the south of France, what mischief must not our party do him in the position I have supposed, and what sacrifices would he not make to get rid of us."

Speaking of the state of his own army, he says, "I lately sent you a return of the supply of clothing received for the Spanish army for the year 1813, from which you will see how that branch stands, and I have not heard of the arrival at Plymouth of the twenty-five thousand suits to be lodged in store there, which will leave a deficiency of three thousand suits for 1813, seven thousand suits having lately arrived at Corunna; nearly all the great coats are different, the reason of this is that the inferior departments do not observe that when British exertion is to be made on a new scene, the old means are not sufficient; new engines must be set to work, other wise the service must be stinted in one or both scenes, and there must be complaints. Your Lordship is also acquainted with the state of our financial resources; we are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of the public creditors waiting to demand payment of what is due to them. Some of the muleteers are twenty-six months in arrears, and only yesterday I was obliged to give them bills on the Treasury for a part of their demand, or lose their services; which bills they will, I know, sell at a depreciated rate of exchange to the sharks who are waiting at Passages and in this town to take advantage of the public distresses.

"I have reason to suspect they become thus clamorous at the instigation of the British merchants."

Lord Wellington was also much distressed at the daily complaints made by the French peasantry of the horrible brutality of the Spanish troops, particularly the Guerillas under General Morillo, and he was obliged to threaten to make severe examples of the offenders if the strictest discipline was not observed. "I cannot be satisfied," his Lordship wrote to General Morillo, "with professions of obedience, my orders must be readily obeyed and strictly carried into execution. and if I cannot obtain obedience in one way I will in another, or I will not command the troops which disobey me."

It was at this period that Napoleon made a secret treaty with Ferdinand the Seventh, king of Spain (who was still his prisoner), by which the Spanish territories should be evacuated by the belligerents, and an act of amnesty granted to all who had adhered to the fortunes of Joseph. This, although agreed to by Ferdinand, was refused by the Spanish regency at Madrid; in vain was the Duke Carlos and even Palafox sent to the capital to induce the regency to

recognize the treaty, that body with the patriotic feeling rejected this compromise of national honour. Lord Wellington's feeling it was well ascertained, was far from being favourably disposed to the adoption of a liberal form of government in Spain; nay, it was known that he wished the restoration of Ferdinand in all the plenitude of his absolute power, because, say his eulogists, he did not believe that Spain was yet ready for a constitutional government. His Lordship, therefore, confined himself exclusively to those matters which concerned only the action of his own army in the field, and the necessary adjuncts to render the operations of that army efficient. The winter of 1813-14 found him cantoned with his army thus; occupying a line extending from Bidart on the left to Arcoagues and Ville Franque, the right thrown back to Urcuray, on the road to St. Jean de Luz, at which latter place the head quarters were established.

The French occupied their positions of the intrenched camp on the right of the Adour, St. Jean Pied de Porte, and the town of Dax, which they had made their entrepôt of supplies, &c., from the interior of France.

The Duc d'Angouleme, as the representative of the Bourbon interests, had arrived at Lord Wellington's head quarters, but was received only as a volunteer by the British Commander-in-Chief, because he was unwilling to take any decided part on behalf of the Bourbon cause until such time as the continental powers had determined upon a line of conduct suited to the adverse fortunes of Napoleon, and which was always dependant upon their degree of success against his waning authority.

Proclamations were indeed issued to the French nation by the Bourbon adherents in the South, with the consent of Lord Wellington, but no other active steps were at this time taken to promote the restoration of that dynasty; in fact Lord Wellington was obliged on more than one occasion to check the indiscreet zeal of the adherents of that cause.

It was under such circumstances that the campaign of 1814 opened by a movement of the allied forces, to drive the enemy from all his positions on the Bidassoa and the left of the Adour. For this purpose Sir Rowland Hill was directed to advance upon Hellete, and by turning the enemy's left intercept his communications with St. Jean Pied de Porte. The French, under Harispe (who had just previously repulsed an attack by Mina and his guerillas), were by this advance, compelled to fall back upon St. Palais, and take up a position upon the heights of La Montagne, from these heights the French were driven after a very obstinate resistance, but from the delay of the corps of Morillo, in timely co-operation, Harispe was enabled to cross the Bidassoa in tolerable order.

Hill, with his usual promptitude, followed up his advantages by fording the river (the bridge at Arriverete having been destroyed), and by a gallant attack of the 92nd the enemy, was forced from his

position behind the Gave de Mauleon, and was compelled to retreat to Sauveterre. While these movements were carrying on, Marshal Beresford forced the *tête du pont* of Peyrehorade, and Hill after, his successes already named, was enabled to pass the Gave d'Oleron on the 25th February. These well-executed movements, forced Soult to post his troops behind the Pace, having left a small force only for the defence of Bayonne.

Lord Wellington now determined to cross the Adour (a very broad and deep river), with his left wing by a bridge of boats.

The Adour was found to be so broad and rapid that vessels of thirty tons were required to form the bridge; this, however, was soon accomplished with the aid of the British squadrons under Rear-Admiral Penrose. The French, who relied upon the river for their chief defence, made but a most trifling opposition to the detachment of guards under General Stopford, who was the first to cross the river. An attack from a rocket brigade quickly dispersed the enemy, and by the evening of the 24th the whole of the 1st division was in possession of the right bank of the Adour, and by the able directions of the squadron, (which was now at the mouth of the river), the whole Allied army were able to accomplish the passage.

The enemy was now in full march to Orthez, where he had an intrenched camp. Leaving his left under Sir John Hope, to continue the operations against Bayonne, Lord Wellington advanced to attack Soult near Orthez.

The battle which followed this rapid movement cannot be better described than in his Lordship's own words, in his despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated, St. Sevre, 1st of March, 1814. After stating the dispositions of troops, he continues thus:

"We found the enemy in a strong position near Orthez, with his right on a height on the high road to Dax, and occupying the village of St. Boes, and the left on the heights above Orthez and that town, and opposing the passage of the river, by Sir R. Hill.

"The course of the heights, on which the enemy had placed his army, necessarily relieved his centre, while the strength of the position gave extraordinary advantages to the flanks.

"I ordered Marshal Sir William Beresford to turn and attack the enemy's right, with the 4th division under Lieutenant General Sir Lowry Cole, and the 7th division under Major General Walker, and Colonel Vivian's brigade of cavalry, while Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton should move along the great road leading from Peyrehorade to Orthez, and attack the heights on which the enemy's centre and left stood, with the 3rd and 6th divisions under Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, supported by Sir Stapleton Cotton, with Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of cavalry; Major-General Baron Charles Alten, with the light division, kept up the communication, and was in reserve between these two attacks. I have likewise directed Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill to cross the Gave, and turn and attack the enemy's left. Marshal Sir William

Beresford carried the village of St. Boe's with the 4th division under Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole, after an obstinate resistance by the enemy; but the ground was so narrow that the troops could not deploy to attack the heights, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of Major-General Ross and Brigadier-General Vanconcello's Portuguese brigade, and it was impossible to turn them by the enemy's right without an excessive extension of our line.

"I therefore so far altered the plan of the action as to order the immediate advance of the 3rd and 6th divisions, and I moved forward Colonel Barnard's brigade of the light division, to attack the left of the height, on which the enemy's right stood.

This attack, led on by the 52nd regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Colbourne, and supported on their right by Major-General Brisbane's, and Colonel Keane's brigades of the 3rd division, and by simultaneous attacks on the left, by Major-General Anson's brigade of the 4th division, and on the right by Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton with the remainder of the 3rd division, and the 6th division under Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, dislodged the enemy from the heights, and gave us the victory. In the mean time Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill had forced the passage of the Gave above Orthez, and seeing the state of the action, General Sir John Hope moved immediately with the 2nd division of infantry under Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart, and Major-General Fane's brigade of cavalry, direct for the great road from Orthez to St. Sever, thus keeping upon the enemy's left. The enemy retired at first in admirable order, taking every advantage of the numerous good positions which the country afforded him.

"The losses, however, that he sustained in the continued attacks of our troops, and the danger with which he was threatened by Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill's movement, soon accelerated his movements, and the retreat at last became a flight, and the trooops were in the utmost confusion. Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton took advantage of the only opportunity which offered to charge with Major-General Lord Edward Somerset's brigade, in the neighbourhood of Sault de Navailles. I cannot estimate the extent of the enemy's loss; we have taken six pieces of cannon, and a great many prisoners; the numbers I cannot at present report. The whole country is covered by their dead. The army was in the utmost confusion when I last saw it, passing the heights near Sault de Navailles, and many soldiers had thrown away their arms. The desertion has since been immense. We followed the enemy on the following day to this place, and we this day passed the Adour. Marshal Sir William Beresford marched with the light division, and General Vivian's brigade upon Mont de Marson, where he has taken a very large magazine of provisions. Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill has moved upon Aire, and the advanced posts of the centre are at Cazeres. The enemy apparently retiring upon Agen, have left open the direct road towards Bordeaux. While the opera

tions of which I have above given the report, were carrying on the right of the army, Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope in concert with Rear-Admiral Penrose, availed himself of an opportunity which offered on the 23rd of February, to cross the Adour below Bayonne, and to take possession of both banks of the river at its mouth.

"The result of the operations which I have detailed to your Lordship is, that Bayonne, St. Jean Pied de Porte, and Navarriens, are invested, and the army having passed the Adour, are in possession of the great communications across that river, after having beaten the enemy and taking their magazines."



The political effect of the battle of Orthez, was immense. The partizans of the Bourbons became more bold. Still Lord Wellington acted with the utmost caution, although he was informed of the progress of the reaction taking place in favour of the ancient dynasty.

During the night after the battle of Orthez, the beaten army fell back to Hagitman, and was joined there by the garrison of Dax, with two conscript battalions; halting behind the Adour, it took a position at Seuer. This, however, was abandoned on the approach of the allied centre; and the French divisions continued their retreat to Agen, breaking down the bridges in their rear. The pursuit was as rapidly continued by the allies, as bad roads and bad weather would permit.

The easterly line chosen by the French Marshal for his retreat, had left the Bordeaux road uncovered, and this enabled Beresford, with the light division and Vivian's cavalry to reach Mont de Marsaux, where he captured an immense magazine, while the centre moved on Cazeres, and the right moved on Aire. Early on the 2nd of March, Hill found himself in presence of the enemy, who were strongly posted on a ridge of hills half a league in front of the town, with their right resting on the Adour.

Sir Rowland with his usual decision, instantly ordered an attack, Sir William Stewart, with the second division, advanced against the right of the French line, and Da Costa, with his brigade, attacked the centre.

The Portuguese succeeded in gaining possession of the ridge, but were thrown into such confusion by the resistance made by the enemy, as would have been of the most serious consequence, had it not been for the timely support given by the 2nd division, under Lieutenant-General Sir W. Stewart, who, having previously beaten back the enemy directly opposed to him, and seeing them returning to charge the Portuguese brigade, ordered forward the 1st brigade of the 2nd division, which, led by Major-General Barnes, charged the enemy in the most gallant style, and beat them back, throwing their columns in the greatest confusion.

The enemy made various attempts to regain the ground, but Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir W. Stewart, having now been joined by Major-General Byng's brigade, was enabled to drive them from all their positions, and finally from Aire.

At least two divisions of the enemy were engaged. Their loss in killed and wounded was very great. Their retreat was by the right bank of the Adour, with the exception of some part of their force, which, being cut off from the river by our rapid advance to Aire, retired in the greatest confusion in the way towards Pace, leaving their arms in every direction.

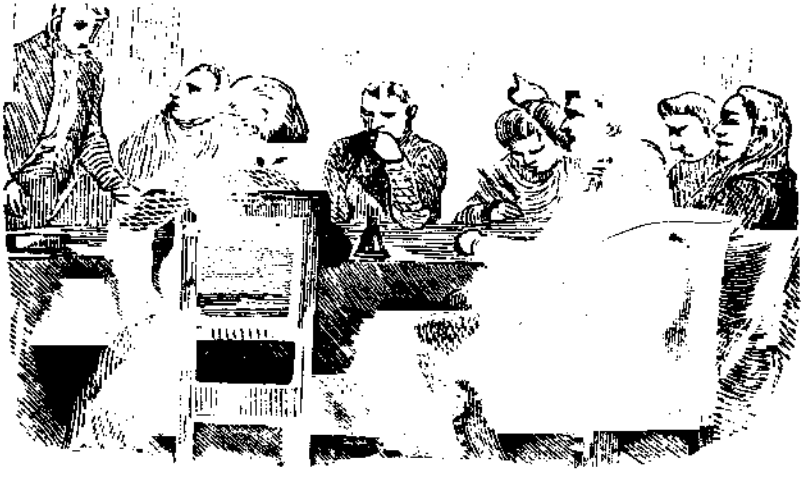
The action of Aire was equally creditable to the Commander as to the British regiments engaged. From the promptness with which Sir Rowland made his attack, both skill and courage were required to render it effective. Da Costa's brigade were, however, brought clumsily into action, and the Portuguese battalions did not display their usual spirit—their fighting was feeble and irregular, and Harispe's division easily repulsed them; but Stewart detached Barnes, with the 50th and 92nd, to remedy the mischief; and the impetuous charge of these splendid regiments at once decided the fortune of the day. When night came, Harispe was forced back upon the Lees, Vilatte driven from the town, while Rougette's division, which had come from Barcelona to his support, covered the retreat.

The loss of the British troops was one hundred and fifty; General Barnes was wounded, and Colonel Hood killed. The loss of the Portuguese was never officially stated, yet it could not have been less than that of the British; and the vigour of the action proved that the French courage was very little abated by the battle of Orthez. Soult immediately retreated up the Adour by both banks, towards Maubourget and Marciac, and he was not followed, for new combinations were opened to the General on both sides.

By the opening of the Bordeaux road, an opportunity was afforded to Lord Wellington of carrying the war into the heart of France, and encouraging a popular demonstration in favour of the exiled family. For this he was assured that every thing was rife—that the attachment of citizens of Bordeaux towards the Bourbons was sincere—and that, although the presence of a garrison faithfully devoted to Napoleon restrained an open declaration of their feelings, all that was required

to produce a popular outbreak, would be the advance of the allies; and hence, a very powerful movement might be made to overturn a tottering government, and favour the restoration of Louis the 18th. Under these circumstances, Lord Wellington dispatched Marshal Beresford, with the 4th and 7th divisions, and Vivian's light cavalry, to take possession of Bordeaux.

But although no military difficulty was to be apprehended, there were many political considerations which induced Lord Wellington to waver in his resolution. The Congress at Chatillon had not been broken up, and the question of peace or war was still alive, and remained to be decided. Napoleon's brilliant success in checking the invading armies, with a force decidedly inferior, had excited the strongest hopes that he might ultimately expel them from the French territories, and dissolve, what he believed to be an ill-compacted alliance. On this belief he acted, even to the moment when the bond of union had been more firmly cemented between the contracting powers; and when Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain, had formed a league, offensive and defensive, for twenty years, each binding itself not to treat seperately with the enemy, and each to keep on foot an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, exclusive of garrisons, England reserving an option to subsidise other troops in place of her own, and agreeing to supply five millions sterling, to be divided among the other powers for maintaining the war.



What, then, were Napoleon's demands, as contained in his ultimatum to the Congress. He required for himself the whole line of the Rhine, a great part of that of the Waal, and the fortress of Nime-

guen, Italy, including Venice, for his son-in-law Eugene Beauharnais —indemnities for that prince, as having been grand duke of Frankfort; for Jerome, on the score of his kingdom of Westphalia; for Louis, as Grand Duke de Berg; and for Joseph, not indeed, in compensation for Spain, but for Naples—from whence Bonaparte himself had removed him to Madrid! Such demands were at once rejected, and the Congress was dissolved.

That Napoleon's delusion should have led him to propose such terms, Lord Wellington never could have been warranted in imagining. On the contrary, he expected that the emperor's demands would have been sufficiently modified to justify the allied sovereigns in acceding to them; and consequently, he inferred that a peace was not only a probable contingency, but an event that might be confidently expected. Acting on this conviction, after giving Marshal Beresford general directions for the conduct of his march, and a discretionary power when in posssession of the city, either to continue the municipal authority then in office, or to appoint others in their place, he thus instructed him on the nicer points connected with his delicate command.

"There is a large party at Bordeaux in favour of the House of Bourbon; and I beg you to adhere to the following instructions in regard to this party and their views.

"If they should ask for your consent to proclaim Louis the 18th, to hoist the white standard, &c., you will state that the British nation and their allies wish well to Louis the 18th; and as long as the public peace is preserved where our troops are stationed, we shall not interfere to prevent that party from doing what may be deemed most for its interest: nay, farther, that I am prepared to assist any party that may show itself inclined to aid us in getting the better of Bonaparte.

"That the object of the allies, however, in the war, and above all, in entering France, is, as stated in my proclamation, *Peace;* and that it is well known the allies are now engaged in negociating a treaty of peace with Bonaparte. That, however I might be inclined to aid and support any set of people against Bonaparte while at war, I could give them no farther aid when peace should be concluded; and I beg the inhabitants will weigh this matter well before they raise a standard against the government of Bonaparte, and involve themselves in hostilities.

"If, however, notwithstanding this warning, the town should think proper to hoist the white standard, and should proclaim Louis XVIII., or adopt any other measure of that description, you will not oppose them; and you will arrange with the authorities the means of drawing, without loss of time, for the arms, ammunition, &c., which are at Dax, which you will deliver to them.

"If the municipality should state that they will not proclaim Louis XVIII., without your orders, you will decline to give such orders, for the reasons above stated."

On the 8th of March Beresford marched on Langou; and on his route he was joined by Vandeleur's cavalry brigade, thus increasing his corps to twelve thousand men. On the 12th, he entered the city unopposed, Cornudet, the imperial commissioner, having first burned some ships upon the stocks, and L'Huillier, the commandant, crossing the river with his garrison, and occupying some strong posts upon the right bank of the Garrone, together with the fortress of Blaye.

On entering Bordeaux, Marshal Beresford was joyfully received by the Bourbonists. The mayor and municipality were in attendance to bid him welcome, and the tri-coloured flag gave place to the white banner of the royalists. On the same afternoon the Duke d'Angoulême made his entry, and Louis XVIII. was immediately proclaimed with the customary formalities.

While these occurrences took place, Lord Wellington and Soult remained in mutual observation, each, as after events proved, in ignorance of the other's force. The marshal was not aware that Wellington had detached a corps to Bourdeaux, while the allied commander received assurances that Soult had been largely reinforced. The loss of his magazines, when Beresford's absence was discovered, prevented the French marshal from taking the offensive at once; and on the 13th Freyre's Spanish corps, amounting to eight thousand men, with Ponsonby's heavy dragoons, strengthened Lord Wellington's army, and fully restored the numerical balance; at the same time, Beresford, with Vivian's light cavalry, and the 4th division, was recalled from Bordeaux, leaving the occupation of that city to the 7th division, and Vandeleur's brigade, under the command of Lord Dalhousie.

These measures, and perhaps still more his constant defeats, appear to have exasperated Soult beyond all bounds. He published a proclamation that could serve no other purpose but to show a wounded spirit and the consciousness of inferiority; for what else could be inferred from a fierce and coarse invective against the man who had invariably driven him from the field? The latter received it with his characteristic coldness, not deeming it worthy a reply, and only prepared himself for farther victories. No sooner had the waters in some measure subsided, and the communications of the army been restored, than he marched forward, and conceiving affairs were in such a state at Bordeaux by this time, that it would be sufficiently protected by the 7th division, he recalled Hill with the rest of his troops.

As Suchet was daily expected from Catalonia to reinforce Soult, and Sir William Clinton had already received orders to march the better portion of his British and German troops from Tarragona, to strengthen Lord Wellington, a slight digression will be necessary to connect the military and political history of the Peninsula with the operations in the south of France.

In Catalonia the war had languished, for both sides were acting

on the defensive. Early in December, Suchet, by a forced night march, had endeavoured to surprise the allied head quarters at Villa Franca. But the design transpired, and Sarsfield's division, falling back from the town towards Arbos, united with the cavalry and artillery, and, joined by Mackenzie's division, took a position and offered battle, which the French marshal declined, and in turn retreated rapidly on the Llobregat.

Although he had received positive instructions from Napoleon, to despatch to Lyons forthwith a division of infantry, with the greater portion of his cavalry and guns, still Suchet felt unwilling to lose his hold of Catalonia, and ventured to remonstrate with his master. Not receiving a reply, the Marshal concentrated the remnant of his army around Gerona—a preparatory movement towards carrying it into France—and one of the most singular military occurrences was among the latest events which marked the Catalonian war:

A Spanish adventurer, named Juan Van Halen, was attached to Suchet's staff. Possessing a handsome person, imposing address, a ready wit, and an extraordinary turn for intrigue, his life had been a continued scene of changes and deceit. He passed from the Spanish navy to the engineers; joined Blake's corps, after the battle of Rio Seco; and afterwards, swore allegiance to King Joseph, and held a commission in his guards. He had served in every part of Europe, and was now employed by Suchet as an aide-de-camp. Finding that the Imperial cause was falling, he determined, by becoming a double traitor, to conciliate the Spanish authorities, and thus purchase an immunity for past crimes. Overtures were accordingly made to Erols, and by the agency of a mistress who followed the fortunes of this adventurer, he transmitted to the Spanish General accurate returns of the strength of the French armies, and all other information he was enabled to officially obtain. At last he securely unlocked Suchet's portfolio, copied the key of his cypher, and prepared to desert to the Spaniards.

The difficulty found by the French Generals in sending and receiving information, as well from the activity of the Partidas, as from the duplicity of the emissaries they employed, had originated many curious devices to render their communications unintelligible should they fall into an enemy's hand, and also to prove their authenticity, when they fortunately reached their destination. Among many others, Suchet had recourse to the ingenious artifice of placing a very small piece of light-coloured hair in the cyphered paper; the latter was then enclosed in a quill, sealed, and wrapped in lead. When received, the small parcel was carefully opened on a sheet of white paper, and if the hair was discovered, the communication was good; if not, the treachery was apparent, because the hair would escape the vigilance of uninitiated persons, and be lost by any intermediate examination. Van Halen knew this secret also, and when his emissaries had returned after delivering the preparatory communication, he proceeded in person with a forged convention.

Van Halen's first attempt was made on the Governor of Tortosa. It was boldly commenced, and might probably have obtained success, had not General Robert, the commandant of the garrison, received intelligence during the night which excited his suspicions, and Van Halen was very near taken by a counter snare. At Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monqou, his artifice and effrontery succeeded; and three fortresses in a state of perfect defence, were obtained by the audacity of a cheat.

Monzon was at this time stored for seven months, Mequinenza for eighteen, and Lerida for two years. By the recovery of these places, forty thousand inhabitants were saved from the miseries of a siege, and six thousand Spanish troops were rendered disposable for other services. The navigation of the Ebro, the Cinca, and the Segre was restored; the most fertile part of Catalonia delivered; Arragon secured; and a direct communication opened with Lord Wellington's army.

The garrisons had been sent in March, as they supposed, to join Suchet at Barcelona; but on reaching the defiles at Martriell, they were suddenly surrounded. On a preconcerted signal the heights around were instantly covered with armed men. It was in vain to offer resistance; and two generals, having two thousand six hundred men, four guns, and a rich military chest, capitulated, but upon conditions, which were granted—and immediately violated with circumstances of great harshness and insult to the prisoners. The odium of this baseness, which was quite gratuitous, since the French, helpless in the defile, must have submitted to any terms, attaches entirely to the Spaniards. Sir William Clinton refused to meddle in any manner with the convention. He had not been a party to Van Halen's deceit; he appeared only to ensure the surrender of an armed force in the field, which the Spaniards could not have subdued without his aid; he refused even to be present at any consultation previous to the capitulation.

Lamarque, when he found himself a prisoner, and comprehended how completley he had been imposed upon by Van Halen, shrugged his shoulders, and observed, "That for five days he had been in a dream, and he was not quite sure whether he was yet awake."

Van Halen afterwards got into the Inquisition as a freemason and a liberal, got out of it, published his adventures in English, went to Brussels, headed the inhabitants in that insurrection, was suspected of treachery by the party whom he had served, thrown into prison, and after a while released. And there the drama of his unquiet life breaks off.

To resume the thread of our narrative: Ferdinand, in the mean time, had been restored, and exchanged a prison for a throne; and he came back with every vicious failing not remedied, but confirmed by misfortune. On the 7th of March, his passports were received at Valançay; and on the 13th, attended by the Infantes, he took his departure, and was received by Suchet, at Perpignan. The object of

the French Marshal was to restore the fortresses still garrisoned by the Imperial troops, on an understanding, that the garrisons should be sent at once to France, and thus rendered immediately disposable. To this proposition Lord Wellington strenuously objected. Writing to the Spanish minister of war, "There can be no doubt" he says, "that the French government are much distressed for men. The conscripts desert in all directions; and the armies are much reduced by the daily combats in which they are engaged. The proposition, therefore, to withdraw the garrisons from Barcelona, Tortosa, Peniscola, and Murviedro, is a scheme to bring into the field against this army from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men more than it has opposed to it, or than can be brought together against it.

"The scheme is likewise attended by another; viz: to hold Figueras and Rosas, and probably a corps of troops in the field within the Spanish frontier. The Spanish troops now in Catalonia, therefore, would be unable to co-operate with this army in any offensive operation against the enemy.

"There is undoubtedly a limit to the numbers against which I can venture to contend, with this army; and the Spanish nation would sustain a great misfortune if it were to be overpowered. I earnestly recommend to the government, therefore, not to allow any capitulation whatever to be made with the garrisons of Barcelona, Tortosa, Peniscola, and Murviedro, excepting on the basis of their being prisoners of war.

"I repeat my orders to General Copons on this subject, and I tell him that I desire that he will not agree to any capitulation whatever with those garrisons, or with any French troops within the Spanish frontier, excepting on the basis of their being prisoners of war, without positive orders from the government."

If, and on many occasions, the allied commander had reason to complain that his suggestions had not been attended to, on this, they were not made in vain. The Spanish government acted with candour and good sense; and the chief object which Napoleon intended to have achieved, by liberating a worthless monarch, consequently proved a failure.

Although the defeat of Orthez had not been so calamitous in the first instance, as might have been reasonably expected, its consequences produced the most serious embarrassments. The loss of magazines, the desertion of conscripts, the abatement of public confidence—all crippled the resources of Marshal Soult, and consequently, disheartened his soldiery and relaxed their discipline. The uncertain resources of the French army, and the general laxity of their military system, now rendered them impatient and insubordinate. With the inhabitants all apprehension from the invaders, had long since passed away; and the inoffensive demeanour of the anglo-Portuguese, added to the probity and liberality with which every engagement was discharged, obtained the friendship of the

peasantry, and secured their perfect neutrality. Indeed, the conduct of the French army had been lately so outrageous as to alienate popular affection; and the peasantry viewed them, not as countrymen, but as marauders. These feelings had become so marked, that Soult, in his correspondence with the Duke de Feltre complained that in the departments of the lower Pyrenees and Land de Ger, the inhabitants were better affected to the allies than the French; and that it was by no means improbable, that they would not join them in the field.

Soult had been urged by Napoleon to take the offensive—Wellington was equally desirous to resume active operations—and both generals had used every effort to increase the strength and efficiency of the respective armies. It would appear, however, that the means employed were widely different. An angry proclamation was issued by the marshal, which in the usual line of French addresses, falsified the past, and was equally infelicitous in predictions of the future. The opening was almost a burlesque, and in keeping with the general order issued on his appointment to the lieutenancy to the Spanish armies. "Soldiers," says the marshal, "at the battle of Orthez, you did your duty; the enemy's losses surpassed your's; his blood moistened all the ground he gained. You may consider that feat of arms as an advantage. Other combats are at hand; no repose for us until his army, formed of such extraordinary elements, shall evacuate the French territory, or be annihilated; Its numbers and progress may be great, but at hand are unexpected perils. Time will teach the enemy's general that French honour is not to be outraged with impunity.

"Soldiers, he has had the indecency to provoke you and your countrymen to revolt and sedition; he speaks of peace, and excites the French to a civil war! Thanks be to him for making known his projects, our forces are thereby centrupled; and he himself rallies round the imperial eagles all those who, deceived by appearances, believed our enemies would make a loyal war. No peace with the disloyal and perfidious nation! No peace with the English and their auxiliaries until they quit the French territory. They have dared to insult the national honour, the infamy to incite Frenchmen to become perjured towards the Emperor. Revenge the offence in blood. To arms! Let this cry resound through the south of France, the Frenchman that hesitates abjures his country, and belongs to her enemies."

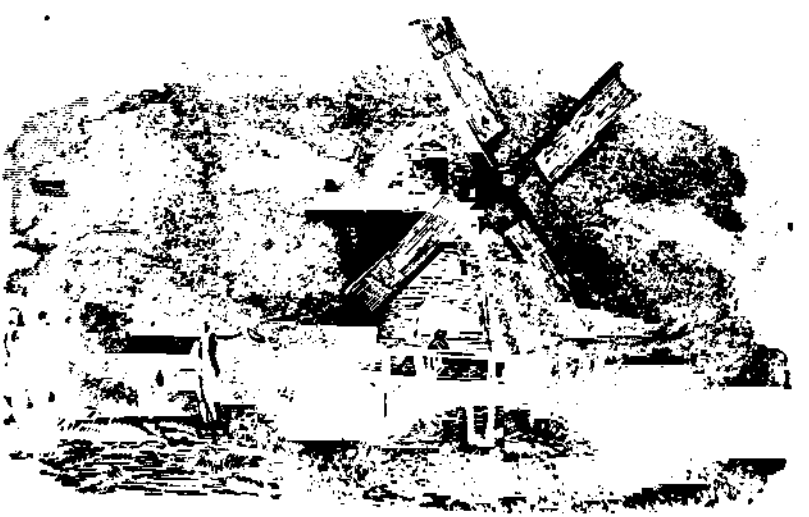
What the advantages were, obtained by this feat of arms at Orthez, it would be very difficult to discover; and the marshal's splenetic comments upon Lord Wellingron's addresses to the French people, proved that these appeals had not been made in vain. The tone and spirit of the Proclamation evinced throughout, the feelings under which it had been written;—all bespeaking the mortification which attends promises of brilliant success which terminate in continued disasters.

The French marshal, in the mean time, had ascertained the real strength of his opponent; and considering it to be a favourable opportunity to strike a blow on the rear and right flank of the allies, he crossed the Adour on the 12th of March. Lord Wellington, while part of his detachments were coming forward, took a strong position at Garlin; and on the 20th of the same month, he communicated the subsequent operations to Earl Bathurst in a despatch from Tarbes, dated the 20th of March, 1814.

"The enemy collected their forces at Conchez on the 13th, as I reported to your Lordship in my dispatch of that date, which induced me to concentrate the army in the neighbourhood of Aire. The various detachments which I had sent out, and the reserves of cavalry and artillery moving out of Spain, did not join till the 17th."

"In the mean time, the enemy, not finding his situation at Conchez very secure, retired on the 15th to Lembége, keeping his advanced posts towards Conchez.

The army marched on the 18th, and Lieutenant-general Sir Rowland Hill drove in the enemy's outposts upon Lembége. The enemy retired in the night upon Vic Bigoree; and on the following day, the 19th, held a strong rear-guard in the vineyards in front of the town. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division and Major-General Brock's brigade, made a very handsome movement upon this rear-guard, and drove them through the vineyards and town; and the army assembled at Vic Bigorre and Rabastens:



"The enemy retired in the night upon Tarbes. We found them this morning with the advanced posts of their left in the town, and

their right upon the heights near the windmill of Orleix. Their centre and left were retired; the latter being upon the heights near Audos. We marched in two columns from Vic Bigorre and Rabastens; and I made Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton turn and attack the right with the sixth division, through the village of Dours, while Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill attacked the town by the high road from Vic Bigorre.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton's movement was very ably made, and was completely successful. The light division under Major-General C. Baron Alten likewise drove the enemy from the heights above Orleix; and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill having moved through the town and disposed his columns for the attack, the enemy retired in all directions. The enemy's loss was considerable in the attack made by the light division; ours has not been considerable in any of these operations.

"Our troops are encamped this night upon the Larret and the Arroz; Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton with the sixth division, and Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, with Major-General Ponsonby's and Lord Edward Somerset's brigades, being well advanced upon their right

"Although the enemy's opposition has not been of a nature to try the troops, I have had every reason to be satisfied with their conduct in all these affairs, particularly with that of the third division in the attack of the vineyards and town of Vic Bigorre yesterday, and with that of the sixth and light divisions this day.

"In all the partial affairs of the cavalry, ours have shown their superiority; and two squadrons of the 14th dragoons under Captain Milles on the 14th; and one squadron of the 15th, on the 16th, conducted themselves most gallantly, and took a great number of prisoners.

"The 4th Portuguese dragoons, under Colonel Campbell, likewise conducted themselves remarkably well in a charge on the 18th.

The loss of the British in the operations alluded to in this dispatch from the 7th to the 20th March, 1814, was about five hundred and twenty of all arms.

Soult retired by St. Gaudens on Toulouse. Notwithstanding the rapidity of his march, he had found time to destroy all the bridges as he went, and he reached his ground full three days before the allies, Wellington being more solicitous to bring his army efficiently, than rapidly forward; and by husbanding their strength, and keeping his corps well together, be ready for the crisis when it came.

Toulouse, whither Soult had now retreated for the sake of its abundant supplies and the strength of its position, is situated on the right bank of the Garonne, the river flowing along its eastern side and dividing it from the suburb St. Etienne; and on the north, the town is covered by the great canal of Languedoc, which is connected with the Garonne about two miles above Toulouse by the canal of

Brienne, the latter being wide enough for several barges to lie on it abreast; at this point the navigation of the river is interrupted by a weir for the use of the corn-mills. To the south is an open space,



extending between the almost parallel waters, but approachable only by roads of the very worst description; on this side is the fauxbourg of St. Michael, and through it runs the highway from Narbonne. On the east again, beyond the canal of Languedoc, and nearly in a line with it, is a range of heights, bordered by the river Ers, and extending on the right to Montaudran, through which range pass all the approaches to the canal and town from the eastward. Here it was that Soult had taken up his position, for the walls of Toulouse, though old, and of great thickness, and flanked by towers, would not long have resisted the ingenuity of modern warfare. The left and centre of these heights, which seemed to be the most accessible, he had strongly fortified with entrenchments and redoubts, but towards the right where the line approached to within half gunshot of the Ers, he had trusted to the river for his safety. All the bridges crossing the canal were protected by bridge-heads, while those across the Ers out of cannon-range of the works, were destroyed, and the fauxbourg of St. Cyprian, was likewise covered by strong entrenchments. The southern front was the only one left without any new defences; on this side he relied upon the width and rapidity of the Garonne, and the wretched condition of the cross-roads, that utterly forbade the passage of artillery. But though thus strongly posted, it does not appear that Soult felt much confidence of a favourable result; even at the time when his exultation seemed at the highest, he wrote to Suchet, saying, that in case of being forced to retire, he should draw nearer to him, and that it would be to their mutual advantage if the latter would make a diversion by the shortest line upon the Garonne.

It was desirable for Wellington, who at length approached, to obtain a passage above the city, as in that case Soult must either

abandon Toulouse or give up all hopes of communicating with Suchet, now actually on the way to join him. He therefore ordered a bridge to be laid immediately below the junction of the Arriége with the Garonne, but when, with great difficulty, a sheer line had been stretched across the rapid current, it was found that the distance was more by six-and-twenty yards than the pontoons could cover. Three days afterwards, a second attempt was made at a more convenient spot, and Sir Rowland, having crossed, seized the bridge over the Arriége at Cintegobelle. The result, however, justified the calculations of the French marshal; the road, when gained, was impassable for an army, and nothing was left to Hill except to recross the river.

Being thus compelled by the nature of the ground to abandon his first intentions, Wellington now resolved to bridge the stream below Toulouse, and, since he could do no better, attack the front of Soult's formidable position, before he should be re-inforced. With this view, he took advantage of a favourable bend of the water about two miles above Grenade, where the Garonne skirts the main road, and though a few of the enemy's horse patrolled the right bank, and their whole army was within a short march, he met with no opposition. The French marshal had, indeed, assured Suchet that whenever the passage should be attempted, he would give the allies battle be the difference of numbers what it might, but now that the time had come, he rather busied himself with strengthening his position on the range of hills.

The bridge, which had been commenced ere day break, was finished in four hours, and by that time it was a bright and beautiful morning. The ground then occupied by the allies, was much lower than the opposite bank, which rose to the height of fifty feet, and was covered after the first two or three yards by an open wood. In this last, a few men were posted, who had been sent over in boats at an earlier hour, and the passage now began, the cavalry crossing in single files, the infantry by threes, while the bands played gaily, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages collected to enjoy the spectacle. A total revulsion, indeed seemed to have taken place amongst the great mass of the people; they were embittered by the exactions of Soult's troops, they were weary of war and conscriptions, and it was evident that they wished well to the allies, to whose success they could look for a speedy peace. The peasants might even be seen volunteering their aid and dragging the guns of the horse-artillery up the bank as if the English had been their countrymen.

If this was an hour of triumph, it was also one of extreme anxiety to the commander of the allies Every moment he had to expect that Soult would rush down upon him from his mountain stronghold before the passage of the river could be completed, and the pontoons were already beginning to show signs of yielding to the weight

and rapidity of the current. The bridge, which had been fastened by four stays to trees on either side, was by this time, forced back into the shape of a bow, and only three divisions of infantry under Beresford, and a handful of cavalry had yet got over. When Freyre's Spaniards and the light division were about to follow, the river had swelled to such a height, and the stream in consequence had grown so strong, that it became expedient to take up the platform. In the night the rain set in heavily, and when daylight came, it was found that several of the pontoons were swamped, and the whole were in great danger of being carried away. With difficulty, the rest of the bridge was disengaged and taken up, but by this unfortunate necessity, the army became divided into two unequal parts, the main body being still upon the left bank, so that the smaller corps on the opposite side was exposed, without the possibility of support, to the peril of an attack of the whole French force combined. Wellington immediately crossed over in a boat and drew up his troops in the strongest position the ground afforded, with their left resting upon the Ers, and their right upon the Garonne, while at the same time he brought up some artillery to the left of the river and placed it so as to rake the front of the two divisions. Still here was a favourable opportunity for Soult to attack, and it seems strange that he should let it slip, unless it was, that having from repeated defeat imbibed a wholesome fear of his adversary, he did not like for any chance of advantage, to quit his strong-hold upon the hills he had suffered by yielding to a similar temptation in the battle before Bayonne.

By the 8th (April) the river had sufficiently subsided for the pontoons to be laid down again, when the rest of the army crossed the Garonne, and the whole moved forward to the neighbourhood of the town. By a bold and rapid movement, a body of horse under Colonel Vivian then drove the enemy through the village of Croix d'Orade, pursuing them so closely that they had not time to destroy the bridge over the Ers, the only one that had been left standing, and the possession of which was absolutely essential to the proposed attack upon the heights. Desperate as such a plan might be, the English commander, as we have already shown, had no alternative, the roads from the Arriége to Toulouse being impractiable for artillery or horse, and nearly so for infantry. His arrangements too were well calculated to overcome the difficulties inseparable from this bold manœuvre; Marshal Beresford, who was on the right of the Ers with three divisions, was directed to cross by the bridge at Croix d'Orade, and, having driven the enemy from the village of Montblanc, march along the left of the river and turn their right flank; the Spaniards under Freyre had orders in the mean time to attack the front of the position, in which they would be supported by British cavalry, and when they had gained the mountain-crest they were to advance

along the heights till they had formed a junction with the Marshal. On the extreme left by Montaudran, Colonel Arentschildt with Vivian's brigade—the latter officer having been severely wounded in the taking of the bridge over the river Ers—watched the French horse on both banks of the latter river, while Sir Stapleton Cotton followed the movements of Beresford. To divert the enemy's attention as far as might be from the real attack, Picton and Baron Alten were decided to threaten the bridge-heads on the lower part of the canal; Sir Rowland Hill in like manner occupying the French posted in the suburb of St. Cyprian.

We cannot do better here than to detail the battle of Toulouse by giving a copy of a despatch from Lord Wellington to Earl Bathurst, dated Toulouse, 12th of April, 1814. After stating what has been already related above, he goes on to say—

"Marshal Sir William Beresford crossed the Ers, and formed his corps in three columns of lines in the village of Croix d'Orade, the 4th division leading, with which he immediately carried Montblanc. He then moved up the Ers in the same order, over most difficult ground, in a direction parallel to the enemy's fortified position; and as soon as he reached the point at which he turned it, he formed his lines and moved to the attack. During these operations, Lieutenant-General Don Manuel Freyre moved along the left of the Ers to the front of Croix d'Orade, when he formed his corps in two lines with a reserve on a height in front of the left of the enemy's position, on which height the Portuguese artillery was placed; and Major-General Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry in reserve in the rear.

"As soon as formed, and that it was seen that Marshal Sir William Beresford was ready, Lieutenant-General Don Manual Freyre moved forward to the attack. The troops marched in good order under a very heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and showed great spirit, the general and all his staff being at their head; and the two lines were soon lodged under some banks immediately under the enemy's intrenchments; the reserve and Portuguese artillery, and British cavalry, continuing on the heights on which the troops had first formed. The enemy, however, repulsed the movement of the right of General Freyre's line round their left flank; and having followed up their success, and turned our right by both sides of the high road leading from Toulouse to Croix d'Orade they soon compelled the whole corps to retire. It gave me great satisfaction to see that, although they suffered considerably in retiring, the troops rallied again as soon as the light division, which was immediately on their right, moved up; and I cannot sufficiently applaud the exertions of Lieutenant-General Don Manuel Freyre, the officers of the staff of the 4th Spanish army, and of the officers of the general staff, to rally and form them again.

"Lieutenant-General Mendizabal, who was in the field as a

volunteer, General Ezpeleta, and several officers of the staff and chiefs of corps, were wounded upon this occasion; but General Mendizabal continued in the field. The regiment de Tiradores de Cantabria, under the command of Colonel Leon de Sicilia, kept its position under the enemy's intrenchments, until I ordered it to retire.

"In the meantime, marshal Sir William Beresford, with the 4th division, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole, and the 6th division, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, attacked and carried the heights on the enemy's right, and the redoubt which covered and protected that flank; and he lodged those troops on the same height with the enemy; who were, however, still in possession of four redoubts, and of the intrenchments and fortified houses.

"The badness of the roads had induced the Marshal to leave his artillery in the village of Montblanc; and some time elapsed before it could be brought to him, and before Lieutenant-General Don Manual Freyre's corps could be reformed and brought back to the attack. As soon as this was effected, the marshal continued his movement along the ridge, and carried, with General Pack's brigade of the 6th division, the two principal redoubts and fortified houses in the enemy's centre. The enemy made a desperate effort from the canal to regain these redoubts, but they were repulsed with considerable loss; and the 6th division continuing its movement along the ridge of the height, and the Spanish troops continuing a corresponding movement upon the front, the enemy were driven from the two redoubts and intrenchments on the left: and the whole range of heights were in our possession. We did not gain this advantage, however, without severe loss; particularly in the brave 6th division. Lieutenant-Colonel Coghlan of the 61st, an officer of great merit and promise, was unfortunately killed in the attack of the heights. Major-General Pack was wounded, but was enabled to remain in the field; and Colonel Douglas, of the 8th Portuguese regiment, lost his leg; and I am afraid that I shall be deprived for a considerable time of his assistance.

"The 36th, 42nd, 79th, and 61st lost considerable numbers, and were highly distinguished throughout the day.

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"The 4th division, although exposed on their march along the enemy's front to a galling fire were not so much engaged as the 6th, and did not suffer so much; but they conducted themselves with their usual gallantry.

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"The ground, not having admitted of the operations of the cavalry, they had no opportunity of charging.

"While the operations above detailed were going on, on the

left of the army, Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill drove their enemy from their exterior works in the suburb, or the left of the Garonne, within the ancient wall. Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton likewise, with the 3rd division, drove the enemy within the *tête-de-pont* on the bridge of the canal nearest to



the Garonne; but the troops having made an effort to carry it, they were repulsed, and some loss was sustained. Major-General Brisbane was wounded; but I hope not so severe as to deprive me for any length of time of his assistance; and Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes, of the 45th, an officer of great merit, was killed.

"The army being thus established on three sides of Toulouse, I immediately detached our light cavalry to cut off the communication by the only road practicable for carriages which remained to the enemy, till I should be enabled to make arrangements to establish the troops between the canal and the Garonne.

"The enemy, however, retired last night, leaving in our hands, General Harispe, General Baurot, General St. Hilaire, and one thousand six hundred prisoners. One piece of cannon was taken on the field of battle; and others, and all quantities of stores of all descriptions, in the town.

"Since I sent my last report, I have received an account from Rear-Admiral Penrose of the successes in the Gironde of the boats of the squadron under his command.

"Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie crossed the Garonne, nearly about the time that Admiral Penrose entered the river, and pushed the enemy's parties under General Shuillier beyond the Dordoyne. He then crossed the Dordoyne on the 4th, near Saint André de Cubzac, with a detachment of the troops under his command, with a view to the attack of the fort of Blaze. His Lordship found General Shuillier and General Desbareax posted near Etau-

here, and made his disposition to attack them, when they retired, leaving about 600 prisoners in his hands.

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"The victory of Toulouse was not gained without heavy loss on the part of the allies. Above four thousand six hundred British and Portuguese were killed and wounded, and the loss of the Spanish army was also very great. The French army, from their advantages of position suffered less.

"A vast deal of controversy has taken place upon this battle: the French with much pertinacity, insisting that it was gained by them, and they allege that at one period of the day the allies were in full retreat. It is sufficient to state the undoubted fact, that the banners of the allies were waving at the close of the day on the positions previously occupied by the enemy, and that he was obliged to retreat into the town of Toulouse after the action. "Victories," said Napier, "are determined by deeds and their consequences."

What, let it be simply asked, were the relative objects of Soult and Wellington? Was it not with one to hold a city that the other was as anxious to obtain? And what were the results? Soult after his defeat at Tarbes, had made forced marches to complete the defences at Toulouse, and garrison a place to which he attached such value. His opponent advanced more leisurely; for, as the end was great, so, also, were the means limited and the difficulties many. Were they not surmounted? Wellington desired to pass the Garonne, and he did pass it; he desired to win the position and works of Mont Rave, and he did win them; he desired to enter Toulouse, and he did enter as a conquerer at the head of his troops.

It has been asserted that before the battle of Toulouse was fought, Soult was in full possession of the events which had already taken place in Paris; that he was apprised of Napoleon's abdication, and also that a convention had been settled; and that with this knowledge, and consequently the most atrocious cruelty, he caused a wanton slaughter both to his enemy and himself; and nearly a similar charge has been made against Lord Wellington. Both these accusations were unfounded. That Wellington should have sought an action under the discouraging prospects which an attack upon Toulouse held out, would be—and without any object to influence it—to risk a reputation gained by a glorious succession of victories which had already reached their consummation. That Soult could have received orders from the Provincial Government, was an impossibility. The direct route by which a courier could find him in Toulouse, from the 4th, had been in the possession of the allies. His despatches were sent from the capital on the 7th, consequently they must have first arrived at the British outposts—and hence, by an official communication from Lord Wellington, two days after the battle,

received that intelligence which it was falsely insinuated had reached him before that day of carnage—the 10th of April. In a letter addressed to Talleyrand, and dated the 22nd, the mar-



shal observes, that the circumstances preceding his act of adhesion were so extraordinary as to create astonishment. "On the 12th," he continues, "I received through the English, the first hint of the events of Paris. I proposed an armistice;

it was refused: I renewed the demand; it was again refused. At last, I sent Count Gazan to Toulouse, and my reiterated proposals for a suspension of arms was accepted and signed on the 18th, the armies being then in the presence of each other. The 19th, I ratified this convention, and gave my adhesion to the establishment of Louis XVIII. And upon this subject I ought to declare, that I sought to obtain a suspension of arms before I manifested my sentiments, in order that my will and that of the army should be free."

By friends and enemies, the calumny against the field-marshal, was denounced, and by none with more warmth and indignation, than by the victor of Toulouse. When Lord Aberdeen, in the House of Lords, repeated the accusation, and reviled the minister for being on amicable political terms with a man capable of such a crime, Lord Wellington rose on the instant, and emphatically declared, "That Marshal Soult did not know, and that it was impossible he could know, of the Emperor's abdication when he fought the battle."

Soult's night retreat from Toulouse, which was on the 12th of April, was ably executed, his corps defiling within range of the English artillery; and although Hill's division and the light cavalry pursued, his losses were confined to some fifty dragoons, which were overtaken and cut off. On the same day, Lord Wellington entered Toulouse amid the acclamations of the Bourbon party, who immediately, upon Soult's departure, raised the white flag, and declared for Louis the XVIII. amid shouts of "*Vive notre bon roi! Vivent les Anglais! Vivent nos liberateurs!*" That evening, two officers, Colonels Cooke and St. Simon, reached the city, after a vexatious delay near Blois, bearing authenticated intelligence that the reign of Napoleon had ended—and St. Simon was despatched to Soult, at whose head-quarters he arrived early the next day.

While these events had been progressing in the south, the crisis of Napoleon's fortunes was hurrying with fearful rapidity to its consummation. It will be a subject of surprise to after ages, how blind Napoleon appeared to coming events, when all beside could see that the hand of fate pointed so clearly at his downfall; and it will also be cause for admiration, to observe with what indomitable resolution he bore up against accumulating evils, and still "plucked laurels as he fell."

Upon his counter-march on Paris, finding that his capital was in the possession of his enemies, Napoleon repaired to Fontainebleau, collected any troops which could be obtained, announced his intention of "marching direct to Paris" on the 3rd of May. But on the 2nd, a decree passed the conservative senate, based upon an abdication of the throne.

While these final measures were in progress, the mission of Colonel St. Simon to Marshal Soult did not induce the Duke of Dalma-

tia, as might have been expected, to give an adherence to the Provincial Government. On the contrary he treated St. Simon's authority as questionable; and placing his army in observation at Castelnaudery, expressed a determination to hold a defensive attitude until the abdication of Napoleon was properly authenticated, proposing, in the mean time, that a suspension of hostilities should be agreed to. To this Lord Wellington peremptorily objected—and instantly moved his army, either to compel Soult's adhesion, or recommence operations. On the 17th, the French and English outposts had assumed a threatening attitude, when, happily, an official communication from the chief of the Emperor's staff, satisfied the Marshal that Napoleon's fate was sealed, and, consequently, he forwarded his adhesion.



Suchet having adopted the cause of the Bourbons, his army was included in the convention agreed upon by Wellington and Soult, and intelligence was immediately despatched to Clinton and Hope, announcing the events which had occurred.

While these affairs were pending, Lord Dalhousie had advanced in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, crossed the Dordogne, attacked and driven in the enemy under General L'Hullier, near the village of Etauliers; thirty officers and three hundred men were made prisoners in this affair, besides a number of killed and wounded.

After detailing to Lord Bathurst the arrangement and conclusion

of the convention, Lord Wellington transmitted the particulars of a sortie made by the Governor of Bayonne on the 14th of April:

"Yesterday morning, a considerable time before day-break, the enemy made a sortie and attack in great force, principally on the left and centre of our position of St. Etienne, in front of the citadel. The left of the position was occupied by picquets of Major-General Hay's brigade; the brigade itself had been directed to form, in case of alarm, near the village of Boucaut, as it was merely serving provisionally on this side of the Adour; the centre by picquets of the 2nd brigade of the guards, and the right by picquets of the brigade of guards. Major-General Hay was the general officer of the day, in command of the line of outposts, and I regret much to say, was killed shortly after the attack commenced, having just given directions that the church of St. Etienne should be defended to the last. The enemy, however, by great superiority of numbers, succeeded in getting in towards the left of the village, and got momentary possession of it, with the exception of a house occupied by a picquet of the 38th regiment, under Captain Foster of that corps, who maintaining himself till the support coming up. Major-General Henuber, with the 2nd line battalion, King's German Legion, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bock, immediately attacked and retook the village.

"The enemy attacked the centre of our position likewise in great numbers; and by bearing in great force on one point, after a sharp resistance, they succeeded in compelling one of our picquets to retire, and which enabled him to move up a road in the rear of the line of picquets of the centre of the position, and which compelled the other picquets of the 2nd brigade of guards to fall back till the support arrived up to their assistance, when the enemy was immediately charged, and the line of posts re-occupied as before. Major-General Stopford, I regret to say was wounded, when the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Guise. In consequence of the enemy having gained temporary possession of some houses which had been occupied by the picquets of the centre the position, Colonel Maitland found the enemy was in possession of ground on the rear of his left, and immediately advanced against them rapidly with the 3rd battalion 1st guards, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. Stewart, on a ridge of ground which was parallel with the road; and Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, of the Coldstream, ascending the hill at the same time by a simultaneous charge, these two corps immediately dislodged the enemy, and re-occupied all the posts which we had before possessed; and from the time the enemy was dislodged he did not show the least disposition to renew the attack. Colonel Maitland expressed his satisfaction at the conduct of both his officers and men, and also his obligation to Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford for his prompt concurrence in the movements above mentioned.

"It was towards the right that Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope was taken. In endeavouring to bring up some troops to the support of the picquets, he came unexpectedly, in the dark, on a party of the enemy; his horse was shot dead and fell upon him; and not being able to disengage himself from under it, he was, unfortunately, made prisoner. I regret to say, from a letter I have received from him, I find he was wounded in two places, but in neither of them dangerously. You will easily conceive, Sir, that only one feeling, that of the greatest regret, pervades all the troops at the Lieutenant-General's misfortune.

"The enemy having commenced their attack between two and three o'clock in the morning, a considerable part of the operations took place before day-light, which gave them a great advantage from their numbers; but whatever end they might propose to themselves by this attack, I am happy to say it has been completely frustrated, as they effected no one object by it, except setting fire to one house in the centre of our position, which, from being within three hundred yards of their guns, they had rendered perfectly untenable before, whenever they choose to cannonade it. From the quantity of fire of every description which the enemy brought on us, you will easily conceive our loss could not be inconsiderable. In Major-General Hay, who was well known to you, His Majesty's service has lost a most zealous and able officer, who has served a considerable time in this army with great distinction. The loss of the enemy must, however, have been severe, as he left many dead behind him, and he was afterwards observed burying a good number of men. In regard to prisoners, we had no opportunity of making many, from the facility the enemy possessed of immediately retiring under the guns of their works."

Such is the despatch from Major-General Howard to Major-General Colville, and forwarded to Lord Wellington. The allies lost eight hundred killed and wounded in repelling this sortie, and the enemy not less than a thousand.

It would appear that to some unaccountable fatality this sanguinary affair must be attributed. Rumours had already reached the outposts, that Napoleon had abdicated—and although from these reports the vigilance of the blockading army might have been naturally expected to abate, the besieged should have remained merely on the defensive, and Thouvenot's sortie was unwarrantable. The siege had not commenced—for neither stores nor artillery had been brought forward—hence, there was no immediate cause for apprehension; and though nothing was known certainly, it was generally believed that Napoleon was either dead or dethroned. The operation, therefore, appears rather designed to gratify bad passions, than to attain any military object. It seemed to have been purely a work of slaughter—and to gain no end, men were unnecessarily lost. On both sides, the troops,

broken into small bodies by the enclosures, and unable to recover their order, came dashing together in the darkness, fighting often with the bayonet, and sometimes friends encountered, sometimes foes: all was tumult and horror. The guns of the citidel, vaguely guided by the flashes of the musketry, sent their shot and shells booming at random through the lines of fight; and the gun boats, dropping down the river, opened their fire upon the flank of of the supporting columns, which being put in motion by Sir John Hope on the first alarm, were now coming up from the side of Bourcaut. Thus, nearly one hundred pieces of artillery were in full play at once; and the shells having set fire to the fascine depôts and to several houses, the flames cast a horrid glare over the striving masses.

At best it was a sanguinary experiment. No object was gained or could be gained—much blood was idly wasted—Thouvenot, in a few hours, was as closely enclosed as he had been before his sally—his loss exceeded that inflicted on his enemy—and many of his causualties were caused by the indiscriminating fire of his own guns.

This ended the war, happily for all parties, even for the French, whom nothing but such a series of defeats could have delivered from the tyranny which their former victories had brought upon themselves. The independence of Spain and Portugal had been triumphantly vindicated and secured; and if the civil liberties of both countries were not restored, and firmly established upon a sure foundation, the cause is to be found, not in any foreign influence exercised ill, but in old evils which time had rendered inveterate.

The news of Napoleon's abdication reached Ferdinand, at Valencia; and from that city he proceeded to Madrid, after the illness of a week—his route rather exhibiting the pilgrimage of a devotee, than the return of a monarch to a capital, from which, for five years he had been estranged. The briefest notice of what subsequently occurred, is only required, to mark what may be considered the singular termination of a long and sanguinary war—the restoration of a worthless king, to a people equally worthless.

The first thing he did, when he was sufficiently recovered to leave the house, was to visit all the nunneries, that the nuns might not be disappointed in their ardent desire of seeing him; and in these visits part of two days was employed, much to the increase of his popularity, this being, at the same time, an evidence, it was thought, of good nature, and of devout respect for the superstition of the country. When these visits were concluded, he attended an evening *Te Deum* in the cathedral, performed by the light of twenty thousand tapers; after which he and the Infantes adored a chalice of legendary reputation which is venerated there.

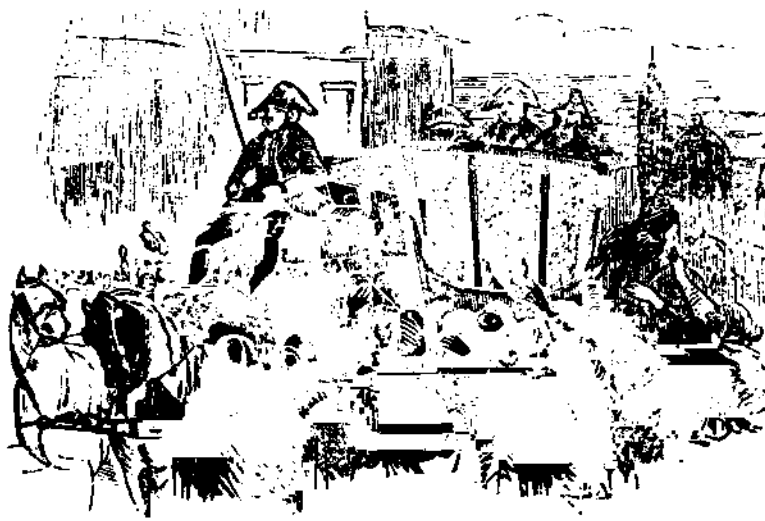
Liberty had been for years familiar in Spanish mouths—liberty they professed—swore that they would attain it—and yet they neither

appreciated the blessing, nor understood the word. It was the war-cry of their deliverance, headed their decrees, and was inscribed upon their Plazas. But, what could a people know of liberty, who stooped again to the thraldom of a stupid priesthood, and permitted a bigot king—a wretch without one redeeming virtue — to restore the most accursed institution that ever had degraded religion and humanity—the Inquisition!



Ferdinand's return to the capital was marked by anomalous demonstrations—triumphal arches and arrests. Flowers were strewn, and suspected persons were incarcerated. All parties united in restoring the despotism, whose overthrow had cost France half a million of men, and Great Britain an expenditure of money that put calculation at defiance. All—Liberales, Moderatos, and Serviles—all bowed to the will of the Beloved One—and the very name of "Freedom" was obliterated. The word "Liberty" appeared in large bronze letters over the entrance of the hall of the Cortes, in Madrid. The people, of their own impulse, hurried thither to remove it; they

set up ladders, forced out letter by letter from the stone, and as each was thrown into the street, the spectators renewed their shouts of exultation. They collected as many of the journals of the Cortes, and of the papers and pamphlets of the Liberales, as could be got together; formed a procession in which the religious fraternities, and the clergy regular and secular took the lead; piled up these papers in one of the public squares, and sacrificed them there as a political *auto-da-fé*, after which high mass was performed, and *Te Deum* sung, as a thanksgiving for their triumph!



In the meantime measures were taken for the removal of Sir William Clinton's army from the blocade of Barcelona, as well as for the liberation of the French garrisons and prisoners, and the restoration of such fortresses as still remained in possession of the enemy. To carry into effect that part of the convention, Suchet despatched some officer of his own staff, accompanied by commissioners on the part of the allies. Ferdinand had faithfully promised the French marshal, when he received him at Perpignan, that every facility should be given to such French troops as remained to cross the frontier; but Suchet, properly estimating the little reliance that should be reposed in the assurances of a perfidious monarch, carried out Napoleon's instructions, and retained the Infant Don Carlos as a hostage. This precaution, added to the stronger influence of Lord Wellington, eventually secured the fulfilment of the eighth article of the Convention, and the fortresses were accordingly evacuated and given up.

The fall of Napoleon was accompanied by the most important changes. Monarchs vanished and re-appeared—states and kingdoms

were partitioned—and with a magical rapidity, the aspect of Europe underwent a wondrous change. None was more sudden and remarkable than that to which Italy, the cradle of Napoleon's glory, was

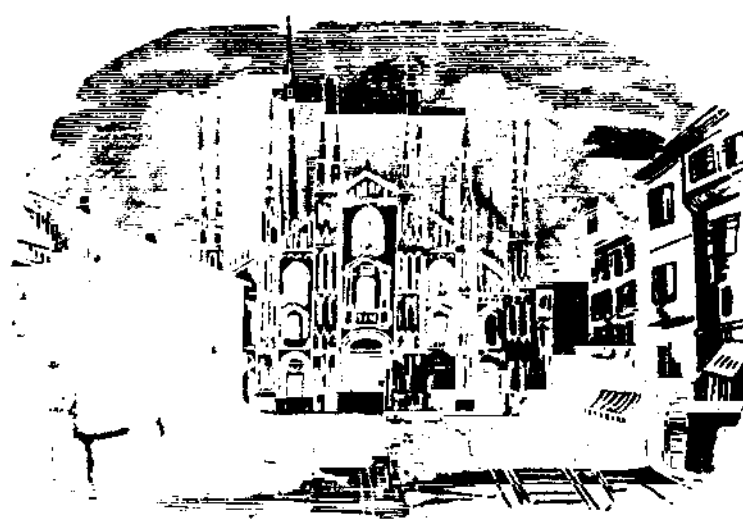


subjected. The terrible disasters of his step-father obliged Eugene to yield to the propositions of Marshal Bellegarde—and a convention was concluded the same day on which the sanguinary battle of Toulouse had been decided.

On the 19th the French army returned within the limits of old France, and the senate of Milan declined the request of the viceroy, that they would recommend to the allied sovereigns, that Eugene should be left at the head of the government.

A curious circumstance occurred relative to the senate of Milan. That body sent a deputation to congratulate *Napoleon the Great* on the prospect of his triumphing over all his enemies. The deputation, on its way, received intelligence of the siege of Paris, and had just time to get back to Milan to be appointed to congratulate the allies on the *downfall of the tyrant*.

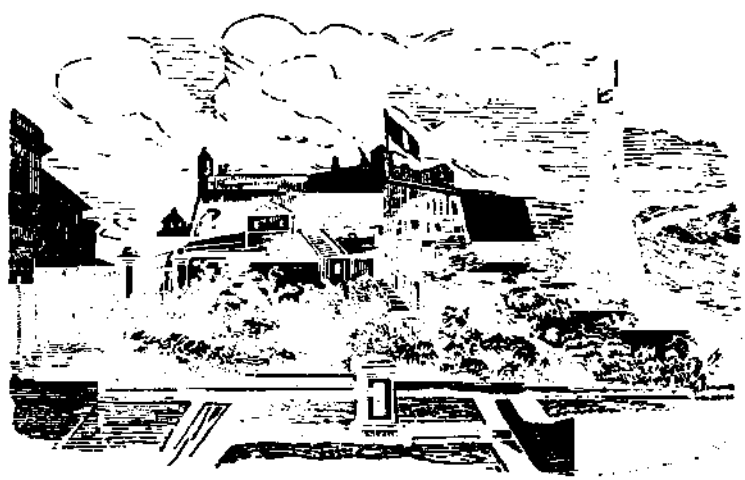
A feeling of irritation pervaded the public mind in Italy; and the army had not proceeded three marches beyond Mantua, when an insurrection broke out in Milan. The finance minister, Prina, was assassinated, and his residence demolished; and nothing would have saved the viceroy from a similar fate, had he been in the capital. Amidst this popular excitement, and the eagerness of the Italians to be released from the dominion of the French, the friends of Eugene thought him fortunate in being able to join his father-in-law at Munich, almost incognito. Thus, at the expiration of nine years, fell the iron crown which Napoleon had placed on his head, saying, "*Dieu me l'a donné; gare à qui la touche.*"



Bonaparte still remained at Fontainebleau; Elba had been named for his future residence, with a liberal allowance for the maintenance of an establishment, that still should bear the semblance of a royal one; and commissioners were nominated, on the part of the allied powers, to conduct the fallen emperor to the place of his destination.

On arriving at Fontainebleau, they were very coolly received, and Colonel Campbell was the only one to whom Napoleon was civil. Noting the traces of old wounds, he asked him in what battles he had received them, and on what occasions he had been invested with the orders he wore. He next questioned him as to the place of his birth, and Colonel Campbell having answered that he was a Scotchman, Napoleon congratulated him on being the countryman of Ossian, his favourite author. On this first audience, Napoleon said to the Colonel, "I have cordially hated the English; I have made war with you by every possible means, but I esteem your nation. I am convinced that there is more generosity in your government than in any other. I should like to be conveyed from Toulon to Elba in an English frigate"—a request that was subsequently acceded to.

After a humiliating journey, during which the insecurity of popular affection was amply proved, Napoleon embarked at Frejus in the "Undaunted" frigate, and proceeded to "the lonely isle," which was to form the dominion of one for whose ambition half the continent had not been sufficient.



While these momentous changes were in progress, the allies were assembled in the capital of France, to organize anew the political relations of Europe, on which Napoleon's arbitrary enactments had produced such serious changes. As the representative of Great Britain, Lord Castlereagh, hastened to the convention, having recommended to the Prince Regent that the office of Ambassador to the court of France should be given to Lord Wellington; and, on the 21st, Sir Charles Stewart was despatched to Toulouse, to apprise the

allied commander of the appointment, and request his presence in the French capital, to assist in the important deliberations that should occur. To this honourable mark of a sovereign's esteem, Lord Wellington returned a modest, but manly reply:

"Your brother Charles has just given me your letter of the 13th, and I am much obliged and flattered by your thinking of me for a situation for which I should never have thought myself qualified; I hope, however, that the Prince Regent, his Government, and your Lordship, are convinced that I am ready to serve him in any situation in which it may be thought that I can be of any service. Although I have been so long absent from England, I should have remained as much longer had it been necessary; and I feel no objection to another absence in the public service, if it be necessary or desirable.

"In regard to going now to Paris, your brother will inform you of the circumstances here, which would render my absence just now inconvenient, and possibly dangerous to the public service. I shall know more, however, of the state of affairs in a day or two. I will undertake the journey with pleasure, if I should find I can do so without public inconvenience."

Finding that he might safely quit the army, to whose discipline he had previously borne an honourable testimony, he set out for the French capital on the night of the 10th, and arrived at Paris on the 4th of May. From all his reception was enthusiastic; and each of the allied sovereigns expressed, in unequalled praise, how much the glorious issue of the long and doubtful struggle for the restoration of European liberty, had been indebted to his talents and enduring constancy. From the restored king, Ferdinand, he had recently received a letter expressing the deepest gratitude and esteem; and the Order of the Sword had been sent him by the Crown Prince of Sweden. But a higher distinction awaited him—a dukedom was conferred upon himself, and peerages on five of his most distinguished lieutenants; namely, Sir John Hope, Sir T. Graham, Sir S. Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. C. Beresford.

To Lord Liverpool he thus expressed his thanks for the honour he had been officially employed to notify:—

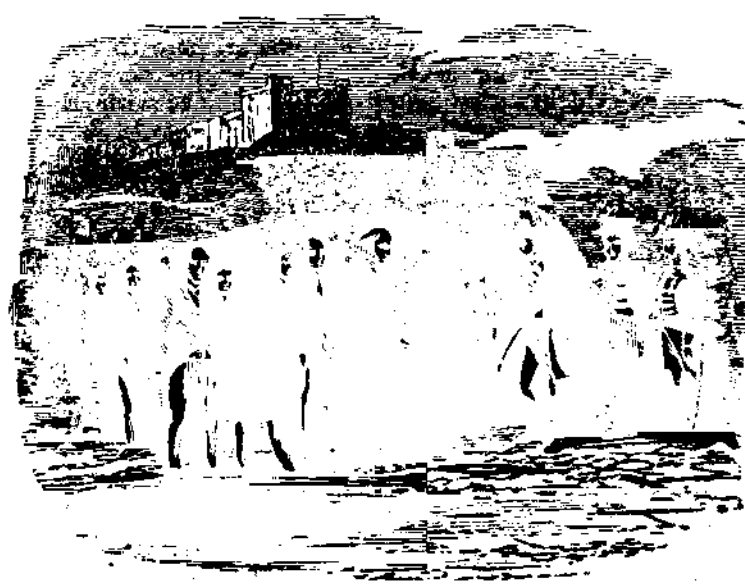
"I have received your Lordship's letter of the 3rd, and I beg that you will lay before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent my grateful acknowledgments for the fresh marks which your Lordship has announced to me of his Royal Highness's grace and favour. Nothing can be more satisfactory to me than that his Royal Highness should have rewarded the services and merits of my gallant coadjutors, who, I am sure, feel equally grateful with me for his Royal Highness's favour, and are equally desirous of aiding, by every means in their power, to forward his Royal Highness's views for the prosperity of the kingdom.

"I beg your Lordship also to accept my thanks for your favourable recommendation of my services to his Royal Highness.

"I return to the army to morrow, in order to carry into execution the convention with the French government and the orders of the government for the expedition.

"I propose to go to Madrid in order to try whether I cannot prevail upon all parties to be more moderate, and to adopt a conciliation more likely to be practicable, and to contribute to the peace and happiness of the nation. I am afraid that I shall not be in England till the end of June; but I hope I shall be able to do much good by this journey. A very short time in England will enable me to settle all that I have to do there."

The Duke of Wellington's stay in Paris was necessarily brief; and from the French capital he proceeded to Madrid, where his presence was ardently expected. The country was threatened by a political convulsion, which Ferdinand's early display of unamended despotism and cruelty seemed calculated to hurry to a crisis. From the commanding influence which the Duke possessed over every party, it was considered possible, that the spirit of the contending parties might be sufficiently moderated to lead to such practicable alterations, as might restore national tranquillity; and, anxious for its accomplishment, he left Toulouse, and reached Madrid on the 24th of May.



Arrived at the Spanish capital, the Duke of Wellington continues thus his correspondence, "You will have heard of the extraordinary occurrences here, though not, probably, with surprise. Nothing

can be more popular than the king and his measures, as far as they have gone, to the overthrow of the constitution. The imprisonment of the Liberals is thought by some, I believe with justice, unnecessary, and it is, certainly, highly impolitic, but it is liked by the people at large. Since the great act of rigour* which has placed Ferdinand on the throne, unshackled by the constitution, nothing of any kind has been done, either for the formation of a new system, or for any other purpose; as far as I can judge, it is not intended to do any thing.

"I entertain a very favourable opinion of the King, from what I have seen of him, but not of his ministers. I think they might have managed things better than they have; and as men, ought to have been certain of accomplishing their object, they ought to have chosen a less objectionable mode; and they appear to have been little aware of the nature and difficulties of their situation.

"I have accomplished my object in coming here; that is, I think there will be no civil war at present, and I propose to set out on my return on the 5th of June."

"Of the ministers of Ferdinand," he says again, "it is quite obvious to me, however, that unless we can turn them entirely from their schemes, or can attain their objects for them, they will throw themselves into the arms of the French *coute qui coute*; and I am anxious for an early settlement of these points, because we have the ball at our feet: having no French minister here to counteract us; and the nation, as far as they have anything to say in the matter, being, evidently, in favour of the alliance with England. But, the fact is, that there are no public men in this country who are acquainted with the interests or the wishes of the country, and they are so slow in their motions, that it is impossible to do anything with them."

Previously to the Duke leaving his gallant army, he addressed them the following general order:

"Adjutant-General's office, Bordeaux, 14th June, 1814.

"The Commander of the Forces being on the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"The share which the British army has had in producing those events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces, and he trusts the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relation in which he

* This unwarrantable violation of all his solemn promises to adhere to the very letter of the [illegible].

has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those, whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted.

Signed E. M. Pakenham,
A. G."

The Duke having made a flying visit to Paris, to arrange with the minister of war, for the transit of the British cavalry to England; he landed at Dover on the 29th of June, amidst the enthusiastic applause of a large assemblage of peers, and foreigners of distinction: he was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and wearing the order of the garter. He was introduced by the Dukes of Beaufort and Richmond. Having been absent from the country five years, all the patents of the titles conferred on him by the Prince Regent of England were read to him, seriatim. Immediately this ceremony was concluded, the Lord Chancellor addressed the noble Duke in a speech of some length, congratulating him, in their lordship's names, upon his return to his country, after his brilliant and meritorious services. The Duke replied, in an address of deep feeling and modesty, attributing the success which had crowned his efforts to the valour of his troops, and the ability of his coadjutors. He was loudly cheered. The House of Commons appointed a deputation to wait upon his Grace with their congratulations, and he attended in person to return thanks.

He was received by the assembly with great cheering; all the members of a crowded house, on his entrance, rose, and remaineduncovered, while the Speaker addressed him in the following eloquent terms:—

"It is not the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired our troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty nations.

"It now only remains that we congratulate your Grace on the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interest in peace."

The Duke made a suitable reply, and, on retiring from the House, the members rose uncovered, and cheered him vehemently.

London was, at this period, in high gaiety, in consequence of the presence of the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, Marshal

Blucher, Platoff, and a numerous train of foreign officers, but no one was more the object of attention and respect than the Hero of the Peninsula.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London voted him the freedom of the City in a gold box, and presented him with a splendid sword. He was also invited by them to a grand banquet, to which the noble and the titled were invited to meet him.

The Duke of Wellington now received his credentials, as Ambassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Court. He left London on the 8th of August, 1814, and proceeded to Paris, *via* the Netherlands; his visit to the latter having for its object, the inspection of the fortresses of the frontier.

His reception by Louis VIII., he describes thus:* "His Majesty received me with his usual complacency, and having perused the Prince Regent's letter on the subject of the slave trade, he expressed his determination to perform the stipulations of the treaty, and all that he had promised upon that subject.

"I then laid before his Majesty the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, and apprised his Majesty of the earnestness with which the Prince Regent and the Government, the Parliament and the nation, wished that his Majesty would concur in immediately abolishing this traffic by his subjects, and would co-operate with the British Government, in inducing the powers of Europe to put an end to it entirely, and I urged all those arguments suggested in your Lordship's despatch No. 2, and such others as occurred to me.

"I then urged his Majesty to adopt measures to restrict the trade as much as possible, as directed by your Lordship, and particularly to prevent its revival on that part of the coast of Africa, on which it has been put an end to during the war, and his Majesty said that these were points of detail that he wished that I should bring under his consideration in the official form, by note to his minister, and that he was perfectly disposed to adopt any measure which he could, consistently with the due attention to the opinions of his people."

Although the Duke of Wellington met with little encouragement from the French authorities, to abolish this infamous traffic, yet he persevered strenuously to accomplish so desirable and so humane an object, in spite of his knowledge of the fact, that, at the very time, ships were fitting out at Nantes and Bordeaux, with *the aid of British capital*, to carry on the slave trade on the coast of Africa.

His Grace was, in the meantime, no inattentive nor indifferent spectator to the germes of revolution showing themselves not only in Paris, but in the provinces; the very numerous, unemployed, and discontented military, greatly increased by the release of the prisoners of war; the extreme unpopularity of the House of Peers, in passing a vote for paying the debts of the King, incurred while out of France, at the same time that they rejected the law on the liberty of the

* Despatch to Lord Castlereagh, dated, Paris, August 25th.

press, except with restrictions calculated to destroy that liberty altogether; the complaints of Marshal Ney on the settlement of the Yearly Finance Bill, that no provision had been made for the payment of the six millions of livres guaranteed to the Bonaparte family, and the acknowledged secret societies, composed of persons well known as ardent admirers of the fallen dynasty: these were signs of coming events, which did not escape the sound judgment and clear perception of the British envoy, and it is even asserted, that it was in consequence of some hint, supposed to have come from the Duke of Wellington, to the favourite of the French King, De Blacas, that an attempt was made upon the life of his Grace while in Paris.

It was at this time that he was summoned to attend the Congress, at Vienna, where, while the Diplomatists and Magnates at that assembly, were disposing of kingdoms, and transferring thousands of people, with not the most scrupulous regard to justice, the astounding intelligence arrived of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and his landing in France.



If it had been said of Napoleon, in 1814, that he had re-made the bed of the Bourbons, in their turn, they were about to re-open for

him the path to the throne. As soon as Napoleon became thoroughly acquainted with the situation of France, and was advised of the fate reserved for him by the Congress of Vienna, he hesitated no longer, and his resolution was soon taken. Much has been said of his understandings in France and Italy, of his emissaries, of his correspondents, of his accomplices; for it was striven to attribute his departure from the Island of Elba to a plot. It is now certain, however, that this conspiracy was confined to himself, that he consulted no one as to his projects, and that, on the evening preceding his departure, every one was ignorant of it at Porto-Ferrajo, with the exception of Drouot and Bertrand.

It was on the 26th of February, 1815, at one o'clock in the afternoon, that Napoleon bade his guard prepare for their departure. The greatest enthusiasm was immediately manifested by these brave men, whose ardour and devotion were incurred by the mother and sister of the Emperor, who were stationed at the window of the palace. On all sides nothing was heard but the cry, "Paris or death!"

As the singular detail of Napoleon's escape from Elba is fresh in the minds of all, we shall only give a summary of his adventurous attempt, from his landing in Provence to his arrival in Paris.

When the descent at Cannes was reported in the capital, both chambers were hastily convoked on the 6th April, and subsequently, the ex-emperor was declared "a rebel and a traitor." In the meantime his progress was unopposed; and not only loose adventurers but whole regiments joined him as he hurried towards the capital; as did Marshal Ney with the whole of his corps. At Lyons he addressed the French people by a manifesto, declaring everything "null and void," which had taken place since his abdication: he abolished all orders and appointments. A final decree afterwards pronounced the dissolution of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, and convoked all the electoral colleges of the empire, at Paris, in order then to form an assembly of Champ de Mai, and busy themselves with the revision of the Imperial constitutions.

On the 19th of March, Napoleon left Auxerre, and arrived at Fontainebleau the following day. On the same night Louis the XVIII. had abandoned the capital to gain the Belgian frontier with all speed, and Napoleon entered it the next day, under the overwhelming acclamations of the army and the populace.

Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême had endeavoured to raise the South in favour of the royal cause. The Duchess had displayed, in Bordeaux, so much activity, courage, and constancy; that Napoleon said of her, "She was the only man in the family." Still her efforts could avail nothing against the course of events: and she was constrained to quit Bordeaux to seek refuge a second time in a foreign country.

The Duke of Angoulême had fallen into the hands of General Gilly, and found himself a prisoner at Porte St. Esprit—Napo-

leon, however, ordered his release, with liberty to withdraw himself from the country.

Never in his bloodiest and most triumphant field of battle, had the terrible ascendancy of Napoleon's genius appeared half so predominant, as during his march from Cannes to Paris. He who left the same coast but a few months before as an exile, re-appeared in grandeur, like that of the returning wave, which, the farther it has retreated, is rolled back on the shore with the more terrific and overwhelming violence. His looks seemed to possess the pretended power of the northern magicians, and blunted swords and spears.

The "bravest of the brave," who came determined to oppose him as he would a wild beast, recognized his superiority when confronted



with him, and sunk again into his satellite. Yet the lustre with which Napoleon shone, was not that of a planet duly moving in its regular sphere, but that of a comet inspiring forebodings of pestilence, and,

> ——— with fear of change,
> Perplexing nations."

It is upon record, that when Talleyrand, on the 11th of March, read to the Congress of Vienna, the news of Bonaparte's landing in

France, it was received with an uncontrollable burst of laughter However, it was soon discovered to be anything but a subject for mirth, and it was deemed necessary for the Congress to issue an unequivocal declaration of their resolutions.

This declaration was promulgated on the 13th of March, and was to the following effect:

"By thus breaking the convention," it said, "which had established him in the island of Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended, and by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the "protection of the law," and has manifested to the universe that there can be neither peace or truce with him.

"The powers consequently declare Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance. They declare, at the same time, that, firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, and those which they have resolved on, or shall hereafter resolve on, to complete and consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and will unite in all their efforts, that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, may not again be troubled; and to provide against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders of revolution."

This declaration was instantly backed by a treaty entered into by Great Britian, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, renewing and confirming the league of Chaumont. The articles were as follows:

"1st. The high contracting parties declared their resolution to maintain and enforce the Treaty of Paris, by which, Napoleon Bonaparte and his family were excluded for ever from the throne of France, and to enforce the decree of outlawry against him, as before mentioned.

2nd. Each of the contracting parties agreed to keep constantly in the field, an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, complete, with the due proportion of cavalry and artillery.

3rd. They agreed not to lay down their arms, by common consent, until either the purpose of the war should have been attained, or Bonaparte should be rendered incapable of disturbing the peace of Europe. By other articles, it was detetermined that all the powers of Europe should be invited to accede to this treaty, and particularly that of the King of France should be called upon to become a party to it.

A separate article provided that the King of Great Britain should have the option of furnishing his contingent in men, or of paying instead, at the rate of £30 sterling per annum, for each cavalry soldier, and £20 per annum for each infantry soldier, which

should be wanting to make up the complement. To this treaty a declaration was subjoined, when it was settled by the Prince Regent of England, referring to the 8th article of the treaty, and declaring that it should not be understood as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war, with the view of forcibly imposing on France any particular government.

The Declaration of the allies was impugned in Parliament as a document which went far to encourage assassination—and forgetting that the insatiate ambition of a restless man would probably cause the slaughter of a million, there were found in the British senate, many, who, with mawkish sensibility, reprobated the Duke for being party to a treaty that eventually secured the world's peace, and deprived the disturber of the continent of the future power of being mischievous. The Duke of Wellington felt and expressed the injustice of thus attacking "a servant of the public, when absent on public service, day after day;" and in a letter to his brother, justified the allied Declaration, by reasoning that was not to be contravened.

"If," he said, "I have done any thing wrong or unbecoming my own character, or that of the station I filled, I ought to be prosecuted, or at least censured for it, in consequence of a specified motion on the subject; but it is not fair to give to the act of any individual a construction it will not fairly bear—a construction which no man breathing, believes it was intended to bear—and to charge him home with being an assassin day after day in speeches, and never in form.

"I say, first, that the Declaration has never been accurately translated; and the meaning of the words, "*vindicte publique*," is not "public vengeance," but "public justice." But, if even the meaning was "public vengeance," the Declaration does not deliver Bonaparte over to the dagger of the assassin. When did the dagger of the assassin execute the vengeance of the public?

"In regard to his being declared "*hors le loi*;" first it must be recollected at what period, and under what circumstances he was so declared. The period was the 13th of March; and, although we knew Bonaparte had landed, and had made progress in France sufficient to create a disturbance there, we were not aware that he could be established without firing a shot. The object, then, of this part of the publication, was to strengthen the hands of the King of France, by the opinion of the Congress.

"Secondly; was he not "*hors la loi?*" and had he, or not, broken all his tie which connected him with the world? The only treaty by which he was connected with the world was that of Fontainebleau —that he broke. Having quitted his asylum, he landed in France, with such a force as showed that he relied solely upon treachery and rebellion, not only for success, but for safety. He incurred all risks, in order to gain the greatest prize in Europe, one which he had

abandoned only ten months before, under a treaty with the allied powers; and is it possible that it can be gravely asserted that Bonaparte, an individual like any other, should have been guilty by this act, of only a breach of treaty? If he was guilty of more, of which there can be no doubt, it was of the crime of rebellion and treason, with a view to usurp the sovereign authority of France; a crime which has always been deemed "*hors de la loi*;" so far as this, that all sovereigns have, in all times, called upon their subjects to raise their arms to protect them from him who was guilty of it. The Declaration does no more. This is my reasoning upon the subject. I am perfectly satisfied with what you said on the night of the 28th of April; but I only hope that——— may not go off with the notion that I acted without reflection upon this occasion.

"I never knew any paper so discussed as the Declaration was; and I believe there never was a public paper so successful, particularly in Italy and France."

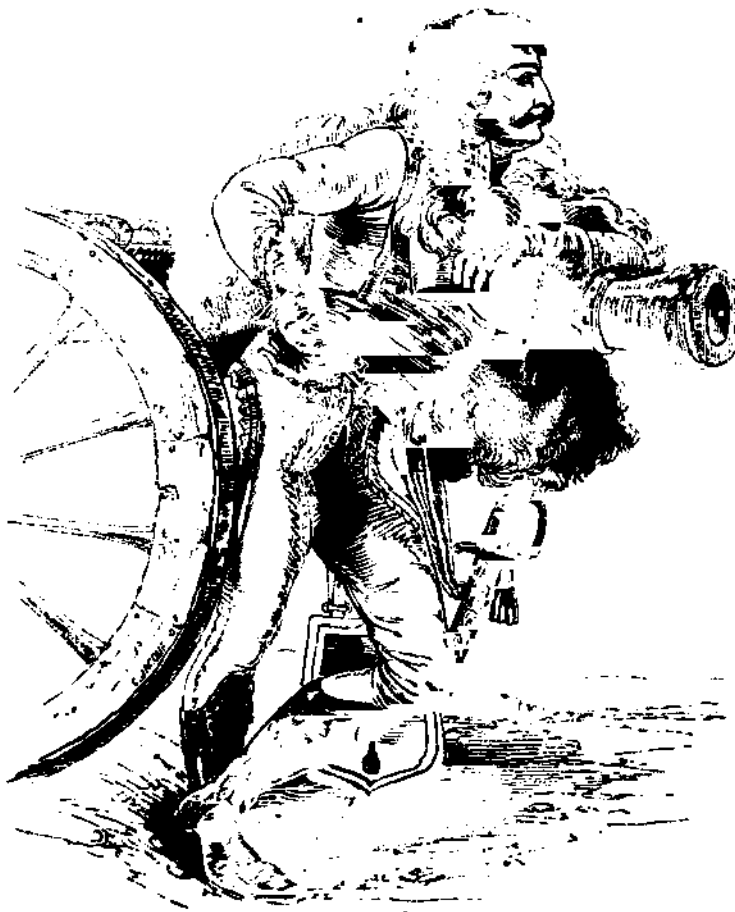
The Declaration of Vienna was calculated to produce a sensation in France, which Napoleon would have willingly avoided. To prevent its dissemination was impossible; and he thought it expedient to counteract its effects, by accompanying the document with a manifesto of his own. This contained an elaborate justification of his enterprise, a specific detail of the grievances, real or imaginary, which were cited as the pretexts for invading France, and an appeal to the law of nations, against the doctrine supposed to be inculcated by the language of that celebrated anthema.

None saw more clearly the results which his madness must produce than the aggressor; and he made a last, but ineffectual, attempt to avert the hostility of Europe, and obtain a recognition of his power from the allied sovereigns. Abandoning the usual mode of official communication between governments, and imitating his conduct when elected to the consular throne, Napoleon addressed a letter, personally, to the different monarchs. But the allies were not to be imposed on by assurances of peaceful intentions, from one who for years had deluged the continent in blood. Napoleon's letter was returned from the British Cabinet unopened; and at Vienna it elicited from the Congress a fresh declaration of personal hostility, which neither concessions nor promises could avert. The reasoning in the replication of the sovereigns was unanswerable; and assurances, expressed by Napoleon in his overtures, that, in Europe, henceforth, "no other rivalry should be known than that of promoting the blessings of peace—no other contention, than the sacred one of advancing the felicity of mankind," were treated with incredulity and contempt. "The man," said the Congress in reply, "who now offers to sanction the Treaty of Paris, and pretends to substitute his guarantee for that of a sovereign, whose loyalty was unstained, and benevolence unbounded, is the same who, for fifteen years, has ravaged

and convulsed the earth to find food for his ambition; who has sacrificed millions of victims, and the happiness of a whole generation, to a system of conquest, which truces, little entitled to the name of peace, have only served to render more oppressive and more odious; who, after having by his wild enterprises wearied even fortune, armed all Europe against him, and exhausted all the resources of France, has been compelled to renounce his projects, and abdicate his power, in order to secure the wreck of his existence; who, at a time when the nations of Europe indulged in the hope of enjoying permanent repose, has meditated fresh catastrophes, and by an act of double treason, to the powers who too generously spared him, and to a government which he could attack only through the blackest treachery, has usurped a throne which he had renounced, and which he had occupied only to inflict misery on France and on the world. This man has no other guarantee to propose to Europe but his word; but after the fatal experience of fifteen years, who would be rash enough to accept that guarantee? Peace with a government placed in such hands, and composed of such elements, would prove only a perpetual state of uncertainty, anxiety, and danger. No power could really disarm; nations would not enjoy any of the advantages of a true peace; they would be crushed by inevitable expenses. As confidence would nowhere revive, industry and commerce would everywhere languish; as there would be no stability in political relations, gloomy discontent would set brooding over every country, and agitated Europe would be in daily fear of fresh explosions.

Had Napoleon really expected that professions, falsified by every action of his life, would avert the storm that was collecting, the firm and uncompromising rejection of his overtures would have dissipated the hope. The sword was drawn, and the scabbard was thrown away. Through blood he had waded to a throne—by bloodshed only could that elevation be maintained—and with a desperate resolution, he proceeded to attain the means by which he could secure the object of a guilty ambition. The aggregate was vauntingly computed at above two million of effective men; but not more than one-tenth was actually equipped, and took the field. The Imperial Guard was re-established, and consisted of eighty infantry regiments, five regiments of cavalry, several corps of gendarmerie, engineers, &c., comprising a total of forty thousand men. Unceasing exertions were made to provide a powerful artillery, which was always an important point in Napoleon's preparations. His exertions were equally directed to obtain means for aggression and defence; and while an enormous army was rapidly embodied, the positions and places of strength, extending from the capital to the frontiers, were completed. Napoleon also wished to fortify Paris, and enquired of Carnot how much time and money would be necessary. "Two hundred millions, and three years," replied the minister, "and when it is finished, I would ask only sixty thousand men and twenty-four hours to demolish the whole." Bona-

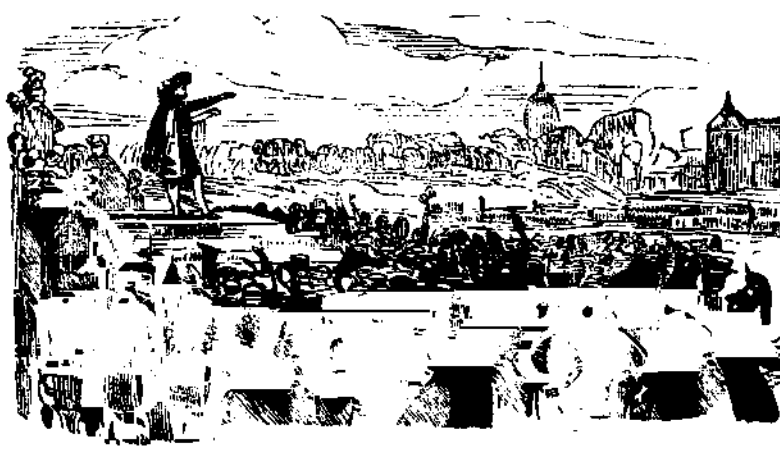
parte concealed his resentment at this answer, and persisted in a partial execution of his purpose. The heights of Montmartre, of Chaumont, and of Mesnel-Montant were fortified, but the Parisians viewed the labour with natural alarm. It betrayed two probable events; that Napoleon calculated upon the advance of the enemy as far as the capital, and that he was determined to endure a siege—either of them sufficient to inspire terror.



While thus occupied, Napoleon had the mortification to learn that Murat, deaf to his remonstrances, had consummated his previous folly, by an advance upon the papal territories. On the 4th of April, with one wing of his army, he defeated Bianchi on the Tanaro,

and entered Modena—but his left wing was totally defeated by Count Nugent. Finding that Naples was threatened by the British fleet, Joachim commenced a retreat, and proposed an armistice that was refused. On the 26th, the Austrian vanguard reached Rimini; and on the next day, Count Nugent entered Rome. On the 28th Murat was wounded in an affair at Gambia—but the fatal blow was struck upon the 3rd of May. On the 2nd the Austrians crossed the line of march near Tolentino; and on the next morning, their reserve having come up, the Neapolitan army was defeated and dispersed—and so totally disorganized, that when Murat reached his capital, his escort was reduced to four lancers. On the 21st, he sailed for France; and on the 23rd, the Austrian's advanced guard entered Naples, and the restoration of the deposed king—Ferdinand—was effected without bloodshed. Such was the brief history of an attempt, which, if better timed, and more ably concerted, might have seriously embarrassed the allies, and caused a powerful diversion in favour of Napoleon.

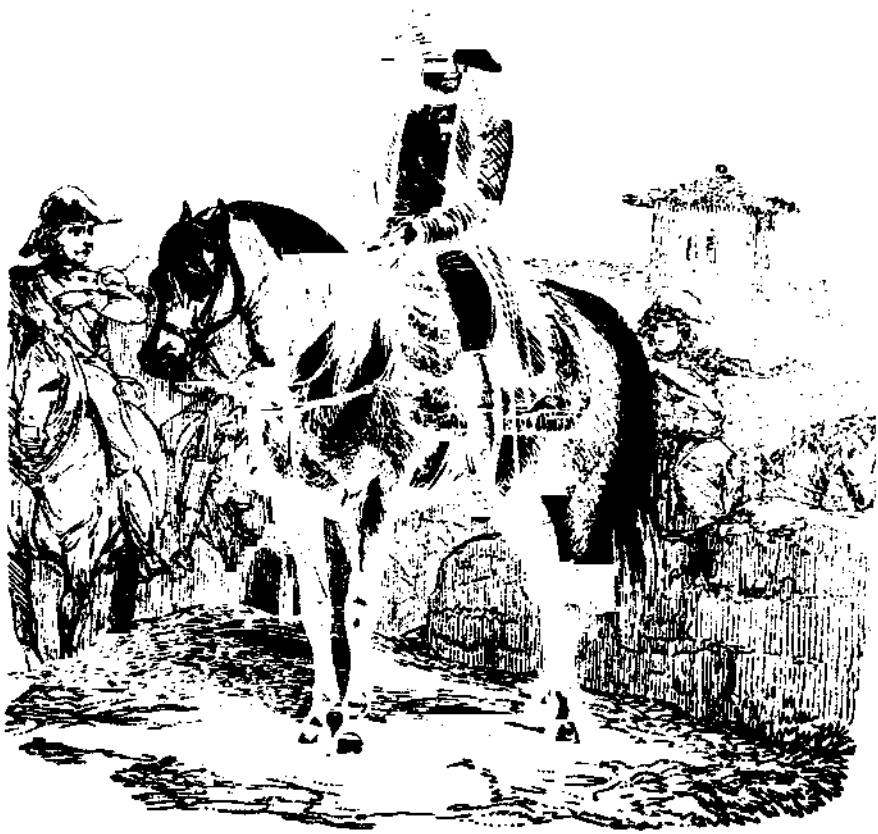
While these events were occuring in Italy, Napoleon was incessantly engaged with military preparations, and the framing of a new constitution which was promulgated in a grand pageant, designated the Champ de Mai—a festival, by curious contradictions taking place on the 1st of June, and holden in the Champ de Mars. Mass



was performed by an archbishop, accompanied by the thunder of artillery; and the remainder of the scene was divided between acclamations and prayers. The Deputy Dubois addressed Napoleon, and he in turn harangued the crowd, and informed them that he would depart that night to place himself at the head of the army.

Oaths were administered—eagles introduced and distributed—and the whole concluded by a military spectacle, in which fifty thousand men defiled before the Emperor.

Before day-light on the 12th, Napoleon quitted the capital, and on the 14th joined the army collected on the frontier. Ere sun-rise next morning, he was dressed, and at dawn he was on horseback. His corps-d'armée were already in march—the Prussian outposts driven in—and a last campaign opened, which three days virtually concluded!



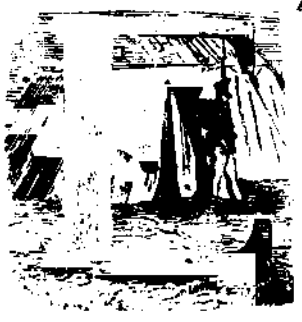


BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

CHAPTER VII.

1813—1815.

STRENGTH AND COMPOSITION OF THE ALLIED ARMY.—FRENCH ARMY. ITS SUPERIORITY OVER THE ANGLO-BELGIAN.—MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—NAPOLEON ATTACKS THE PRUSSIANS.—ZIETHEN DRIVEN BACK.—BATTLE OF LIGNY.—PRINCE OF SAXE WEIMAR ATTACKED BY NEY AT QUATRE BRAS.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—DEFEAT AND PURSUIT OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON TO PARIS—HIS ABDICATION IN FAVOUR OF HIS SON.—SURRENDERS HIMSELF TO CAPTAIN MAITLAND.—THE ALLIES IN PARIS.—CONVENTION OF ST. CLOUD.



EARLY on the morning of the 5th of April, the Duke of Wellington reached Brussels, holding the chief command over the armies in the Netherlands, to which he had been appointed on the 28th of March; the Prince of Orange resigning the chief command, and accepting a subordinate appointment.

Of the three armies now collected on the French frontier, that commanded by the Duke was the weakest and the worst. It was formed of a mixed force, comprising British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops, with the contingents of Nassau and Brunswick Oels. Its effective strength of the 15th of June, was seventy-eight thousand men, of whom fifty-three thousand only were British, Germans, and Hanoverians. On the 18th its numbers were considerably reduced—for by that morning's returns, the grand total of the force under the immediate orders of the Duke of Wellington, was seventy-four thousand men.

The general distribution of the army previously to the commencement of hostilities, was as follows: the right wing under Lord Hill, was near Ath; the left under the Prince of Orange, at Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles; a strong corps of cavalry, under the Marquis of Anglesea, was quartered near Grammont; while a reserve, of all arms, occupied the city and vicinity of Brussels, where the Duke had fixed his head-quarters.

The Prussian army was considerably stronger than that termed British; and on the 27th of May it was fully concentrated on the Meuse—the 1st corps, commanded by Von Zeithen, being at Charleroi; the 2nd, under Von Pirch, at Namur; the 3rd, under Thielman, near Ciney; and the 4th—Bulow's,—at Liege. Its total strength was returned at one hundred and fifteen thousand men.

The French army, previous to the opening of hostilities, comprised the five grand corps which formed the armies of the North and the Moselle, and amounted, on a low calculation, to one hundred and fifty thousand men. The 1st corps was commanded by Drouet, Count d'Erlon; the 2nd, by Reille; the 3rd, by Vandamme; the 4th, by Gerard; and the 6th, by Lobau. To these were attached four divisions of cavalry, under Pajol, Excelmans, Kellerman, and Milhaud—the whole forming a distinct corps, commanded by Marshal Grouchy. There were, besides, two divisions of the guard, under Friard and Moraord, making, according to a French return, a grand total of one hundred and fifty-four thousand three hundred and seventy men; of whom, twenty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty were cavalry, seven thousand five hundred and twenty artillery, and one hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred infantry, with three hundred pieces of cannon.

While the French army exceeded the Duke of Wellington's in numbers, in its composition it was still more superior. The elements for its construction were ready for Napoleon's use—for the country was overrun with soldiers—men, according to Davoust's term, "whose trade was war, and whose battles were as many as their years." From the moment the return of the Emperor was announced, the veterans hurried to his standards. In every quarter and with incredible rapidity, troops were embodied, organized, and despatched to the frontiers. France, in a few days only, was transformed into a vast camp. Hence, the army with which Napoleon crossed the frontier, as far as numbers went, was equal to any he had directed on a battle-field. That commanded by Wellington was formed of very different materials. A mixed force, hastily collected, and imperfectly put together. What unity of operation, therefore, could be expected in the hour of trial, from men whose languages were unknown to each other—whose dresses were unfamiliar to the eye—whose efficiency was untried—and whose courage and fidelity were doubtful? The greater portion of the

peninsular soldiers had been, unfortunately, removed beyond recall by their having been sent to America. Half the regiments in Belgium, were, therefore, second battalions, composed of militia men and recruits; and of the contingent troops, many were but recently embodied, and few had ever been under fire; and yet, with this indifferent army, inferior in numbers, in discipline, in equipments, and in artillery, did Wellington accomplish a triumph, unparalleled even in the series of his own great achievements.

With such a force at his immediate disposal, it was as little consonant with his interest, as it was with the genius of Napoleon to stand upon the defensive. To make a concentrated attack upon one of the wings of the great theatre of war, which extended from the Apennines and the Alps, along the Rhine, was much more likely to lead to success than any defensive plan he might adopt. Could he separate Blucher from Wellington, and then crush each in detail, the fame of such a victory in the onset would be as advantageous to him as the actual military results. France, delighted to see glory once again brought back to her standards, would be reconciled to his dominion, the royalists would be put down by public opinion, and there was every chance that the allies would become disunited among themselves.

Napoleon had already directed the initial movements of the detached corps which were to comprise his grand army. Early in June, the first corps was at Valenciennes, the 2nd, at Mauberge, and head-quarters at Laon. On the 5th, and the 6th, the army of the Moselle broke up their cantonments round Metz, and advanced by Phillipville, while the army of the North, united itself to that of the Ardennes, at Beaumont; on the 13th:—On his arrival at Avesnes, Napoleon found his whole force in line, and perfectly disposable to launch against that point of the frontier which might appear to him the most assailable. As yet his plans were as little known to his own officers as to those of the allies; but on the 14th, the publication of a general order partially disclosed his intentions; and his last address—dated Avesnes, June 14th—was made to the last army he was destined to command:—

Soldiers!

"This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battle of Austerlitz, as after the battle of Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence, and the most sacred rights of France. They have committed the most unjust aggressions. Let us, then, march and meet them. Are not we and they still the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one to three, and at Montmirail, one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English, describe the nature of their prison-

ships, and the horrible sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes, who are the enemies of justice and the rights of all nations. They know that this coalition is insatiable. After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the states of the second rank in Germany.

"Madmen! One moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their reach: if they enter France, they will find their tomb there. Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but, if we are firm, victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of the country will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived, when he should either conquer or die!"

All the forces, destined for the attack of the Netherlands, were now set in motion by rapid marches: and although the weather was squally, yet the roads were still good, and easily passable for artillery. The troops were full of enthusiasm, and confident in the skill and fortunes of their Emperor, but they wanted discipline in their march, which forms the strength of armies. Even in their own country, their march was one of desolation; the cottages were plundered, the peasants were ill-treated, and the unripe harvest swept away from the fields to supply thatch for the camp-huts, or forage for the horses; the officers for most part encouraging, even if they did not share in, these abuses. The moment they entered the Belgian territories, their conduct was, as might be expected, yet more atrocious; according to the testimony of a French writer, plunder and devastation, marched their way, and wherever they encamped at night, that place was a desert in the morning.

On the 15th of June, at day-light, the whole French army was in motion, in the highest state of excitement. The plan which Napoleon had laid down, was, by a rapid advance, to force his way between the armies of Wellington and Blucher combined; to attack one with the mass of his forces, while he detached troops to keep the other in check. His 2nd corps crossed the Sambre, near Thuin, and drove Ziethen's outposts, who fell back on Fleurus to concentrate with the Prussian corps. On both sides the fighting was determined. Charleroi was obstinately maintained; and, although vigorously pressed by the French cavalry, Ziethen retreated with perfect steadiness. That evening, Napoleon's head-quarters were at Charleroi.

The night of the 15th was employed by the Emperor in passing his remaining divisions to the left bank of the Sambre, and by Blucher, in taking a position on which he might accept a battle. The 1st Prussian corps was posted at St. Amand; the 3rd, at Brie: and the 4th, at Ligny; and the 2nd, in reserve.

While the affair at Charleroi was going on, Marshal Ney arrived at head-quarters, when Napoleon immediately gave him the command of the left wing, and directed him to establish himself at Quartre Bras, the point where the road from Charleroi to Brussels is intersected by that leading from Nivelle to Namur.

As yet, no intelligence of the attack on Ziethen, had reached Wellington. At about 5 o'clock in the evening, when he was sitting after dinner with Sir Thomas Picton and other officers, he observed the Prince of Orange riding into the court-yard, and from him he received the first intelligence of the actual commencement of hostilities. Shortly afterwards Baron Muffling, the Prussian General attached to the British army, came in and brought despatches from Blucher, informing the Duke he had been attacked, but considered it a mere affair of outposts, and not likely to lead to any serious results. The plans, therefore, of the enemy, were not even yet sufficiently developed for Wellington to commit himself by any decided movement; it was probable enough, that this might be only a feint to induce the allies to concentrate the greater part of their force upon Ligny, while Napoleon made a serious attempt upon Brussels, and in consequence he resolved not to move till the enemy's object should more fully display itself,—an act of military prudence which has led to an idle tale, of his having been taken by surprise. Such a report obtained the greater credit from the circumstance of a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, on this



very evening, which was as gaily attended by the British officers, as if the French had been upon the Seine, and not upon the Sambre. The Duke also was present; but under this apparent indifference, he had previously issued orders for the whole army to be in readiness to march.

It was a little before midnight when a second despatch came from

Blucher, with the intelligence of the latter events of the day. Upon reading this letter, his countenance showed a resolution already taken, and after some minutes remaining in deep reflection, he



gave a few brief directions to a staff-officer, and again mingled unconcernedly in the festivities of the hour, and was as animated as ever. He staid to supper, and then went home.

But before the ball was ended, the strains of courtly music were drowned in the louder "note of preparation" The drum had beat to arms, and the bugle sounded the assembly, and the Highland bagpipe added its wild and martial summons to the field. All were ready prepared, all were promptly under arms—and the 5th division filed from the Park with the corps of Brunswick Oels, and directed their march through the forest of Soignes.

Eight o'clook pealed from the steeple clocks; all was quiet—the brigades, with their artillery and equipage, were gone—the crash of music was heard no longer—the bustle of preparation had ceased—and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded that noise and hurry which ever attends a departure for the field of battle.

These incidents have been so beautifully described by Byron, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote the passage :—

"There was a sound of revelry by night.
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did you not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before:
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks, all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!"

While Napoleon with his right and centre was attacking the front of the Prussian position, Grouchy manœuvred by the Namur road upon its flank, and simultaneously, the 1st and 2nd corps, with four cavalry divisions, were turned against the British positions. When Blucher on the evening of the 15th, had been forced at Charleroi, the advanced brigade of the Prince of Saxe Weimar, under the orders of the Prince of Orange, had also been driven back from

Frasne, but a fresh brigade was promptly moved up, and before the morning of the 16th, the greater portion of the ground had been recovered.

At this very time, Blucher had been attacked at Ligny, with a very superior force under Napoleon in person. The battle was most gallantly contested for several hours; when, at length, the enemy carried the village of Ligny, and penetrated to the centre of the Prussian position. The Prussians fought with great gallantry, but were compelled to retreat; which they did in good order to Wavre. A last desperate charge of the cavalry was headed by Blucher himself, whose horse being struck by a cannon ball, the Prince was prostrated to the ground, and was only saved from death, or being made prisoner, by the presence of mind of one of his aide-de-camps, in throwing a cloak over him.



More important events than those transacted between the 15th and 18th of June were never crowded in the page of history. All require separate details; but as the victor's despatch conveyed a general and faithful summary, it is given, as addressed to Earl Bathurst, dated Waterloo, 19th June, 1815:

"Bonaparte, having collected the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army, and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobbes, on the Sambre, at day-light in the morning.

"I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to the left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

"The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Zeithen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombreuf, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

"The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Bruxelles; and, on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Saxe de Weimar, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called Les Quartre Bras.

"The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade, with another of the same division, under General Perponcher, and in the morning, early, regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles with Marshal Blucher's position.

"In the mean time I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras; and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

"At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2nd corps, and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatres Bras.

"The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined; and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

"We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with large bodies of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery. He made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner.

"In this affair, His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-Generals Sir James Knight and Sir Denis Park, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten; Major-General Sir Colin Halkett, Lieutenant-General Cooke,

and Major-Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42nd, 79th, and 92nd regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

"Our loss was great, as your lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness, the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

"Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sombreuf, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and, as the 4th corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back, and to concentrate his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night, after the action was over.

"This movement of the marshal rendered necessary a corresponding one upon my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo, the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

"The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrol, which I sent to Sombreuf in the morning, found all quiet; and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following with a large body of cavalry brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

"This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st life guards, upon their débouche from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his lordship has declared himself well satisfied with that regiment.

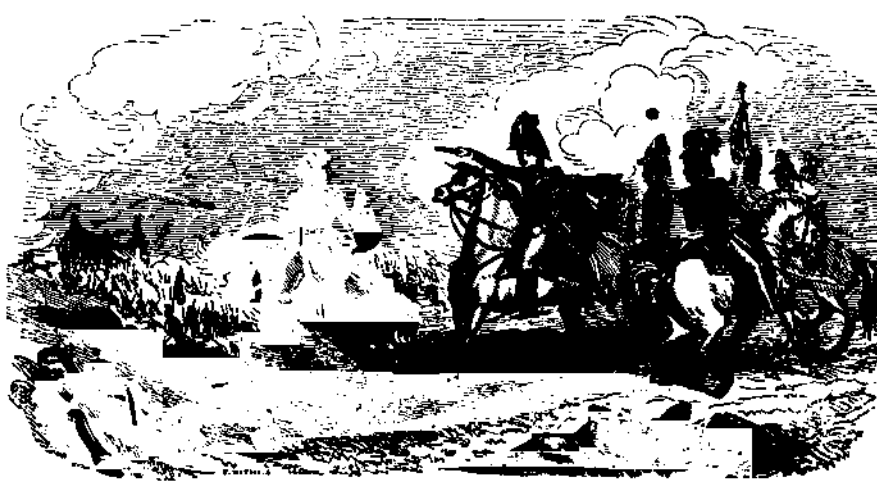
"The position which I took up in front of Waterloo, crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and gardens of Hougumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher at Wavre, through Ohain; and the marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

"The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3rd corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th, and yesterday morning, at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards,

which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Macdonnel, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by those brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

"This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farm house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the German legion, which occupied it, had expended all its ammunition; and the enemy possessed the only communication there was with them.

"The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful; and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the life guards, the royal horse guards, and 1st dragoon guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.



"These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by

Frischermont, upon Planchenois and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point: the enemy was forced from his positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

"I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I forced myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Bonaparte, in Genappe.

"I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

"Your lordship will observe that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, his majesty has sustained the loss of an officer, who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was repulsed. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his majesty for some time of his services.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

"It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of guards, under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded. Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer nor description of troops that did not behave well.

"I must, however, particularly mention, for his royal highness's approbation, Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, Major-General Adam, Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded, Major-General Sir Colin Halkett, severely wounded, Colonel Ompteda, Colonel Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division, Major-General Lambert, Major-Generals Sir James Kempt and Sir D. Pack, Major-General Lord E. Somerset, Major-General

Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-General Sir C. Grant, and Major-General Sir H. Vivian, Major-General Sir O. Vandeleur, and Major-General Count Dornberg.

"I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

"The artillery and engineer departments were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir George Wood, and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-General, Major-General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quartermaster-General, Colonel de Lancey, who was killed by a cannon shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his majesty's service, and to me at this moment.

"I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his majesty's service.

"General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry in the service of the King of the Netherlands.

"General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Olava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank, was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

"Since writing the above, I have received a report that Major-General Sir William Ponsonby is killed; and, in announcing this intelligence to your Lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief for the death of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

"I send with this despatch three eagles, taken by the troops in the action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness. I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection."

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"I have to inform your Lordship, in addition to my despatch of this morning, that we have already got here five thousand prisoners, taken in the action of yesterday, and that there are above two thousand more coming in to-morrow. There will probably be many more.

"Amongst the prisoners are Comte de Lobau, who commanded the 6th corps, and General Cambronne, who commanded a division of the guards.

"I propose to send the whole to England, by Ostend."

The despatches of the Duke of Wellington were always distinguished for clearness and simplicity, and none more so than what we have just transcribed. The story of his battles are plain unvarnished tales in which success is neither over-coloured, nor failure extenuated or concealed. His victories are briefly detailed—his reverses are candidly admitted. In a few sentences, the important consequences of skill and daring were communicated—and it was left for the pen of history to elucidate those "crowded hours of glorious strife," which conferred undying fame upon him who had achieved them.

As the limited extent of official despatches obliged Wellington to restrict himself to a general summary of operations and their results, we shall endeavour to enter into a detail of those the most important.

We before related that the advanced corps of the Prince of Orange had been driven back on the 15th from Frasnes, but that on the same evening the principal part of the ground had been recovered by the prompt arrival of a fresh brigade.

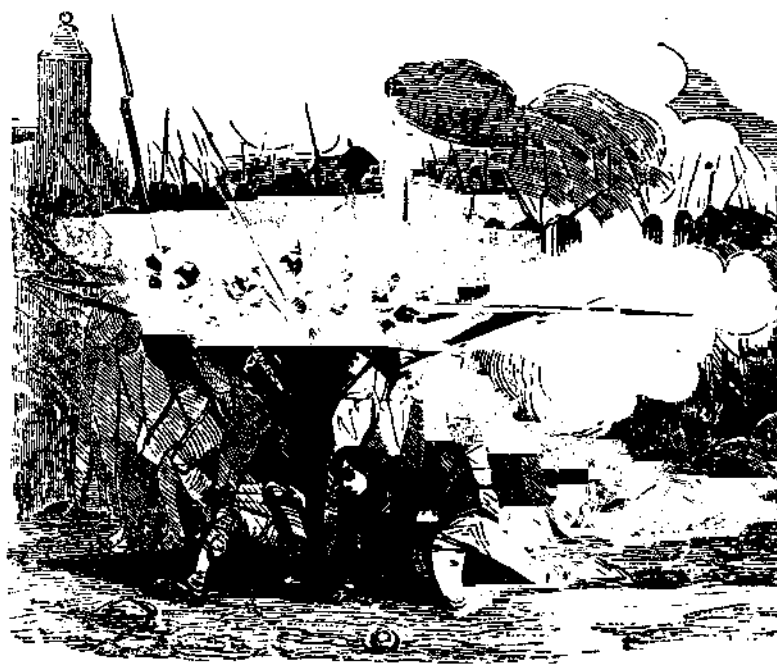
Early on the following morning, however, Ney, with an overwhelming force renewed the attack, which was at first gallantly and successfully repulsed. But physical power gradually prevailed—the Hanoverians fell back—the Bois de Bossu was occupied by the enemy—and when the leading regiments of the 5th division reached Quartre Bras, with reduced strength, the Prince of Orange was bravely and feebly opposing assailants, encouraged by success, and whose superiority could no longer be resisted.

A march of more than twenty miles, executed in sultry weather, and over a country where little water was procureable, had abated the vigour of the British brigades, but their spirit was indomitable. The Duke of Wellington had overtaken the column in its march; and when he reached Quatre Bras, at a glance he saw the critical position of the day, and instantly directed that the Bois de Bossu should be regained.

Ney, whose infantry more than doubled that of his opponent, sustained by a proportionate artillery, and the five cavalry divisions under Excelman, was pushing his advantages to their crisis. Checked, however, by the arrival of the British battalions, he strove to crush them before they could deploy—and, under a withering fire of artillery, to which the weak Hanoverian batteries ineffectually replied, he launched his cavalry against the regiments as they reached

their battle-ground. All was in his favour—his horsemen were at hand—the rye-crop, reaching breast high, covered their advance—and the charges were made before the regiments were established. But English discipline and courage rose superior to the immense advantages which circumstances conferred upon their assailants, and in every effort the enemy was roughly repelled. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter—while whole squadrons, shattered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares sustained their fusilade.

The efforts of the enemy to break the squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape, and when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English—nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate.



One regiment, the 28th, after sustaining a most furious cannonade, was suddenly, and at three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment—there was a death-like silence; and one voice alone, clear, and calm, was heard: it was their colonel's—Sir Philip Benson—who called upon them to be "steady!" On came the enemy—the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn, bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance-blades approached the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within forty paces—yet not a trigger was drawn. But, when the word "Fire!" thundered from the colonel's lips, each face poured out its deadly volley—and, in a moment, the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter, to the tall rye, while a stream of musketry from the British square, carried death into the retreating squadrons.

The regiments fought with devoted heroism; and though miserably reduced, they still held their ground with a desperate tenacity. Far overmatched, the result was tottering in the balance; and nothing but the bull-dog courage of the English soldiers, could have resisted the desperate pressure. The contest was at its height—the incessant assaults of the enemy were wasting the British regiments; but with the exception of the Bois de Bossu, not an inch of ground was lost. The men were falling by hundreds—death was busy every where—but not a foot receded! The courage of these undaunted soldiers needed no incitement—but, on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour that would, if unrepressed, have led to serious results. Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults, which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action. The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge—and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard, of "Why are we not led forward?"

At this juncture, the division of guards, under General Maitland, arrived from Enghien, and after a march of fifteen hours, without anything to eat or drink, they gallantly advanced to the charge, and in half an hour, completely cleared the wood. Though they became masters of the Bois de Bossu, they found difficulty in emerging from its shelter. As often as they attempted to come out, a tremendous fire of round and grape-shot was opened upon them by the French batteries, followed by a charge of cavalry. When they retired, and the enemy endeavoured to penetrate the wood, they were received in turn with a steady and well-directed volley of musketry, which compelled them also to return. These alternate attacks continued for nearly three hours. At one time, the enemy

was furiously encountered by a square of Black Brunswicks, while the British rapidly lining the ditches, kept up a most destructive fire—but the loss was very severe, and the men found great difficulty in forming line again. The undismayed gallantry of the guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers, and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action. Some of these noble fellows were so overcome with fatigue, that when they entered the wood, they sunk down, and had only sufficient strength to cheer their comrades to the onset. The carnage was dreadful—the conflict obstinately maintained on either side—the French from their superiority in cavalry and artillery, committing a slaughter which was well repaid by the terrible fire of the British musketry.

Evening was now closing in; the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up, and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the 5th division, with the 3rd, and the guards, took up a position for the night, on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day.

Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured, were furnished to the harrassed soldiery; and while strong picquets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave allies, filed arms, and stretched themselves on the battle field.

The failure of the French attack on Quatre Bras, made by veteran troops, in very superior numbers, and directed by one of the best and boldest generals of the age, seems unaccountable; and Ney's apology, for what all must admit to have been a defeat, is not maintainable. The *corps-d'armée* he commanded, was, according to the organization practised by Napoleon, perfect in every arm; and in artillery and cavalry it was immensely superior. The force assailed was generally composed of raw soldiers—and being twenty miles in advance of its reserve, the supporting troops reached the ground after the key of the position had been carried. That support merely consisted of infantry; for, from the distance of their cantonments from the field, it was six in the evening before the British batteries and cavalry were able to get up. To complain that the 1st corps "was idly paraded between Ligny and Quatre Bras, without firing a shot," when its presence could have decided the fate of either battle, throws a slur upon Napoleon's generalship, but presents a sorry excuse for Ney's discomfiture.

There is no doubt, that if he could have brought his first corps into action, with the addition of five-and-twenty thousand men, he might have gained "a very glorious triumph;" but it is affirmed that he complained unjustly of the absence of that corps.

On the 16th, at noon, he had personally surveyed the position of Quatre Bras, and perceiving but few troops collected, concluded that the English were at too great a distance to arrive in any strength during the day. This opinion he communicated to Napoleon, who, confiding in it, very naturally employed the 1st corps of his army, when he thought it might decide the success of his own attack against the Prussians. Besides, in what respect could Ney consider that corps as a reserve, ready to act upon any sudden exigency? It was in the rear of Frasne, above three miles from the field of battle, a distance which must have precluded it from co-operating in any movements necessary to repel urgent and immediate danger. In fact, the marshal was beaten by superior bravery, which did not enter into his calculations; and that part of his querulous epistle to the Duke of Otranto, may be considered as the fallacy of a man, more anxious to disguise than reveal the truth.

The loss sustained by the British and their allies in this glorious and hard-contested battle, amounted to three thousand seven hundred and fifty *hors de combat*. The British alone, had three hundred and sixteen men killed, and two thousand one hundred and fifty-six wounded. The Duke of Brunswick fell, in the act of rallying his troops, and an immense number of British officers were found among the slain and wounded. During an advanced movement, the 92nd regiment, after repulsing an attack of both cavalry and infantry, was retreating to the wood, when a French column halted and turned its fire on the Highlanders, already assailed by a superior force. Notwithstanding, the regiment bravely held its ground until relieved by a regiment of the guards, when it retired to its original position. In this brief and sanguinary conflict, its loss amounted to twenty-eight officers and nearly three thousand men.

The casualties, when compared with the number of the combatants, will appear enormous. Most of the battalions lost their commanding officers on whom the command had devolved, which told how fast the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were disregarded—and men, severely hurt, refused to retire to the rear, and rejoined their colours after a temporary dressing.

Like that at Quatre Bras, the conflict at Ligny only closed with day-light. For five hours, the struggle had been obstinately continued. Men fell by hundreds, and two hundred pieces of artillery were turned against the devoted villages, for the possession of which, Napoleon and Blucher were contending. Both generals pushed their reserves freely into action; and as soon as one battalion was destroyed, another came forward, and mounting over the dead and dying, charged through the blazing houses of Ligny and St. Amand. Dreadful was the carnage that ensued. The combatants were soon fighting hand to hand, upon the dead bodies of their comrades. It was, literally, a murderous struggle between

battalion and battalion—between man and man, in orchards, gardens, and streets. The village was six times taken and retaken within five hours. The castle of Ligny was disputed by the Prussians to the last gasp. "A French regiment of infantry," says Giraud, "retired from the conflict with only eighty men, out of eight hundred strong—every wall, every fence, every hedge, was so obstinately and fiercely defended." At four o'clock the fortune of the day was so doubtful, that Napoleon hastily called up the 1st corps, which Ney had also despatched an aide-de-camp to hurry to his assistance at Quartre Bras. Night came on—no decisive advantage had been gained—and Blucher, like a wounded lion, although with feeble strength, seemed to fight with additional ferocity.

Darkness, however, enabled Napoleon to carry a village which he had assailed throughout the evening so frequently and furiously, but in vain. In the gloom, a division of French infantry, by a circuitous march, gained the rear of the Prussian corps, while a mass of cuirassiers forced a road at the other side of Ligny. These movements obliged the Prussians to fall back; and they retired leisurely towards Tilly, repelling every attack, and leaving nothing to the enemy but a ruined village, some wounded men and a few disabled guns, which the state of the roads prevented them from removing.

At day-break, of the 17th, the whole of the allies were up and ready to accept battle; but, as the Duke of Wellington had been apprised during the night, that Blucher had retreated to unite himself with his 4th corps, and concentrate his army near Wavre, it was necessary for the allied commander to maintain his communication with the Prussians, and make a correspondent movement; and accordingly, he determined to fall back on a position already chosen, in front of the village of Waterloo.

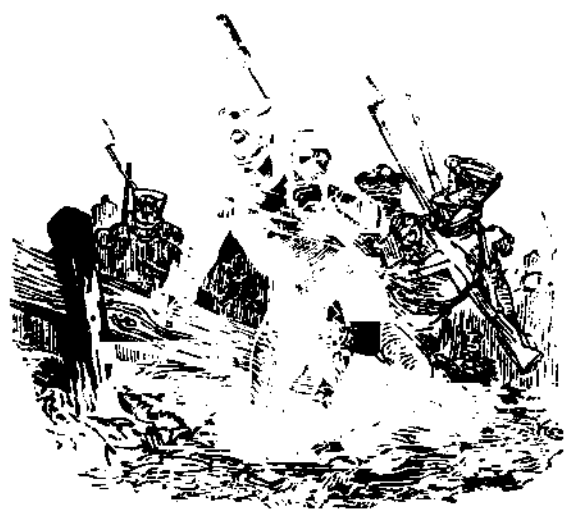
Uncertain as to the route which Blucher had selected, Grouchy's corps, with the cavalry of Pajol and Excelmans, were detached in pursuit, while Napoleon in person hastened his march to bring Wellington to action, and reached Frasne at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th.

The non-arrival of his 6th corps and reserve, however, obliged Napoleon to delay his intended attack until the whole of his corps were on the ground—and his able opponent was in the interval eluding a combat which he had determined to refuse, and retiring leisurely to the position on which he had resolved to accept a battle. This operation in open day was difficult, as the Duke was in the rear of the allies, and the long and narrow bridge at the village of Genappe, the only means by which the corps-d'armée could effect its passage. Wellington disposed some horse-artillery and dimounted dragoons upon the heights, and leaving a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre Bras, he succeeded in mask-

ing his retreat until —when discovered—it was too late to offer any serious interruption to the regressive movement of the allies.

Napoleon had already made the necessary dispositions, and his columns were formed for attack, when from the heights above Frasnes, he discovered that nothing was in front but a rear-guard. His cavalry were instantly ordered to pursue,—and at Genappe, the rival horsemen came in contact. The 7th hussars and some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons charged without success. Lord Uxbridge, however, repeated the attack with the Life-Guards, and the French cavalry were so roughly repelled, that, with the exception of a partial cannonade, too distant to produce effect, the allied columns fell back to their position without further interruption.

Throughout the day, rain had fallen heavily at times; and as evening closed, the weather became wild and stormy. During the whole night the wind howled furiously, the rain dashed down in torrents, the thunder pealed and crashed, and the lightning poured forth such a continuous and vivid stream of flame, that both earth and air seemed in one universal blaze. A more cheerless bivouac than that of the allied, was never occupied by an army before so fearful a conflict.



While the troops reposed on the battle-field—if repose it could be called, exposed, as they were, to the terrific storm which raged over their heads—the Duke of Wellington, with his general officers and their respective staffs, occupied the village of Waterloo. On the doors of the several cottages, the names of

the officers were chalked—and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated, had ceased to exist.

By the French account, Napoleon passed the same night in a farm-house, called Caillon, which was abandoned by the owner, named Borequeau, an old man of eighty, who had retired to Planchenoit. It is situated on the high road from Charleroi to Brussels—half a league from the chateau de Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, and a quarter of a league from La Belle Alliance and Planchenoit. Supper was hastily served up in part of the utensils of the farmer that remained. Bonaparte slept in the first chamber of this house: a bed, with blue silk hangings, and gold fringe was put up for him in the middle of this room. His brother Jerome, the Duke of Bassano, and several generals, lodged in the other chambers. All the adjacent buildings, gardens, meadows, and enclosures, were crowded with military and horses.

The position which Wellington took up was most judiciously selected. It extended along the front of Soignies, near the point where the Brussels Road is intersected by that from Nivelle. At this point stands the hamlet of Mont Saint Jean; and at the debouch of the forest, the village of Waterloo is built. The French adopted the former as their designation of the battle of the 18th of June; the latter, however, was chosen by the conqueror, to give a name to his last, and his most glorious victory.

Wellington's choice of ground upon this occasion has been the subject of much discussion, and some censure. Is it probable, that the master-mind, which through years of victory had never been found at fault, should now have been wanting to itself, when all the usual motives for exertion were a hundred-fold augmented? The result alone, would certainly lead to a contrary inference. Wellington met and defeated the finest troops of France with a motley array, formed of different nations, some known to be lukewarm in the cause, and none celebrated for their military qualities except the British, whose numbers amounted at most to thirty thousand on the 18th, and they not the veterans formed by the long war in the Peninsular, but for the most part untried soldiers, who had never before been under fire, the generality of their officers being young men as little experienced in war as themselves. We have, besides, the testimony of many Frenchmen, both friends and enemies of the Imperial government, to the excellence of the English position: not direct, indeed, but implied in the regrets that Napoleon should have been trained on by Wellington to the very spot, which he, long before-hand, had selected and prepared as his fittest ground for battle.

Early in the morning, the dispositions of the allies were completed. The position occupied by the Duke's army, which was divided into two lines, was principally a chain of gentle eminences, called the

heights of Mont Saint Jean, extending about a mile and a half from east to west, while the whole depth of the battle-ground, from the rear to the French, did not exceed two miles. In connexion, more or less, with this line, were five principal roads, all of which opened upon Brussels; the first, some few miles to the left of the allies, led to Wavre, through the northern skirts of the forest; a second came from Genappe and Charleroi, and uniting with the Nivelle road, ran through the small hamlet of Mont Saint Jean and through the centre of the forest; beyond these was the road from Braine-le-Comte and this meeting, in its progress, with the highway for Enghien, formed a junction with it, about Halle, considerably to the right of the forest.

The extreme left of the position rested on the farm of Ter-la-Haye, protected by a deep ravine, from which, by means of patroles, the Duke kept up his communications with Blucher at Wavre; the distance between the two outer points, was about twelve or fourteen miles, passing through Ohain, along the heights of Saint Lambert, but the ground was covered with wood, and exceedingly rugged, and the highways had been rendered all but impassable by the late tempestuous weather. The centre, formed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, supported by the contingent of Brunswick and Nassau, was posted between the two roads leading from Genappe to Nivelle, which, at the point thus occupied, were about a mile and a half asunder; the left centre, which was the weakest part of the line, stood a little in the rear of La Haye Sainte, a farm, with an enclosed orchard, in the hollow of the right of the Genappe causeway; behind this part of the line, on the declivity of the hill, was the farm of Mont Saint Jean, and still further on, beyond the point where the two roads meet, was the hamlet of the same name; the right-centre was in the rear of Hougoumont, another farm, but situated at the foot of the height, and near the road from Nivelle. The right wing, composed of Lord Hill's corps, was thrown back at right angles with the centre, and terminated at the village of Merk-braine, which was protected by a ravine, and separated from Braine-la-Leud by an extensive plateau. As this ground afforded no position in front, it became necessary to occupy the last-named hamlet, and a body of Belgians were posted there accordingly. A communication was in this way kept up with two small corps of observation, the one under Sir Charles Colville at Tubise, about a mile from Halle, and the other commanded by Prince Frederick of Orange, at Clubbeck and Braine-le-chateau. The object of this last position was to hinder the French from falling upon Brussels by the highway through Halle, the only road which was open to them, that on the left being intercepted by the Prussians at Wavre, and that through the forest of Soignies being equally defended by the main body of the British, drawn up before Mont Saint Jean. Such a design had really been

entertained by Napoleon, for which purpose he had detached a body of five thousand horse, with orders to make a detour, and, if possible, gain unseen, either the Enghien or the Braine-le-Comte road; but these troops had been discovered hovering about, on the evening of the 17th, when the Duke took his measures to defeat the project, nor would he allow the troops, posted near Halle, to quit their ground during the next day's battle although, the brigades on the right, were sorely pressed, and more than once, greatly needed their assistance. The plan of penetrating to Brussels by this remote quarter, shows admirable skill and foresight on the part of Napoleon, but even greater praise belongs to his adversary, who so promptly detected and defeated it.

At some little distance in the rear of the British position was, as we before stated, the forest of Soignies, which is about fifteen leagues long and five in breadth, extending almost to the gates of Brussels. Four roads ran through it, all open and practicable for artillery, but, as the rest of the ground was a heavy soil and difficult of access from the tall, thick-set trees, a very small force, with a few guns, might have stopped the advance of the greatest army.

In the skirts of this forest, about nine miles from Brussels, and about one and a half from Mont Saint Jean, was the village of Waterloo, which, however, could not be seen from the field of battle. Hither many of the wounded English were afterwards brought to sleep that last sleep, from which neither drum nor trumpet could ever again wake them.

Hougoumont, or, as it is properly called, Gomont, was the key of Wellington's position, and so long as it continued to be held, his right was unassailable. The building is an ancient Flemish chateau, standing in an hollow ground, a little to the left of the Nivelle road, and about three hundred yards from the British line, which it fronted in the weakest part; but the house itself is a small portion only of what is intended under the name of Hougoumont; it comprises a chapel, an old tower, and a number of offices, together with a farm-yard, an orchard of nearly four acres, a garden walled in upon two sides, an open field, and a beech-wood of some extent. The whole forms a sort of quadrangle, completely hedged in, and divided into four equal parts by two other intersecting hedges. The coppice and the field were in the quarters that faced the enemy.

Every care had been taken to fortify this important post, consistently with the brief space that circumstances allowed for preparation; the walls were loop-hooled for musketry, scaffolding was raised behind, so that the soldiers might fire over the breast-work, and trees were felled and laid crosswise to render the approach yet more difficult. The position, thus covered with every defence that military skill could suggest, was strongly occupied by a part of Cook's division of the Guards and a regiment of the troops of Nassau was

extended in the wood of Hougoumont, *en tirailleur*. The whole force did not exceed one thousand eight hundred men. The troops in the house were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, and those in the wood by Lord Saltoun.

The second line of the allies consisted chiefly of troops that were least to be trusted, and of those that had suffered most severely in the preceding combats, the whole being placed behind the declivities in the rear, where they were sheltered from the enemy's cannonade, though they sustained no little damage from their shells. Here the cavalry were also posted, according to the school of modern tactics, which seems to forbid the employment of horse at an early period of action.

Opposite the heights of Mont Saint Jean, and following their line with little variation, was a second range, not so lofty, but more undulating, and known by the name of the heights of La Belle Alliance; they were divided from the first by a valley, or rather by a depressed plain, sometimes half a mile, and sometimes more, in width, which was sprinkled with hollows and risings, the whole presenting a continuous tract of green corn-fields. Into this vale, the heights on either side descended, by a gentle slope, while the ground behind the French position, rose in the form of an amphitheatre, to the farther side of the woods of Caillon and Neuve-Cour. The Genappe causeway, having passed over the heights of Mont Sainte Jean, dipped down into the valley, and again ascended up the front of this chain, when there was to be seen upon its left, a farm-house, called La Belle Alliance, and, on its right, a cottage belonging to a village of the same name. This was the centre of the French position, the general direction of their line being between La Belle Alliance on the left, and the village of Frischermont upon the right, so that it was nearly parallel to the left wing of the allies, and here, was Napoleon's principal post during the battle, as Wellington held his by the same causeway on the ridge opposite. The last of these spots was particularly marked out by a picturesque old tree, that grew on a bank above the road, and which, from this circumstance, has obtained the name of the Wellington tree, its shattered trunk still flourishing, and, like some maimed veteran, telling, by its scars, the story of other times.

It must be plain to any one, who has attentively considered the position selected by the English general, that it, in an eminent degree, fulfilled all those conditions which military science has determined to be essential. The ground within cannon-shot, was, on all sides, open and well discovered; there was every facility of communication, both for troops and guns, from right to left, and from front to rear, to move supports wherever they were wanted; the flanks could hardly be turned, both being thrown back upon the forest, and defended by deep ravines; and finally, the retreat, if necessary, would be accomplished under every advantage, for the line was

sufficiently in advance of the entrance by the causeway into the wood, to allow a free approach to it, from every part of the field. Had the first position been forced, the village of Mont Saint Jean, at the junction of the roads, afforded an excellent centre of support for a second, which the enemy would have had equal difficulty in carrying, and even if the English should be driven into the wood, as their flanks could not have been turned, from the very nature of the ground, they would have retired with perfect safety.

Napoleon, who had, as before stated, passed the night at Caillon, was stirring with the first glimpse of day, for he, as well as his officers, feared that the allies were stealing away, and that their position had been taken up merely to gain time for their parks of artillery and baggage to traverse the forest of Soignies, Wellington himself intending to execute the same movement at daybreak. Most pressing orders were, in consequence, sent by Napoleon, to quicken the march of the columns in the rear, and, in the doubtful light, dark masses might be seen moving in every direction. The French, now that they were concentrated, presented an imposing force of, at least, ninety thousand choice troops, twenty thousand of whom were cavalry, and seven thousand artillery-men, with three hundred pieces of cannon. To oppose these numbers, Wellington's motley army did not exceed seventy-four thousand five hundred; but what made the disparity still greater, was, his having only one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, less than half the number of guns opposed to him. On his part, Napoleon waited for daybreak with the utmost impatience, and when it came, and showed him the allies, still upon the same ground, he exclaimed, in a tranport of joy—"*Ah! je les tiens donc ces Anglais!*"—"I have them at last, these English!"

About nine o'clock in the morning, the clouds began to disperse, the sun came out, and fires were kindled, while on all sides was heard an irregular discharge of musketry—the men being busily employed in drying their pieces, preparatory to the expected action.

The plan of either general was simple enough in its leading principles, however varied and scientific might be the details of execution. Wellington's object was to stand on the defensive, till the Prussians coming up should give him a decisive superiority of numbers, and this, he expected, would take place by three o'clock at the latest; Napoleon, on the other hand, hoped to destroy his dangerous adversary before the arrival of Prince Blucher, and afterwards attack the Prussians, while on their march over the broken ground between Wavre and Mont Saint Jean; to effect this, he resolved to put in practice his favourite manœuvre, and break through the centre of the allies, or turn their flank, by which, if successful, he would surround, as it were, one half of the line, while he paralyzed the other. But it was first necessary

to get possession of Hougoumont, for which purpose, he sent orders to Jerome Bonaparte, who commanded his left wing, to direct such a force upon the farm, as must at once ensure success. His 1st corps—D'Erlon's—were formed in front of La Haye Sainte, its right extending to Frichermont, and its left resting on the Brussels road. The 2d corps, leaving its right on d'Erlon's left, extended itself in the direction of Hougoumont, with a wood in front. Behind these corps, was the cavalry reserve of cuirassiers, the grand reserve consisting of the Imperial guard, occupying the heights of La Belle Alliance. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, with the cavalry of D'Aumont, were left in the rear of the French right, to observe the Prussians, in the event of their debouching by the Ohain road, through the defiles of Saint Lambert.

Napoleon's own position was with his reserve, on an eminence, being part of the territory of Planchenoit. It is called the field of Trimeotio, and not far from the farm of Caillon. In this field he gave his orders, during most part of the battle. There, with his hands behind him, he paced back and forward, issuing orders, and observing the progress of his attack.

At ten o'clock, the enemy's columns were put in motion against Hougoumont—and the battle of Waterloo began. Comprising three divisions, nearly thirty thousand strong, the French attack, led by Jerome Bonaparte, was made in close columns, supported by the fire of numerous batteries. As the heads of the enemy's masses rose above the hollow ground which had hitherto concealed their movement, the British artillery opened with round and case shot; and the French and Nassau light troops commenced a sharp and rapid fusilade. But the latter was found to yield to numbers—the wood was carried—and the chateau and its dependencies were vigorously and resolutely assaulted.

But the defence was able as it was obstinate. On the French masses, the fire of the English musketry fell with rapid precision; and the perseverance of the enemy only produced a bloodier discomfiture. The French gave ground—the guards, headed by Lord Saltoun, charged from the enclosures—part of the wood was recovered—and the fire of the British howitzers cleared the remainder of it from the enemy.

The repulse of Jerome's corps was followed by a tremendous cannonade—for, on both sides, every gun, which could bear, had opened. The fire was furiously continued. Heavy bodies of cavalry were seen in motion; and it was easy to foresee that this terrible cannonade would be followed by more desperate and more extended efforts.

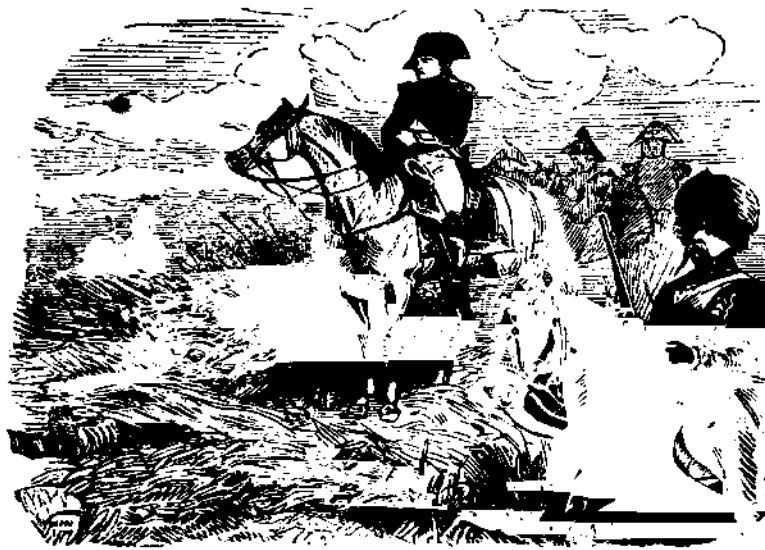
On perceiving the French cavalry displayed, Wellington ordered his centre divisions to form into squares, by battalions, but as this formation exposed them to the fire of the French artillery, they were retired from a fire still fiercely kept up, and as fatally returned from

the allied batteries, whose service all through that trying day, was remarkable for its precision and rapidity.

The battle, which had been hitherto nearly confined to Hougomont, now began to spread, and soon became general, a furious cannonade ensuing along the whole line, which was answered with greater effect by the British artillery, though the guns of the latter were only nine-pounders, while those of the French carried balls of twelve pounds weight.

For some time before this, the left wing of the allies had observed a stir in the French ranks, indicative of an attack upon their quarter, but as only cavalry were visible, it was generally imagined that Napoleon would endeavour to out-flank them. On a sudden, however, the horse, wheeling off to the right and left, disclosed large black masses of infantry, while a most tremendous cannonade was opened to cover their advance, and at the same time a strong battery was directed against Hougoumont, to avert Wellington's attention from the real point of attack. This body, which was led by the Count d'Erlon, consisted of four columns of infantry, thirty guns and Milhaud's cuirassiers, and came up by the Genappe causeway. The cavalry was soon in advance, upon the left of the attack, but when they had ascended the position near La Haye Sainte, the Duke ordered the Life-guards to charge them, and they were forced back upon their own position, where, the road being cut into the hill, a steep bank is left on either side. The enemy bringing up several pieces of artillery, compelled the British horse, in their turn, to retreat, and in the mean time, the infantry, advancing with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" pushed forward on the left of the Genappe causeway, beyond La Haye Sainte, and, having quickly scattered the Belgians, came up to the very muzzles of the British muskets. Here, however, they were brought to a stand, and a sanguinary conflict ensued for nearly an hour, during which time the men on either side dropped with incredible rapidity, as if swept off by a whirlwind. The gallant Picton was shot through the head while leading his division to a charge, and defeating the enemy at one of the most critical periods of the day; he fell in an advanced part of the field, by "Wellington's tree," on the Genappe causeway. At one time, the British infantry seemed in imminent danger, from the overwhelming force of their adversaries, when Lord Uxbridge flung a brigade of horse with such fury on the French masses, that they had not time to form again, and, the havoc that followed in consequence was tremendous; the dense columns crushed, struck down, offered but little resistance, and retreated in disorder to the shelter of their own ground; but the British cavalry, not satisfied with this success, pushed forward to the rear of the French infantry, ascended the opposite heights, and began disengaging the artillery of Count d'Erlon's corps, dismounting the guns, and killing the horses, to render the batteries of as little

use as possible. This had not escaped the watchful eye of Napoleon, who, seeing that they were unsupported, ordered a bri-



gade of cuirassiers to take them in flank. They were thus compelled to fall back, and as they had to run the gauntlet of artillery, horse, and skirmishers, their retreat was not effected without a heavy loss. Amongst other gallant soldiers, Sir William Ponsonby was killed in the attempt; finding himself out-flanked by a body of Polish lancers, who had also come up to support the defeated columns, he rushed upon the enemy's infantry, and, in the vain endeavour to cut his way through them, both horse and rider fell to the earth, covered with wounds, and were despatched in a moment. Much about the same time, Colonel Ponsonby also fell, and though dreadfully mutilated, he subsequently recovered. As his adventures on the field of battle were of an extraordinary nature—inasmuch as his escape and recovery was little less than miraculous—we cannot withhold giving place to them here, and in his own words:

"At one o'clock, as I thought, I observed unsteadiness in a column of French infantry—fifty by twenty, one thousand or thereabouts—which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right, a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having began long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer. When we were within fifty paces

of them, they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success.

"But we had no sooner passed through them, than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about three hundred Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us, a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, for one of our men, killed three of their own. In the mêlée, I was disabled almost instantly in both of my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down,—no quarter being asked or given,—I was carried on by my horse, till, receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little, to look round—being, I believe, at that time, in a condition to get up and run away—when a lancer, passing by, exclaimed, "*Tu n'est pas mort, coquien,*" and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards—it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the charge—a *tirailleur* came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had. He unloosed my stock, and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone, than another came up for the same purpose, but assuring him I had been plundered already, he left me; when an officer, bringing on some troops,—to which, probably, the *tirailleurs* belonged,—and halting where I lay, stooped down, and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded. I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear. He said it was against the order, to remove even their own men, but if they gained the day, as they probably would—for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered—every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head. He then passed on, into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life. Of what rank he was, I cannot say: he wore a blue great coat. By and by, another *tirailleur* came and knelt, and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety, all the while. At last he ran off, saying, "*Vous serez bien arise d'entender que vous allons—nous retirons; bon jour, mon amé.*"

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men, and dead bodies near me, were hit with the balls, which came

very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon, along theirs, and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk when the squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly. The clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way, it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance. The cries and groans of the wounded, all around me, became, every instant, more audible; succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, and outcries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" the discharges of musketry and cannon: now and then, intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise—I thought the night would never end. Much about this time, I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony: his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder; several of them came and looked at me, and passed on—at length, one stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could—for I could say but little, in German—that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly, before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier, in an English uniform, coming towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came, and looked in my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man; being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backward and forward. At eight o'clock in the morning, some English were seen at a distance—he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me, I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed, from which, poor Gordon—as I understood afterwards—had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds. A surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding: 120 ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

"Such, probably, is the story of many a brave man; yet to me it was new. The historian, describing military achievements, passes silently over those who got into the heat of the battle, though there, as we have seen, every character displays itself. The gay are still gay, the noble-minded are still generous; nor has the Commander,

in his proudest triumph, a better claim to our admiration, than the meanest of his soldiers, when relieving a fallen enemy in the midst of danger and death!"

Return we now to our narrative.

The result of these various combats was highly in favour of the English; not a square had been broken or obliged to retreat, and though the loss in the men was enormous, yet it bore no comparison with the losses of the enemy. In the morning, Count d'Erlon's division was nine thousand strong, but of these, full three thousand had been made prisoners, while the number of killed and wounded was so enormous, that only eight hundred men remained out of the whole nine thousand!

As the battle slackened on the left, the attack on Hougoumont again grew fiercer, nothing but the most desperate courage enabling the British to keep their ground in defiance of the increased numbers that were now sent against them. Though the French fell fast under the cool, steady fire of their adversaries, yet their ranks seemed never for a moment to be thinned, the places of the dead and the dying, being instantly filled up as from some inexhaustible source, till at length, about three o'clock, the shells from their howitzers set fire to the chateau and some adjoining stacks of straw. The flames burst forth with incredible fury, consuming, in a short time, the whole interior of the house, and burning to death, hundreds of the wounded, who had crawled thither for shelter, while columns of smoke enveloped the centre of the allies, under cover of which, their assailants endeavoured to surround the building. Some of the most daring even succeeded in forcing their way into the court-yard; but the Duke had foreseen this peril at the commencement of the attack upon his left wing, and had despatched General Byng with the 2nd brigade of guards, to the support of the troops in Hougoumont. Between these and the enemy a fierce struggle now took place, which ended in the guards silencing the fire of the enemy, and driving them from the copse at the point of the bayonet. The whole affair did not last an hour, yet with such obstinacy had the ground been contested, that more than fifteen hundred men lay dead, or mortally wounded, within its narrow limit, the entire wood being at the most about four acres.

While these terrible attacks were continued against our right centre, the left of the allied position was also furiously assailed. The recession of the English regiments behind the crest, in front of which, they had previously been formed, appears to have misled Napoleon—and a movement intended only to shelter the infantry from the French guns, was supposed to have been made with an intention of retreating. Under this belief, Napoleon ordered his 1st corps forward, to fall on that part of the position, extending between La Haye Sainte and Ter la Haye.

Shortly after two o'clock, Drouet advanced, drove a Belgian bri-

gade roughly back, and the head of his columns reached the broken hedge that partially masked the 5th division. After repulsing the cavalry, Picton formed line, and moved Kempt's and Pack's brigades forward to meet the anticipated attack. The heads of the enemy's columns were already within forty yards, when the musketry of the 5th division delivered a rolling volley, that annihilated the leading sections, and produced a visible confusion. Picton saw, and seized the crisis, and thundered the word "Charge!" It was the last he uttered—for the next moment, a musket bullet perforated his forehead, and he dropped from his saddle a dead man.

The division, however, obeyed the order of their fallen chief, charged through the hedge and routed their assailants. It was one of those moments which a battle presents, and which, when seized on, restores the fortunes of a doubtful field, and, not unfrequently, snatches the unexpected victory. The 2nd cavalry brigade, was immediately behind the 5th division, forming a line of one thousand three hundred broadswords. Lord Anglesea observing that the French cuirassiers and lancers were preparing for a flank attack upon the British infantry, led on the heavy cavalry—and the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, charged with a vigour and effe t that bore down every opposition. In vain mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer met these splendid horsemen. They were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disengaged by the 5th division, fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons—two thousand of the enemy were laid dead. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant exploit—which told how desperately the heroic Picton had been avenged. It was shortly after this affair, when pushing on too far, that Sir William Ponsonby was killed.

The farm of La Haye Sainte, for the tenth time, was furiously assailed by clouds of infantry, supported by a division of curiassiers. This point, which had been so obstinately defended, at length was forced, and the Germans, who had so gallantly held it, and who had expended their ammunition, were cut to pieces. This was the only advantage Napoleon gained on this fearful day, and, it is well known, that he calculated so greatly upon possessing this point, that he despatched intelligence to Paris of having gained the battle!

The situation of the allied army became, every moment, more critical—its own glorious efforts exhausting its strength, and every noble repulse, rendering it less capable of continuing what seemed to prove an endless resistance. Though masses of the enemy had fallen, thousands came anew. With desperate attachment, the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command; and while each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and, mounting the ridge—with cries of "*Vive*

l'Empereur," exhibited a devotion which never has been equalled. Wellington's reserves had gradually been brought into action; and the left, though but partially engaged, dared not, weakened as they were, to send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced, and presented but skeletons of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before. The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. One, the 27th, or Enniskillens, had above four hundred men mowed down in square, without drawing a trigger; it lost almost all its officers: and it subsequently was reduced to one officer, and fifty men, out of twenty one officers and seven hundred men, with which it entered the field. Another, the 92nd, which had suffered so severely at Quatre Bras, when not two hundred men were left, rushed into a French column, and routed it with the bayonet; a third, the 33rd, when nearly annihilated, sent to require support: none could be given, and the commanding officer was told, "that he must stand or fall where he was!"

No wonder that Wellington almost despaired. He calculated, and justly, that he had an army who would perish where they stood—but when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy, who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blucher? The compiler of these memoirs, who was present at this glorious day, was near him at one part of it, when he so consulted his watch. "My God!" exclaimed the Duke to one of his aid-de-camps, "it is now three o'clock, and no appearance of Blucher! he is sacrificing my army!"

To repel these desperate and sustained attacks, a tremendous expenditure of human life was unavoidable, so Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back into confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that "feeble few" showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken—no wonder that his admiration was expressed to Soult—"How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way."

Evening came, and yet no crisis. Napoleon, astounded by the terrible repulses which had attended his most desperate attacks, began to dread the day would have an unfavourable issue, and that Soult's estimate of the stubborn endurance of the English infantry, as expressed to him at the earlier part of the day, might prove fatally correct.

Wellington, as he viewed the diminished numbers of his brave battalions, still presenting the same fearless attitude that they had done when the battle opened, still felt that to human endurance there is a limit; and turned his glass repeatedly in that direction, from

whence his expected support must come. At times, also, the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of "when shall we get at them?" showed how ardent the Irish were, to avoid inactive slaughter, and plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companies. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience—and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive, when victory and vengeance should be their own!

At last, the welcome sound of distant artillery was heard in the direction of St. Lambert, and a staff-officer reported that the head of the Prussian columns was already in the Bois de Paris. Advised, therefore, that his gallant ally would presently come into action, the Duke made fresh preparations to repel what he properly anticipated would be the last, and the most desperate effort of his opponent.

Satisfied that his right flank was secure, Lord Hill was directed to send Clinton's division, with Mitchell's brigade, and a Hanoverian corps from the extreme right, towards the centre, which the reinforcement of Hougoumont, by the removal of Byng's brigade had weakened. Chassé's Dutch division was also moved to the lower ground from Braine-le-Leud as a support to the right of the position; and, subsequently, the light cavalry of Vandeleur and Vivian were both brought forward; and where danger was apprehended, care was taken to have a sufficient force in hand, to meet the storm which was presently about to burst.

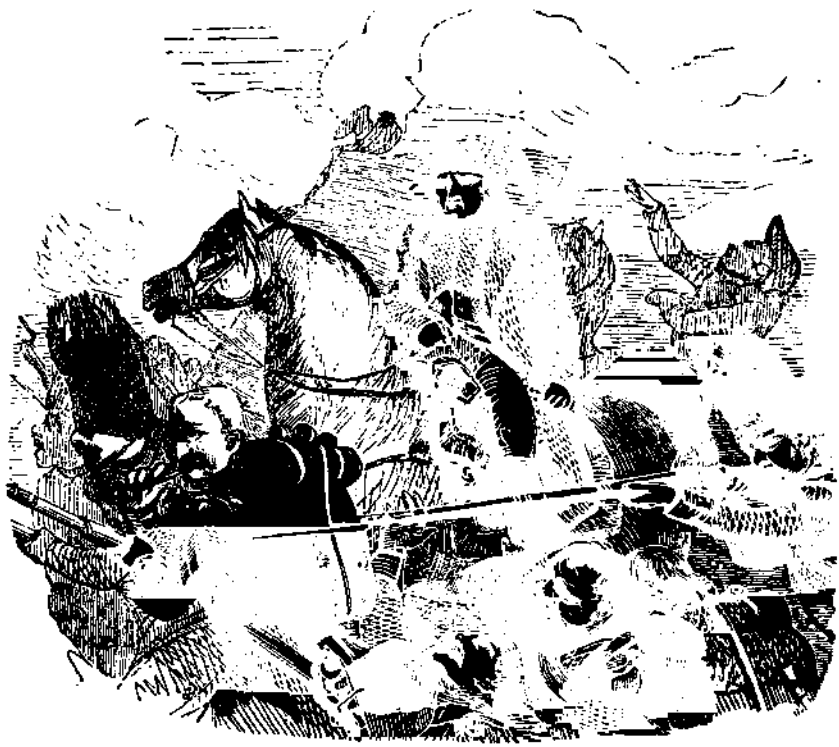
It is said that Napoleon felt assured that the cannonade which announced Blucher's advance, was only the fire of Grouchy's guns, who, in obedience to his repeated orders, had reached the battle-ground alone, or was advancing, and holding Bulow's corps in check. This intelligence was rapidly conveyed along the line; and, to a soldiery, easily exhilarated, victory appeared certain, and preparations were made for what was believed to be a final and triumphant attack.

But the illusion was brief. The Prussians debouched from the wood at Frichermont—and half Napoleon's right wing was thrown back, *en potence*, to check their attack, while his last grand movement should be executed against the allied army in his front.

Now it was, therefore, that Napoleon made his last great effort to beat the British and their allies, before any effectual junction could take place with the advancing Prussians.

Forming into formidable divisions his hitherto unconquered Imperial guard,—and this powerful reserve consisted of the New as well as the Old Guard, who had never failed to turn the tide of victory—under his own eye, just behind La Belle Alliance, he placed them under he command of he "bravest of the brave"—the heroic

Ney; and addressing them simply in these words:—"There lies the road to Brussels; *en avant*," pointing at the same time to the British positions. This pithy address was received with the



most deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The guard advanced, after a cloud of skirmishers had thrown themselves upon the great causeway. With its proverbial intrepidity, the Imperial guard, in close column, came on to the assault—and nothing could be more imposing that the steadiness with which they ascended the slope of the position, although the fire of the English guns fell upon their dense masses with ruinous precision. Presently, the guards moved forward to the crest of the height; and the finest infantry in the world confronted each other at the distance of fifty paces. The cheers of the French formed a striking contrast to the soldier-like silence with which the English received the attack; and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was only answered by a rolling volley. The first steady fire of the British guards disorganized the crowded column—and the fu-

silade was rapidly and steadily sustained. Vain efforts were made by the French officers to deploy, and the feeble fire of their leading files was returned by a stream of musketry that carried death into ranks in close formation, and every moment increased their disorder. The word to charge was given—the guards now cheered, and came forward—but the enemy declined the contest, and the shattered column hurried down the hill, with the precipitate confusion attendant on a heavy repulse. After routing their opponents, the victorious infantry halted, re-formed, fell back, and resumed their former position.

Sir Colin Halkett's brigade consisted of newly-raised troops; the greater part of whom were then, for the first time, in presence of an enemy, and they became exposed to a destructive fire from the brigade of General Cambronne, which formed the extensive left of the French final attack. Halkett pushed forward his skirmishers to meet the enemy's advance. Cambronne's horse was shot under him; and Halkett, seeing the French general in front, cheering on his men, thought that a good opportunity was thus offered him for inspiring his young soldiers with confidence, and dashing forward, alone, toward the French general, he threatened to cut him down; but Cambronne dropped his sword, and surrendered himself to the gallant Halkett, who proceeded with his prize to the British lines. At this moment, the former's horse, received a ball and fell. On disengaging himself from the animal, he found, to his dismay, the Frenchman was coolly walking back to his own troops. By great exertion, he brought his horse again upon his legs, overtook his prisoner, and, thrusting his hand into the aguilette of the latter, dragged him off at a canter to the allied lines.

In the French accounts of this battle, it is stated that Cambronne exclaimed, "*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas*"—"The Guards die, but never surrender."—Since acknowledged to be a fiction. The fact is, that Cambronne's apophthegm was one of a much more equivocal description.

Nor was the attack of Napoleon's second column more fortunate. After repelling the attack of the first column of the Imperial guard, Maitland's brigade brought its left shoulder forward to meet the second column, which was now advancing, while Adams's brigade pivotted on its left, moved its right wing rapidly on, having Bolton' troop of artillery in the angle, where the guards touched the left flank of the light brigade. Undismayed by the repulse of the first column, the second topped the height in perfect order, and with a confidence which bespoke the certainty of success. But the musketry of Maitland's left wing smote the column heavily in front, and the fire of the light regiments fell with terrible effect on the flank of a mass, already torn and disordered by the close discharge of

grape and case shot from the English battery. The ground in a few minutes was covered with dead and wounded men—the confusion increased—the disorder became irremediable. To stand that intolerable fire was madness—they broke—and, like the first column, endeavoured to reach the low ground, where, sheltered from this slaughtering fusilade, they could have probably re-organized their broken array. But this was not permitted. Pressed by the guards—charged by the 52nd—retreat became a flight, and Wellington completed the *déroute* by launching the cavalry of Vivian and Vaudeleur against the mass, as it rushed down the hill in hopeless disorder.

This, indeed, was the crisis of the battle. The Prussian demonstration, slight at first, had latterly become more dangerous and decided. The whole of the 4th corps had now got up, with Pirch's division of the 2nd, and Ziethen's column appeared on the right flank of the French, and rendered Count Lobau's position still more critical. The discomfiture of Ney's attack had produced over the French corps a general unsteadiness; and before it was possible to rally and renew the fight, one grand and general attack decided the doubtful field, and consummated the ruin of Napoleon.

With the 42nd and 95th, Wellington himself charged on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant chief attempted to rally the recoiling guard; driven down the hill, they became intermingled with the old guard, who formed at the bottom a reserve.

As the French right gradually receded, the allied line, converging from its extreme points at Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, became compressed in extent, and assumed rather the appearance of a crescent. The marked impression of Blucher's attack—the debouch of Ziethen by the Ohain road—and the bloody repulse inflicted on the Imperial guards—all told Wellington that the hour was come, and that to strike boldly was to secure a victory. The word was given to advance. The infantry, in one long and splendid line, moved forward with a thrilling cheer—the horse artillery galloped up, and opened with case shot on the disordered masses, which, but a brief space before, had advanced with such imposing resolution. Instantly, the allied cavalry were let loose; and, charging headlong into the enemy's column, they turned retreat into rout, and closed the history of one of the bloodiest struggles upon record.

For a short time, four battalions of the old guard, comprising the only reserve which Napoleon had left unemployed, formed square, and partly checked the movements of the cavalry. But panic stricken and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the field, as far as the eye could reach

was covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten. Napoleon's splendid army of yesterday was now a wreck. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated; and the dynasty of that proud spirit, for whom Europe was too little, was ended.

Night came: but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host" to light the victors to their prey. The British forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives,—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But wearied with blood,—for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,—and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and between Rosomme and Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted one mile further on, abandoning the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge: the memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. Thousands, besides those who perished in the battle, fell that night beneath the Prussians' lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit, and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

It was a singular accident, that near La Belle Alliance the victorious Generals met; for thither, Blucher, on forcing the French right, had urged forward his columns in pursuit. Comparatively fresh, the Prussians engaged to follow up the victory—and the allies left the great road open, to bivouac on the field.

By moonlight, Wellington re-crossed the battle ground, and arrived for supper at Brussels—an honour which Napoleon had promised to confer upon that ancient city. The excited feelings which such a victory must have produced, are said to have suffered a re-action, and melted even his stern nature, and that he yielded to unusual emotions upon seeing himself thus surrounded; on a surface not exceeding two square miles, were scattered fifty thousand dead or disabled men. "I have never," he exclaimed, "fought such a battle, and

I hope never to fight such another."—In truth the field presented a scene of horror and desolation, that might well have subdued the most rugged disposition; the ground far and near was heaped with the bodies of men and horses, the reek therfrom poisoning the air the most noisome effluvia therefrom while the moans of the wounded, tormented, as usual, with a burning thirst, were truly dreadful.

It was towards the close of this terrible conflict, and immediately after the entire failure of his last effort, that Napoleon, who was on horseback in one of the few remaining squares of his gallant soldiers, having Soult, Bertrand, Gourgaud, Drouet, and a few others with him, that the British cavalry penetrated within a few hundred yards of this group. Their advance was pointed out by Soult, when Napoleon exclaimed, "I will die upon the field!" at the same time was about to spur on his horse to meet the advancing British troopers. Soult, who perceived this movement of the Emperor, placing his hand upon the rein of his horse, said briskly, "the enemy are fortunate enough already," and turning the horse's head to the rear, recommended immediate retreat; suffering himself to be pursuaded, and seeing that all was lost, Napoleon and the whole party then galloped off, and effected their escape. Napoleon's personal baggage was captured.

The entire loss of the allied army was about twenty thousand men; the loss of the British and German legion alone was eleven thousand men and seven-hundred officers killed and wounded. Every officer—excepting one—in the Duke of Wellington's personal staff, had been killed or wounded.

The loss of the French was enormous, but has never been correctly ascertained. More than seven thousand prisoners were made by the British before the coming up of the Prussians: and they abandoned all their artillery. Of forty thousand cavalry, not ten thousand were left to tell of the Battle of Waterloo, and the Imperial guard was nearly annihilated.

It would be unjust to confine our praises of valour to the conduct of the British army alone. No troops in the world ever evinced greater devotion to their country, or more personal courage and recklessness of danger than did the French army; the Old and Young Guard, Cuirassiers, in short, all who were engaged, manfully supported their deserved reputation for courage. It was an honour to engage such troops, and still greater to beat them. The battle of Waterloo was gained by the indomitable valour and enduring constancy of the British army, and the French did all that brave men could do; their attacks were repulsed again and again, but still they pressed on, undaunted by defeat, unshaken by the most imminent danger, and the almost certain destruction. They lost the battle by the fortune of war, and the late, but still timely arrival of the Prussians on the field with an overwhelming force. The "*sauve qui peut,*"

"*the guards never yield, they die*" stories, are pure inventions, that neither add to, nor diminish French courage in this hard fought field.

On this waste field of mud and gore, where the dead lay in their melancholy glory, had fallen more than twelve thousand men, and above seven hundred officers of the British and German legion alone. Almost the whole of the Duke's personal staff had been struck down. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was severely wounded; Sir A. Gordon was killed; Picton was dead; Ponsonby, after performing prodigies of arms, had fallen cruelly; the Duke of Brunswick was slain; and the Prince of Orange and the Earl of Uxbridge had been severely wounded. The carnage among the enemy was still more dreadful: the whole field exhibited a desolation such as a shore does after a hurricane, when covered with numerous wrecks.

Thus terminated the battle of Waterloo; and never was victory more complete in itself or more important in its results. The shattered army of the French retreated towards Avesnes and Laon, in utter ignorance of the fate of their Emperor. In one day, the strong army of this warlike and ambitious Sovereign was overthrown, and his power laid prostrate for ever!—In one day, and by a single blow, England had dashed the Imperial throne to shatters, and with ruin too complete for all the power of Napoleon to re-unite the broken and bloody fragments. By this single victory, not only England, but the whole world, had escaped subjugation, for the boundless ambition of Napoleon aimed at nothing less than universal empire.



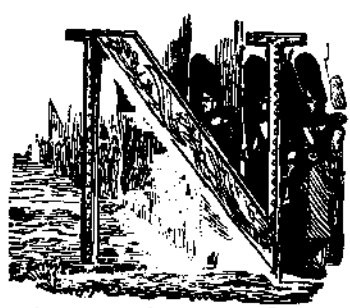


STRATHFIELDSAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

1815—1845.

RECEIVAL OF THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN ENGLAND AND PARIS.—THE ALLIES ENTER FRANCE.—ARRIVAL AT PARIS—ITS CAPITULATION.—MARSHAL NEY.—SECOND ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON, AND EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.—PICTURES TAKEN FROM THE TUILERIES.—WELLINGTON'S LETTER THEREON.—OCCUPATION OF FRANCE FOR FIVE YEARS BY THE ALLIES.—CIVIL EMPLOYMENTS OF WELLINGTON,—HIS CHARACTER.



o news of a battle ever created such enthusiastic feelings of national joy in England as that of the victory gained at Waterloo. The parliament voted its thanks to the army; and granted to the Duke of Wellington the more substantial reward of £200,000 to purchase Strathfieldsay estate. Every individual engaged in the battle had a Waterloo silver Medal, and the subalterns and privates an increase of two years added to the period of their services, or claims to a pension. A general subscription was raised throughout the united kingdom for the sufferers, whereby a large fund was collected, and distributed among the widowless, the orphan, and the badly wounded.*

* Amid the many poetic attempts to perpetuate this great conflict, Scott published a poem, called "Waterloo," which proved a decided failure, and gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

"The corse of many a hero slain,
Lay stiff on the ensanguined plain;
But none, by sabre or by shot,
Fell *half so flat* as Walter Scott."

In Paris, the news of the battle, created no less a sensation, but, as may be imagined, of a total different kind. At first, it appeared, two despatches were received from Napoleon's head-quarters, which gave an account of the battle of Ligny, and the total overthrow of the Prussian army. These were greeted by a general illumination, and such displays of rejoicing as set all the Parisians, whether of high or humble rank, beside themselves for joy. By and by came accounts of the affair of Quatre Bras, which described the English as totally annihilated; and stated, that in two days from the date of the communication, the Emperor expected to establish his head-quarters at Brussels. Next day came a third despatch, full, as the former had been, of promise, though speaking, strangely enough, of a second meeting with the obstinate Islanders. And here followed a pause, of the agonizing nature of which it was impossible for human language to convey an idea. After this, all was trepidation, anxiety, and distrust. Hour by hour, and minute by minute, crowds assembled at the post-office, and at every point where it was supposed that information might be obtained; and, when none came, their spirits sunk in a degree altogether proportionate to the height which the Emperor's first despatches had fixed as the legitimate resting-place for public expectation. Finally, stragglers and fugitives began to pour in; and then such a revulsion of feeling took place as those alone can conceive who have found themselves denizens of a great city, which, having seen a mighty army march forth from its walls full of dreams of conquest, find themselves suddenly bereft of all protection, and expecting, from one minute to another, the arrival among them of a cruel and vindictive enemy, flushed with conquest, and thirsting for revenge and plunder.

The victory of Waterloo was decisive, and every exertion was subsequently made by the allied armies to follow up their success, and secure the advantages which skill and courage had obtained. The Prussian corps pressed the retreat with a spirit and alacrity that prevented any immediate rally from being attempted; and on the 19th, Wellington was moving in excellent order upon the French capital—a wonderful military exploit, after such a conflict as that of Waterloo.

To connect the narrative of events, Grouchy's operations require a brief detail. Despatched by Napoleon in pursuit of Blucher, on the 17th, he halted at Gembloux, and next morning continued his advance on Wavre. On the 18th, he drove the Prussians from the right bank of the Dyle, but wasted the day in vain attempts to cross the river, which was resolutely held by Theilman. The distant cannonade at Waterloo announced that the Emperor was seriously engaged, and Grouchy made additional efforts, and without success, to force a passage, under a belief that the whole Prussian army was in his front. At Limale, however, he passed the Dyle, and bivouacked on the left bank of the river. On the 19th he was attacked, when

Thielman was sharply repulsed, and consequently retreated; but the tidings of the disaster at Waterloo reached both generals early in the day, when Grouchy immediately retired, crossed the Sambre, and marched upon Dinant, closely followed by the Prussians. The retreat was most ably conducted, and the Marshal reached Paris on the eighth day, after sustaining little loss, excepting in artillery.

On recommencing operations, the Duke of Wellington's first act, was to impress upon his victorious soldiers the necessity that existed for maintaining the strictest discipline, and the following general order was issued to the allied troops:

Nivelles, 20th June, 1815.

"1st. As the army is about to enter the French territory, the troops of the nations which are at present under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, are desired to recollect that their respective sovereigns are the allies of his majesty the King of France, and that France ought, therefore, to be treated as a friendly country. It is therefore required that nothing should be taken, either by officers or soldiers, for which payment is not made. The commissaries of the army will provide for the wants of the troops in the usual manner, and it is not permitted either by officers or soldiers to extort contributions. The commissaries will be authorized, either by the field-marshal, or by the generals who command the troops of the respective nations, in cases where their provisions are not supplied by an English commissary, to make the proper requisitions, for which regular receipts will be given; and it must be strictly understood that they will themselves be held responsible for whatever they obtain in way of requisition from the inhabitants of France, in the same manner in which they would be esteemed accountable for purchases made for their own government in the several dominions to which they belong.

2. The Field-marshal takes this opportunity of returning to the army his thanks for their conduct in the glorious action fought on the 18th instant, and he will not fail to report his sense of their conduct, in the terms which it deserves, to their several sovereigns."

That order was rigorously enforced—and the forbearance and inoffensive demeanour of the British soldiery exhibited to the French people a very striking contrast to that which had been the general conduct of their own troops when crossing a hostile soil in the full career of victory.

The decisive results of Wellington's success may be estimated from the inability of every attempt made by the wreck of the French army to arrest the allied march upon the capital; andt he details, as given officially by the Duke, will best establish how totally Napoleon's power was destroyed by that brief campaign—how fatal had been the defeat inflicted on the field of Waterloo.

"We have continued," he says, in a despatch to Lord Bathurst, dated Orville, 28th of June, "in march on the left of the Sambre

since I wrote to you. Marshal Blucher crossed that river on the 19th, in pursuit of the enemy, and both armies entered the French territory yesterday; the Prussians by Beaumont, and the allied army under my command, by Bavay.

"We have blockaded Le Quesnoi and Valenciennes; the Prussian army, Landreçy and Maubeuge. Avesnes surrendered to the latter last night.

"I expect the king of France at Mons to-morrow; I have written to urge him to come forward, as I find the people in this country well disposed to his cause; and I think it probable that he might be able to get possession of some of the fortresses.

"The remains of the French army have retired upon Laon. All accounts agree in stating that it is in a very wretched state; and that, in addition to its losses in battle, and in prisoners, it is losing vast numbers by desertion. The soldiers quit their regiments in parties, and return to their homes; those of the cavalry and artillery selling their horses to the people of the country.

"The 3rd corps, which, in my despatch of the 19th, I informed your lordship had been detached to observe the Prussian army, remained in the neighbourhood of Wavre till the 20th. It then made good its retreat by Namur on Dinant. This corps is the only one remaiuing entire."

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In a subsequent letter to the Earl of Uxbridge, dated Le Cateau, 22nd June, 1815, he says, "I may be wrong, bnt my opinion is, that we have given Napoleon his death-blow; from all I hear, his army is totally destroyed, the men are deserting in parties, even the generals are withdrawing from him. The infantry threw away their arms, and the cavalry and artillery sell their horses to the people of the country, and desert to their homes. Allowing for much exaggeration in this account, and knowing that Bonaparte can still collect, in addition to what he has brought back with him, the 5th *corps d'armée*, under Rapp, which is near Strasburg, and the 3rd corps, which was at Wavre during the battle, and has not suffered so much as the others, and probably some troops from La Vendée, I am still of opinion that he can make no head against us."

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In a despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated Orville, 28th June, he says, "The citadel of Cambray surrendered on the evening of the 25th inst. and the king of France proceeded there, with his court and his troops, on the 26th.—I have given that fort over entirely to his majesty.

"I attacked Peronne with the 1st brigade of British guards, under Major-general Maitland, on the 26th, in the afternoon. The troops took the hornwork which covers the suburb on the left of the Somme by storm, with but small loss; and the town immediately afterwards surrendered, on condition that the garrison should lay down their arms, and be allowed to return to their homes.

"The troops, upon this occasion, behaved remarkably well; and I have great pleasure in reporting the good conduct of a battery of artillery of the troops of the Netherlands.

"I have placed in garrison these two battalions of the troops of the king of the Netherlands.

"The armies under Marshal Blucher and myself, have continued their operations since I last wrote to your Lordship. The necessity which I was under of halting at Le Cateau, to allow the pontoons and certain stores to reach me, and to take Cambray and Peronne, had placed the marshal one march before me; but I conceive there is no danger in this separation between the two armies.

"He has one corps this day at Crespy, with detachments at Villers Cotterets and La Ferté Milon; another at Senlis; and the 4th corps, under General Bulow, towards Paris. He will have his advanced guard to-morrow at St. Denis and Genesse.

"The army under my command has this day its right behind St. Just, and its left behind La Taulle, where the high road from Compiégne joins the high road from Roye to Paris. The reserve is at Roye. We shall be upon the Oise to-morrow."

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By another despatch to the same, dated Genesse, 2nd July.

"The enemy attacked the advanced guard of Marshal Prince Blucher's corps at Villers Cotterets on the 28th but the main body coming up, they were driven off with the loss of six pieces of cannon and about one thousand prisoners.

"It appears that these troops were on the march from Soissons to Paris, and, having been driven off that road by the Prussian troops at Villers Cotterets, they got upon that of Meaux. They were attacked again upon this road by General Bulow, who took from them five hundred prisoners, and drove them across the Marne. They have, however, got into Paris.

"The advanced-guard of the allied army under my command crossed the Oise on the 29th and the whole on the 30th and we yesterday took up a position, with the right upon the height of Richebourg, the left upon the Bois de Bondy.

"Field-Marshal Blucher, having taken the village of Aubevilliers, or Vertus, on the morning of the 30th of June, moved to his right, and crossed the Seine at St. Germain's as I advanced; and he will this day have his right at Plessis Piquet, his left at St. Cloud, and the reserve at Versailles.

"The enemy have fortified the heights of Montmartre and the town of St. Denis strongly; and, by means of the little rivers, Rouillon and La Vielle Mer, they have inundated the ground on the north side of that town; and water having been introduced into the canal of De l'Ourcq, and the bank formed into a parapet and batteries, they have a strong position on this side of Paris.

"The heights of Belleville are likewise strongly fortified, but I am

not aware that any defensive works have been thrown up on the left of the Seine.

"Having collected in Paris all the troops remaining after the battle of the 18th, and all the depôts of the whole army, it is supposed the enemy have there about forty thousand or fifty thousand troops of the line, and guards, besides the national guards, a new levy, called *les tirailleurs de la garde*, and the *Fédères*.

* * * * * *

"Field-Marshal Blucher was strongly opposed by the enemy, in taking the position on the left of the Seine, which I reported in my despatch of the 2nd instant that he intended to take upon that day, particularly on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon; but the gallantry of the Prussian troops under General Zeithen, surmounted every obstacle, and they succeeded, finally, in establishing themselves upon the heights of Meudon, and in the village of Issy. The French attacked them again at Issy, at three o'clock in the morning of the 3rd, but were repulsed with considerable loss; and finding that Paris was then open on its vulnerable side, that a communication was opened between the two allied armies by a bridge which I had established at Argenteuil, and that a British corps was likewise moving upon the left of the Seine, towards the Pont de Neuilly; the enemy sent to desire that the fire might cease on both sides of the Seine, with a view to the negociation at the palace of St. Cloud of a military convention between the armies, under which, the French army should evacuate Paris.

"Officers accordingly met on both sides, at St. Cloud, and I enclose the copy of the military convention which was agreed to last night, which has been ratified by Marshal Prince Blucher, and me, and by the Prince D'Eckmuhl on the part of the French army.

"This convention decides all the military questions at this moment existing here, and touches nothing political.

"General Lord Hill has marched to take possession of the posts evacuated by agreement this day; and I propose to-morrow to take possession of Montmartre."

After the conclusion of the convention, the following general order was issued to the army:—

"General order, Gonesse, July 4th, 1815.

"1st. The Field-Marshal has great satisfaction in announcing to the troops under his command, that he has, in concert with Field-Marshal Blucher, concluded a military convention with the Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Paris, by which the enemy are to evacuate St. Denis, St. Owen, Clichy, and Neuilly, this day at noon; the heights of Montmartre to-morrow at noon, and Paris the next day.

"2nd. The Field-Marshal congratulates the army upon this result of their glorious victory. He desires that the troops may em-

ploy the leisure of this day to clean their arms, clothes, and appointments, as it is his intention that they should pass him in review."

The city of Paris was strongly fortified and defended by fifty thousand regular troops, exclusive of National Guards, and volunteers. The treaty was signed on the 3rd of July at St. Cloud—as stated in the despatch—by the Duke of Wellington and Field-Marshal Prince Blucher, on the part of the allied forces; and by Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, Governor of Paris, on the part of the French.



This capitulation stipulated that the French regular troops should evacuate Paris; the allies were to occupy the fortified posts and barriers; the National Guards were to preserve the peace of the

city; all property, except such as related to war, should be inviolable, &c. But the most important article was the 12th, which we shall quote here at length, from consideration of the fate of the unfor-



tunate Marshal Ney, whose judicial slaughter, it is impossible to pass over, without especial notice.

"Article 12th. Persons and private property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants, and, in general, *all* individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situation which they hold, or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions."

Who can doubt after perusing the above article, but that Marshal Ney was included in it? the terms of it being so general, that any individual or particular exception to them was a gross violation of their obvious meaning. We do not attempt to defend or excuse the conduct of Marshal Ney to the Bourbons, either in his ridiculous boast of "bringing Bonaparte in an iron cage to Paris," or in his defection to them afterwards. All this was well known to the signers of the capitulation of Paris, and upon that treaty we stand. If there is any interpretation to be put upon the language, Ney came clearly within the obvious meaning of it. The Duke of Wellington was one of the signing parties to that treaty; and he was consequently bound by every principle of honour and justice to insist upon its rigid execution; did he do so?—No! Did he even attempt by command or remonstrance, to save the life of the victim to Bourbon revenge?

It is even allowed by Wellington's flatterers, that he omitted in his note of reply to the unfortunate Ney, "the use of those titles and those terms of courtesy most of all due to the fallen brave, when struggling with their adverse fate!"

It is absurd to talk of the "necessity of example." What had the Commander-in-Chief of the British army to do with Ney's ingratitude to the Bourbons? he had beaten Ney and his great master on the field of battle; but he had signed a solemn treaty of general amnesty, and, upon those conditions only, was the city of Paris given up, as was proved by Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl—another signer of the treaty—upon the trial of Ney! It is not to be concealed, that this act of omission no sophistry can cleanse, nor partiality for our hero defend nor excuse. We can only now sorrow for its existence, but cannot deny its being an abandonment of an article in the treaty, which honour and principle should have made inviolable.

The world saw, and sees, in Marshal Ney and the Duke of Wellington, one warrior in a dungeon, with the axe of the executioner suspended by relentless and dastard enemies over his head, appealing to another warrior at the summit of prosperity and power. The wife of Ney threw herself at his feet—and the hero remained unmoved!

The question is really not one of construction, but of generous humanity. The Duke of Wellington had not even Nelson's melancholy excuse for his share in the sacrifice of Caraccioli—that of acting under the fascinations of two artful and abandoned women. He cannot be without the sentiment of friendship, for he has many attached personal friends. He could not have wanted feeling, whose force of soul was proof against all but the emotions of friendship, during the most fearful crisis of the battle of Waterloo. "The Duke," says the Spanish General, Alava, who was near his person, "was unable to refrain from tears, when he saw friends and companions in arms falling around him."

Among the French, the apathy of Wellington was ascribed to his remembrance of the ingenious gallantry with which Ney had baffled him at Redinha, during Massena's retreat: the circumstances of which we recall to the recollection of our readers, and were as follows:

Ney sustained, with the French rear-guard, for several hours, the shock of the mass of the British army, and thus effected his retreat in the following manner, with safety and facility:—Wellington's intention was to seize—Ney's to pass—the defile of Redinha. Whilst the engagement still continued, Ney gave orders that the colours of each battalion should be conveyed, under the care of an adjutant, to the other side of a ravine, and there planted. The retreat was commenced by signal with the utmost rapidity, and the French troops suddenly disappeared from the eyes of the British, who as suddenly made for the brow of a hill, which would admit of plunging a destructive fire upon the retreating and encumbered French masses. Ney had provided against this movement; two battalions placed by him in ambuscade, checked the British by a close and deadly fire, and effected their own retreat, whilst the battalions, which had before retreated, were already re-formed under their respective colours, in order of battle. In this obscure, but well-fought combat, Wellington had the mortification to know that Ney had awed him into mistaken caution by the strategic skill and artful confidence with which he presented his inadequate force, and the happy thought by which he effected his retreat. Had the overwhelming mass of the British force been directed against him with quickness and vigour, he must, according to military authorities, both French and English, have been crushed.

Such are the circumstances to which the French ascribed Wellington's non-intercession for Ney. This, however, must have been injustice. He who was now crowned with the laurels of Victoria and Waterloo, would have remembered only to honour a trait of skill or gallantry, in a minor combat, by which a retreating enemy gained nothing but escape. His unfortunate participation in the sacrifice of Ney, may, perhaps, be accounted for by his implicitly and unworthily identifying himself with the baser passions of Monarchs and Ministers, whom Napoleon and his Marshals had so often humbled to the dust, and his allowing himself to be duped with perfidious court flatteries, into the dastard vengeance of the Tuileries. It seemed, at this crisis of his life, as if the new ambition of combining politics and diplomacy with his renown in war—the communion and maxims of two men, who regarded justice and humanity as a jest to the wise—two veterans—the one in political immorality, the other in political crime—distorted his perceptions and hardened his heart.

We shall briefly narrate the occurrences of the last days of Napoleon's eventful history, while the operations of the allied armies were in progress on their march to Paris.

When hurried from the Field of Waterloo by his personal staff, he passed hastily through the wreck of a ruined army, and reached Genappe about half-past nine; and here his flight was so materially retarded, as to render his chance of escape, at one time, doubtful. The single street which formed the village, was already crowded with fugitives, and impassable for equipages, cannon, and caissons, which, from the terror of the drivers, had been overturned on the causeway, or confused and become inextricable. Through the wreck of his *materiel*, Napoleon at last effected a passage, and, hurrying on to Quatre Bras, proceeded with great rapidity. There was another bridge across the river, with which his guide was unacquainted, and thus the Emperor was directed to the defile of Genappe, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He seemed fully aware of his critical situation, and dreaded to find the Prussians before him at Quartre Bras, or hear the trumpets of their light cavalry in his rear. At Gossilies, however, he recovered his tranquillity, and dismounting from his horse, proceeded on foot to Charleroi. He passed through that town without delay, continuing his flight to the meadow of Marcinelle, where he halted with his staff.

His attendants pitched a tent upon the green, and lighted a fire. A sack of corn was loosely thrown on the ground, and the jaded horses of the fugitive group were permitted to refresh themselves. Wine and food having been procured, Napoleon partook of both; and this was the first nourishment he had received since he had breakfasted at eight o'clock at the farm-house of Bossu.

From the moment he left his last position in front of La Belle Alliance, till he rested at the bridge of Marcinelle, he preserved a gloomy silence. The observations of his staff, when obstacles occurred upon the road, were only noticed by a sullen reply; but now, standing with his back to the fire, and his hands in their customary position behind his back, he conversed freely with his aides-de-camp. About two in the morning he called for his horse—his staff immediately mounted—and Bertrand having procured a guide, the whole party followed the route to Paris.

After dark, on the 20th, Napoleon reached the capital, accompanied by his brother Jerome, Count d'Erlon, and a small staff—and occupied the Palais de l'Elysée. The night was consumed in numerous consultations with his friends, and in framing the bulletin of a battle, which had laid France bare and defenceless, and placed her at the feet of her enemies. But what councils could stimulate a nation to fresh exertions, on whom such terrible calamities had fallen? The ruin was so sudden, and so complete, that the most vigorous mind could not grapple with it. There was no proceeding which ingenuity could devise, or zeal execute, that presented the slightest chance of success. Submission—unreserved and absolute submission—was all the conquerors had left them. In vain did Napoleon demand men and money—Where were they to be

had? The people would not rally round the fugitive, and the greater part of his old army was annihilated. With sixty thousand disciplined troops, he was now to meet the shock of confederated Europe—for at Waterloo he had encountered little more than its advanced guard. The only alternative left was an abdication; and on the 22nd of June, Napoleon formally renounced the throne in favour of the King of Rome, and a provisional government, consisting of Fouché, Caulincourt, Carnot, Grenier, and Quinette, was nominated.

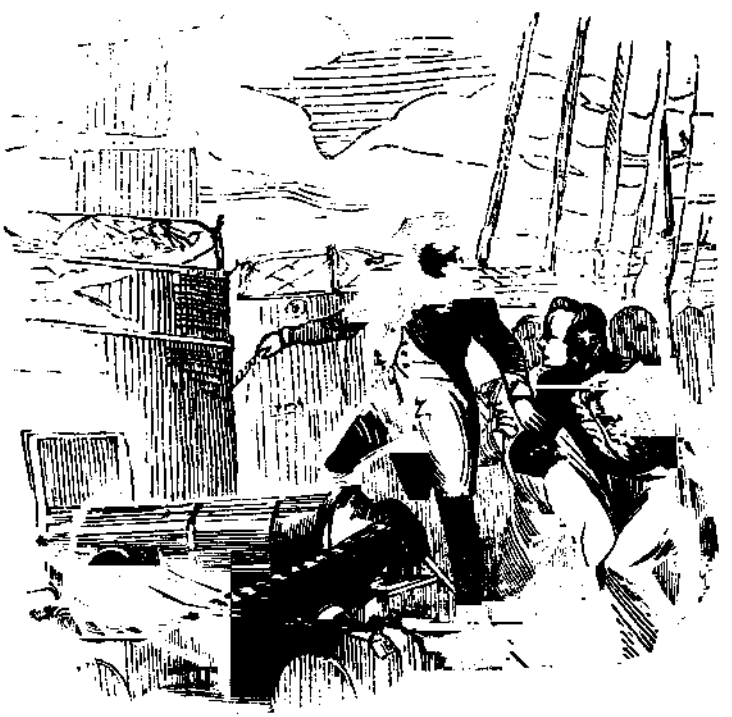


But this conditional resignation met a furious opposition from the Chamber of Peers. Fierce and inconclusive debates resulted—days passed—the allies were approaching the capital—and it was communicated to Napoleon that while he remained in Paris, there was no chance whatever of pacific arrangements being effected with the allied monarchs. On these representations, the ex-Emperor consented to withdraw. Blucher demanded that Napoleon should be given up to him, avowing to Wellington his full intention of putting his fallen enemy to death. But Wellington, however little that he might have of human sympathy, or of human weakness in

his nature, would not sanction such an atrocity; he told Blucher plainly that he should remonstrate and insist of Napoleon's being disposed of by common accord, advising him, at the same time, as a friend, to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction. "You and I," he said, "have acted too distingnished a part in these transactions, to become executioners; and I am determined that if the sovereigns wish to put him to death, they shall appoint an executioner, which shall not be me."

On the 26th of June, Napoleon quitted Malmaison, and repaired to Rochefort, after having applied in vain to the Victor of Waterloo for a passport to enable him to proceed to America. He was accompanied by Generals Montholon, Resigny, Planat, Las Casas, father and son, and a few others of his suite.

He arrived at Rochefort on the 3rd of July, and on the 15th, at day-break, the brig *Epervier*, conveyed him on board the British man-of-war, the *Bellerophon*, commanded by Captain Maitland.



Lord Brougham, in his Historical Sketches, says of Napoleon:—"Thus ended the Imperial career of Napoleon Bonaparte, certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and in whom, in some respects, no parallel can be found, if we search

the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Cæsar was embellished by more various accomplishments, yet the genius of Napoleon shines with a lustre peculiarly his own, or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he had never to contend, like conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilization, or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts, as well ordered, and regularly marshalled, and amply provided, as his own.

It cannot be denied that when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. After the battle of Aspern, he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in his previous campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France during the dreadful conflict which preceded his downfall, is, by many, regarded as the master-piece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand error of his whole career —the mighty expedition to Moscow—was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled, and moved, the prodigious and various force, like a single corps, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed, in the highest degree, the great genius, alike for arrangement and for action, with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could, in a month, create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is assuredly only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthagenian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that his enemies have, alone, recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander.

The mighty operation which led to his downfall, and in which, all the resources of his vast capacity, as well as all the recklessness of his boundless ambition, were displayed, has long fixed, as well it might, the regards of mankind, and it has not been too anxiously contemplated. His course of victory had been, for eleven years, uninterrupted. The resources of France had been drawn forth, without stint, at his command. The destruction of her liberties had not relaxed the material propensities of her people, nor thinned the multitudes that poured out their blood under his banners. The fervour of the revolutionary zeal had cooled, but the discipline which a vigorous despotism secures, had succeeded, and the conscription had worked as great miracles on the republic. The countless hosts which France thus sent forth, were led by this consummate warrior over all Italy,

Spain, and Germany—half the ancient thrones of Europe were subverted—the capitals of half her powers were occupied in succession—and a monarchy established, which the existence of England and Russia alone prevented from being universal.

But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last o'erleapt itself. After his most arduous, and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resource, unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian empire was in his hands; yet from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the next surrounding country, the conquest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army the world ever saw—from all parts of the continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and tongue, and garb, and weapon shone along his line—the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artilleries of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of eastern Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men's bones; but this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, where it had no longer an enemy to overthrow, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed! On the pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night. The hopes of Napoleon were blighted—the retreat of his armament was cut off—and his doom sealed, far more irresistably, than if the conqueror of a hundred fields had been overthrown in one battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost, never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burnt, if possible, brighter than ever; in two campaigns his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valour more worthy of the prize he played for—but all was vain; his weapon was no longer in his hand—his army was gone, and his adversaries, no more quailing under the sense of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible like themselves, and grew bold in their turn, as the Mexicans gathered courage, three centuries before, from finding that the Spaniards were subject to the accidents of mortality.

Such was this great warrior, and such was the fate on which the conqueror rushed.

It is quite certain that the mighty genius of Napoleon was of the highest order; he was one of the greatest masters of the art of war; he is to be ranked among the generals of the highest class, if, indeed, there be any but Hannibal who can be placed on a level

with him. To all the qualities, both in the council and in the field, which combine to form an accomplished commander, he added, what few have ever shown, an original genius: he was so great an improver on the inovations of others that he might well lay claim to the honours of discovery. The tactics of Frederick, he carried on much farther, and with such important additions, that we might as well deny to Watt, the originating the steam engine, as to Napoleon being an inventor in military science. The great step which Frederick made, was the connecting together all the operations of an extensive campaign in various quarters, and especially, the moving vast bodies of troops rapidly on a given point, so as to fight his adversaries there at a certain advantage. This required a brave neglect of the established rules of tactics; it required a firm determination to despise formidable obstacles; it required an erasure of the words, "difficult and impossible," from the General's vocabulary. In proportion to all the hardihood of these operations was the high merit of their author, and also the certainty of their success against the regular mechanical generals of Maria Theresa, to whom he was opposed. So much the rather are we to wonder at the successors of those generals, the produce of the same German school, showing themselves as unprepared for the great extension of the Prussian system, but in the same direction, which Napoleon practised, and being as completely taken unawares by his rapid movements at Ulm, and his feats at Wagram, as their masters had been at Rosbach, and Pirna, and at Prague.

"The degree in which he thus extended and improved upon Frederick's tactics was great indeed. No man ever could bring such bodies into the field—none provide, by combined operations, for their support—none move such masses from various quarters upon one point—none manœuvre at one fight, the thousands whom he had assembled, change his operations as the fate of the hour or the moment required, and tell, with such terrible certainty, the effect of the movement. He had all the knowledge in minute detail, which the art of war requires; he had a very accurate appreciation of what men, and horses, and guns can do; his memory told him, and in an instant, where each corps, each regiment, each gun was situated both in peace and war, and in what condition almost each company of his vast forces was at any moment. Then he possessed the intuitive knowledge of his enemy's condition, and movements, and plans—so nicely could he unravel all conflicting accounts—and decide at once, as by intuition, which was true. In the field, his eye for positions, distances, elevations, numbers, was quick, and it was infallible. His generals at all times subjected their judgment to him, without the least reluctance or hesitation, not only deferring to his authority, but yielding from an absolute conviction of his superior skill. His own self-confidence was in the same proportion and it was unerring.

"Laying under some cover in fire, he would remain for an hour or two, receiving reports and issuing orders, sometimes with a plan before him—sometimes with the face of the ground in his mind only. There he is, with his watch in one hand, while the other moves constantly from his pocket, where his snuff-box, or rather his snuff, lies. An aid-de-camp arrives, tells of a movement, answers shortly some questions rapidly, perhaps impatiently, but is despatched with the order that is to solve the difficulty of some general of a division. Another is ordered to attend, and sent off with directions to move some distant corps to support an operation. The watch is again consulted; more impatient symptoms; the name of one aid-de-camp is constantly pronounced; question after question is put, whether any one is coming from a certain quarter: an event is expected—it ought to have happened—at length the wished for messenger arrived: —'*Eh bien! Quesque fait it la bas?*' '*La hauteur est gagnée; le marechal est lá. Quil tienne ferme—pas un pas de movement.*' Another aid-de-camp is ordered to bring up the guard. '*Que le marechal avance vers la tour en defilant par sa gauche—et tout ce que se trouve a se droite est prisonier.*' Now the watch is consulted and the snuff is taken no more; the battle is over; the fortune of the day is decided; the great captain indulges in pleasantry—nor doubts any more of the certainty and of the extent of his victory, than if he had already seen its details in the bulletin.

"But his genius was not confined to war; he possessed a large capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly, and as quickly determined in his course of Government as in the field. His public works and his political reformations, especially, his code of laws, are monuments of his vigour and his wisdom, more imperishable, as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own, or most men's valour in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge, swept by the fire of the Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence of overthrowing the dynasty, and overwhelming an empire by the terror of his name.

"Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and the warrior. If he was not, like Cæsar, a consummate orator, yet he knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, and he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular benevolence—an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest soldier whom France ever produced, that it is certain that his place is high amongst her greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the soldiers of his

old guard at Fontainebleau, is a masterpiece of a dignified and pathetic composition; his speech during the hundred days at his Champ de Mars, beginning, "General, Consul, Emperor, *je tiens tout du Peuple*," is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

"But with those great qualities of the will, the highest courage the most easy formation of his resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion of all his energies to his object, and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding, by which that firm will worked—the clearest and quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providentially seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and the power of mind, and of tongue, to mould their will to his purpose—with these qualities, which form the character, held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close.

"He was a conqueror—he was a tyrant. To gratify his ambition—to slake his thirst of power—to weary a lust of dominion which no conquest could satiate—he trampled on liberty when his hand might have raised him to a secure place—and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By those of passions, a mind originally unkindly was prevented and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, all sense of the duty we owe to God and man, had departed from one thus given up to a single and selfish pursuit. The death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tortures of Toussaint, have all been dwelt upon as the spots of his fame; because the fortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of an unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than is necessary, presents a more grevious object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation more severe."

We have been thus diffuse in exhibiting this sketch of Napoleon, than we otherwise, perhaps, might have been, had not a work just appeared, in which a general tirade against him is indulged to a most prejudiced and unwarrantable extent; and we the more lament it, upon beholding such a tirade emanating from the pen of an old soldier.*

Return we now to the allied armies. On the 7th of July, the English and Prussian armies marched into Paris, but the scene was

* Lieutenant-General Mitchell, on Napoleon Bonaparte.

very different to the joyous entry of the year preceding. The French not only felt humiliated by the past, but many entertained the liveliest alarm for the future; neither the republicans nor the imperialists could expect much favour from Louis XVIII., who, the next day, again took possession of his capital, while, whatever might be the feelings of the rest of the allies, it was soon perceived that the Prussians had neither forgotten the French occupation of Berlin, nor were at all disposed to remit the vengeance which the chance of war had placed within their power. As a commencement of the proposed work of retribution, Blucher set about mining the bridge of Jena, determined that it should no longer stand to record the defeat of the Prussians; fortunately, however, this design came to the ears of Wellington, who lost no time in endeavouring to avert it, and by his urgent remonstrances, he at last prevailed upon Blucher to forego his intentions. Next, the old Prussian bethought him of laying an enormous contribution upon the city, and here, again, he was dissuaded by the Duke from carrying his threats into execution. Having reluctantly yielded these points, and still bent upon enacting from the French the full penalty of their delinquencies in some shape or another, he then turned his attention to the Louvre, and quickly cleared its galleries of every work of art that had been stolen from the Prussians. This example was too tempting, not to be followed by the other powers, who had equally suffered by the plundering spirit of Napoleon, in the day of his superiority. The King of the Netherlands applied to Wellington, as the commander of his army, to compel the restitution of the Dutch and Flemish pictures, and the latter, feeling that the demand was strictly just, at once required them of the French authorities. Many days passed, in which the artful manœuvreers contrived under different pretexts to evade an act so little in accordance with their notions, till at length, tired out by their shuffling, Wellington sent a detachment of English troops into the Louvre, under whose guard, the pictures were at once taken from the walls, and restored to their original possessors. This tardy act of justice gave a violent shock to the Parisians; though never much celebrated for their own good faith, they now affected to be greatly indignant at what they pretended was a breach of the convention; and it seems that the royal government participated in the feeling. It was thus that Wellington argued upon the tranaction:—

"It has been stated, that, in being the instrument of removing the pictures belonging to the King of the Netherlands, from the Gallery of the Tuileries, I had been guilty of a breach of a treaty which I had myself made; and, as there is no mention of the museums in the treaty of the 25th of March, and it now appears that the treaty meant, is the Military Convention of Paris, it is necessary to show how that convention affects the museum.

"It is not now necessary to discuss the question whether the allies were or not at war with France. There is no doubt whatever, that their armies entered Paris under a military convention, concluded with an officer of the Government, the Prefect of the department of the Seine, and an officer of the army, being a representative of each of the authorities existing at Paris at the moment, and authorized by the authorities to treat and conclude for them.

"The article of the convention which it is supposed has been broken, is the eleventh, which relates to public property. I positively deny that this article referred at all to the museums or galleries of pictures.



"The French commissioners, in the original project, proposed an article to provide for the security of this description of property. Prince Blucher would not consent to it, as he said there were pictures in the gallery which had been taken from Prussia, which his Majesty, Louis XVIII. had promised to restore, but which had never been restored. I stated this circumstance to the French commissioners, and they then offered to adopt the article with an exception of the Prussian pictures. To this offer, I answered that I stood there as the ally of all the nations in Europe, and anything that was granted to Prussia I must claim for other nations. I added that I had no instructions regarding the museum, nor any grounds on which to form a judgment how the Sovereigns would act; that they certainly would insist upon the King's performing his engagements, and that I recommended that the article should be omitted altogether, and that the question should be reserved for the decision of the Sovereigns, when they should arrive.

"Thus the question regarding the museum, stands under the treaties. The Convention of Paris is silent upon it, and there was a communication upon the subject which reserved the decision for the Sovereigns.

"Supposing the silence of the Treaty of Paris of May 1814,

regarding the museum, gave the French Government an undisputed claim to its contents upon all future occasions—it will not be denied that this claim was shaken by this transaction.

"Those who acted for the French Government at the time, considered that the successful army had a right to, and would, touch the contents of the museum, and they made an attempt to save them by an article in the Military Convention. This article was rejected, and the claim of the allies to their pictures was broadly advanced by the negociators, on their part; and this was stated as the ground for rejecting the article. Not only then the Military Convention did not in itself guarantee the possession, but the transaction above recited, tended to weaken the claim to the possession by the French Government, which is founded on the silence of the Treaty of Paris, of May, 1814.

"The allies, then, having the contents of the museum justly in their power, could not do otherwise than restore them to the countries from which, contrary to the practice of civilized warfare, they had been torn, during the disastrous period of the French revolution, and the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"The conduct of the allies regarding the museum, at the period of the Treaty of Paris, might be fairly attributed to their desire to conciliate the French army, and to consolidate the reconciliation with Europe, which the army at that period manifested a disposition to effect.

"But the circumstances are now entirely different. The army disappointed the reasonable expectation of the world, and seized the earliest opportunity of rebelling against their Sovereign, and of giving their services to the common of mankind, with a view to the revival of the disastrous period which had passed, and of the scenes of plunder, which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of.

"This army having been defeated by the armies of Europe, they have been disbanded by the united council of the Sovereigns, and no reason can exist why the powers of Europe should do injustice to their own subjects with a view to conciliate them again. Neither has it ever appeared to me to be necessary that the allied Sovereigns should omit this opportunity to do justice, and to gratify their own subjects in order to gratify the people of France.

"The feeling of the people of France upon this subject must be one of national vanity only. It must be a desire to retain these specimens of the arts, not because Paris is the fittest depository for them, as upon that subject, artists, connoisseurs, and all who have written upon it, agree that the whole ought to be removed to their ancient seat, but, because they were obtained by military concessions, of which they are the trophies.

"The same feelings which induce the people of France to wish to

retain the pictures and statues of other nations, would naturally induce other nations to wish, now that success is on their side, that the property should be returned to their rightful owners, and the allied Sovereigns must feel a desire to gratify them.

"It is, besides, on many accounts, desirable, as well for their own happiness as for that of the world, that the people of France, if they do not already feel that Europe is too strong for them, should be made sensible of it; and that, whatever may be the extent, at any time, of their momentary and partial success against any one, or any number of individual powers in Europe, the day of retribution must come.

"Not only, then, would it, in my opinion, be unjust in the Sovereigns to gratify the people of France on this subject, at the expence of their own people, but the sacrifice they would make would be impolitic, as it would deprive them of the opportunity of giving the people of France a great moral lesson."

This "great moral lesson," as the Duke not unaptly terms it, was being read to the French in various ways, who seemed to be much more irritated than reformed by the roughness of the admonition. To such extent were the exactions of the allied troops carried, that there seemed to be no little danger of their causing a national war, and that, even if it were not fatal, would yet lead to the most serious consequences. The Prussians, in particular, indulged in the most unbounded licences, justifying themselves by the example which the French had set them at Berlin, and though neither policy nor humanity may accept the excuse, such conduct was natural, and well nigh venial. Nor were the troops of the other powers much behind-hand with them in the course of plunder. Wellington alone seemed to be aware of the spirit that was growing up about them, and of the danger to be apprehended from it, and while he remonstrated against this system of spoliation, he was no less pressing with the Sovereigns to bring matters to a final settlement. Unhappily this involved many nice and difficult questions; the object indeed of all was the same, namely, to put an end to the French revolution, and to obtain peace on so firm a basis, that they might, with safety to themselves and their people, reduce their enormous military establishments; but how was this best to be effected? the Duke, while he allowed that France was stronger than might be desirable, with reference to the general safety, yet contended that the allies had no right to make any national inroad upon the treaty of Paris, which in fact was guaranteed by their own previous declaration; "It is impossible," he said, "to surmise what could be the line of conduct of the King and his Government upon the demand of any considerable cession from France upon the present occasion. It is certain, however, that whether the cession should be agreed to or not by the King, the situation of the allies would be very embarrassing.

"If the King were to refuse to agree to the cession, and was to throw himself upon the people, there can be no doubt that those divisions would cease which have hitherto occasioned the weakness of France. The allies might take the fortresses and provinces which might suit them, but there would be no genuine peace for the world, no nation could disarm, no Sovereign could turn his attention from the affairs of this country.

"If the King were to agree to make the cession, which from all that I hear, is an event by no means probable, the allies must be satisfied, and must retire; but I would appeal to the experience of the transactions of last year for a statement of the situation in which we should find ourselves.

"Last year, after France had been reduced to her limits of 1792 by the cession of the Low Countries, the left bank of the Rhine, Italy, &c. the allies were obliged to maintain in the field half of the war establishment stipulated in the treaty of Chaumont, in order to guard their conquests, and what had been ceded to them; and there is nobody acquainted with what passed in France during that period who does not know that the general topic of conversation was the recovery of the left bank of the Rhine as the frontier of France, and that the unpopularity of the Government in the army was to be attributed to their supposed declaration of war to recover their possessions.

"There is no statesman who, with these facts before his eyes, with the knowledge that the justice of the demand of a great cession from France under existing circumstances is at least doubtful, and that the cession would be made against the inclination of the Sovereign and all descriptions of his people, would venture to recommend to his Sovereign to consider himself at peace, and to place his armies upon a peace establishment. We must, on the contrary, if we take this large cession, consider the operations of the war as deferred till France shall find a suitable opportunity of endeavouring to regain what she has lost; and, after having wasted our resources in the maintenance of overgrown military establishments in time of peace, we shall find how little useful the cessions we shall have acquired will be against a national effort to regain them.

"In my opinion, then, we ought to continue to keep our great object, the genuine peace and tranquillity of the world, in our view, and shape our arrangement so as to provide for it.

"Revolutionary France is more likely to distress the world, than France, however strong in her position, under a regular Government; and that is the situation in which we ought to endeavour to place her.

"With this view I prefer the temporary occupation of some of the strong places, and to maintain for a time a strong force in France, both at the expense of the French Government, and under strict regulations, to the permanent cession of even all the places

which in my opinion ought to be occupied for a time. These measures will not only give us, during the period of occupation, all the military security which could be expected from the permanent cession, but, if carried into execution in the spirit in which they are conceived, they are in themselves the bonds of peace.

"There is no doubt that the troops of the allies stationed in France will give strength and security to the Government of the King, and that their presence will give the King leisure to form his army in such manner as he may think proper. The expectation also of the arrival of the period at which the several points occupied shall be evacuated would tend to the preservation of peace, which the engagement to restore to the King, or his legitimate heir or successors, would have the effect of giving additional stability to his throne.

"In answer to the objections to a temporary occupation contained in——paper, drawn from the state of things in——, I observe that the temporary occupation by the troops of the allies of part of France will be with views entirely different from those which dictated the temporary occupation of——by the French troops; and if the measure is carried into execution on the principle of support to the King's Government and of peace, instead of as in——, with views of immediate plunder and ultimate war, the same results cannot be expected.

"I am likewise aware of the objection to this measure, that it will not alone eventually apply a remedy to the state of weakness in relation to France in which the powers of Europe have been left by the treaty of Paris; but it will be completely so for a term of years This term of years, besides the advantage of introducing into France a system and habits of peace, after twenty-five years of war, will enable the powers of Europe to restore their finances; it will give them time and means to re-construct the great artificial bulwarks of their several countries, to settle their Governments, and to consolidate their means of defence. France, it is true, will still be powerful, probably more powerful than she ought to be in relation to her neighbours; but, if the allies do not waste their time and their means, the state of security of each and of the whole, in relation to France, will, at the end of the period, be materially improved, and will probably leave but little to desire."

The opinions inserted in the above document were received by the allied Sovereigns with such consideration, that a treaty of peace between France and the allied powers, was signed at Paris on the 20th of November; on which occasion, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh acted as the representatives of Great Britain. By this treaty, the frontiers of France were to remain nearly the same as they were in 1790; and France engaged to furnish, in money, to the allied powers, seven hundred million francs, besides the fortress of Sarre Louis, valued at fifty

million francs. She was also to pay, clothe, and maintain, for five years, one hundred and fifty thousand troops, taken from the various nations of Europe, which troops were to occupy the frontier provinces and fortresses. The whole was placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, with full power and discretional instructions. Thus was a military occupation of France established for a specified term.

In consequence of this treaty, the City of Paris was evacuated by the allies in the early part of December. On the 30th of November, the following general order was issued by the Duke of Wellington, from Paris, to the allied troops under his command.

"Upon breaking up the army which the Field-Marshal has had the honour of commanding, he begs leave again to return thanks to the general officers, and the officers and troops, for their uniform good conduct.

"In the late short but memorable campaign, they have given proof to the world, that they possess in an eminent degree, all the good qualities of soldiers, and the Field Marshal is happy to be able to applaud their regular, good conduct in their camps and cantonments, not less than when engaged in the field.

"Whatever may be the future destination of those brave troops, of which the Field Marshal now takes his leave, he trusts that every individual will believe that he will ever feel the deepest interest in their honour and welfare, and will always be happy to promote either."

The British army occupied, for the period agreed upon, Cambray, and its neighbourhood, where it maintained its general character for military discipline.

Prior to these events having occurred, Bonaparte, who, as we have before stated, was received on board the *Bellerophon,* with a suite of forty persons; after which, this ship immediately set sail for England, and arrived at Torbay on the 24th of July.

The following is General Becker's account of his mission to Napoleon, as he gave it in the ministerial circles at Paris.

He said, that Napoleon had treated him, from the first moment, not merely with civility, but even with familiarity. On the day before the journey began, while walking together in the gardens of Malmaison, the General made some observations concerning Maria Louisa, and the conduct of the court of Austria towards him. Napoleon laughed, and gave him a little playful slap on the cheek, and said, "*Allez, mon ami, tu ne connais pas ces gens la !*"—"You don't know these people, my friend."

Before Bonaparte's departure, he sent for one of his early friends —he wished to take leave of him. Bonaparte said, "I would not go without seeing you; we shall never meet again." The other, unable to speak, burst into tears. Bonaparte patted his friend's shoul-

ders with an air of affection, and said, "*Mon cher, dans les grandes crisis comme celli-ci, c'est le courage et non pas la sensibilite qu'il nous faut.*"—"In great events, we should always display courage, not sensibility." In the long conversation which ensued, this person represents Bonaparte as calm, and somewhat melancholy, but not



overcome. Bonaparte acknowledged that he had committed, in the late transactions, two great faults—the first was, that he had left the army; the other was, the getting into a discussion with the chambers—and, above all, with the deputation of the chambers: the large

body might have been divided, or dissolved; but the committee was armed with more power than the whole, was not liable to disunion, and not subject to be put off and delayed. "Accordingly," said he, "when I spoke to them of the wants of the country—men, cannon, and money, they answered me with the rights of man, and the social contract, and all was lost!"

On the road to Rochefort, where he was to embark, and while there, Bonaparte received several deputations from the army, urging him to put himself at their head, and swearing to die in his cause.



"You see," said he to Becker, "that the Provincial Government mistake the wishes of the people, with regard to me." On these occasions, he would sometimes wake up, as it were, into life and spirit, and express a determination to return to the army, and conquer or die at its head.

On entering the *Bellerophon*, Bonaparte said to Captain Maitland, the commander of her, "Sir, I come to claim the protection of your Prince and your laws."

Previous to going on board, Bonaparte sent the following letter to the Prince Regent:

"Royal Highness,—

"Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the

enmity of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British people. I claim from your Royal Highness the protection of the laws, and throw myself upon the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

Signed, NAPOLEON.

Rochefort, 13th July, 1815.

The conduct to be observed toward a prisoner such as Bonaparte, was a subject of consideration. He had been left by the Treaty of Paris an Emperor, in title, and the Sovereign of Elba, in fact; so that he might lay a plausible claim to the rights of an independant prince, conquered in a lawful war. It was determined, however, in the councils of the confederate Sovereigns, that the Island of St. Helena should be his place of exile, where he was to reside under their joint inspection.

On the 7th of August he was transferred, in Torbay, from the "Bellerophon" to the "Northumberland," commanded by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, accompanied by Generals Bertrand, Montholon, and Gorgaud, with their ladies and families, together with Count las Casas, and twelve servants. On the next day, the ship proceeded on her destined voyage. When passing Cape de la Hogue, Napoleon recognized the coasts of France. He immediately saluted them, by extending his hands towards the shore, and exclaiming with emotion: "Adieu, land of the brave! adieu, dear France! a few traitors less, and thou hadst still been the mistress of the world!" Such were the last adieus of the great man to the noble country of the great people!

During the years 1815, 1818, and 1822, the Duke of Wellington was selected by the Ministry of that day, to represent the interests of Great Britain, at the Congresses of Vienna, Aix la Chapelle, and Verona; in which country-appropriating and people-disposing assemblies, it is to be lamented that he did not exert that power, which favourable circumstances, and his own claims upon the gratitude of the congregated Sovereigns, would have given to his requests the imperative character of command. It is truly lamentable to recollect that at that period, England had the ball at her feet—she had the power to be arbitratress of not Europe only, but the world. How fatally she abandoned that supremacy, the debased condition of Poland, and the never-ending ambition of Russia declares—What a glorious opportunity was thrown away of *commanding* the liberty of the whole world—alas! for want of resolution of not enforcing it. Let it be distinctly understood that no blame, individually, can be attached to the Duke of Wellington for this; he was, doubtless, directed by the

Ministers in England what to do, and they only, were responsible and a fearful responsibility it was—for failing to take advantage of the most glorious opportunity which ever occurred—of making old England, by her fiat alone, the real goddess of liberty.

In 1827, Wellington was appointed to the most fitting office of Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, by the demise of the Duke of York—but which office he resigned, when Mr. Canning became Prime Minister. Some political coquetry took place between the Duke and the new Premier, but his Grace was determined, if he could not have "the highest place in the synagogue," to take no part in the new constructed administration.

His resignation of the office of Commander-in-Chief created much surprise, because it was considered as not strictly connected with any administration, and the Duke considered it necessary to his fair fame to give the following explanation to the House of Lords of the motives which induced him to resign the highest honour which can be bestowed upon a military man.

"With the Prime Minister," said the Duke, "the Commander-in-Chief is in communication every day; he has not a controul even over the army, the chief direction of which is placed in that Minister's hands; at the same time that a Premier himself cannot withdraw any part of the army from a foreign station, without consulting the Commander-in-Chief; he cannot make up his budget, or introduce any reform into the organization of the army without seeking his opinion. No political sentiments would have prevented him from retaining this, under ordinary circumstances, but from the tone and tenour of the communications he had received from his Majesty; from the nature of the invitation given to him by the right honourable gentleman in his first letter, and from the contents of the last which he had received from Mr. Canning, by his Majesty's command, he saw that he could not remain with credit to himself, or advantage to his country; his line of conduct had not been hastily adopted, though he had been most wantonly and unjustly abused."

Upon the death of Mr. Canning, and the coming into power of the short-lived administration of Lord Goderich, the Duke of Wellington resumed the office of Commander-in-Chief of the British army, but which he relinquished upon the dissolution of the Ministry, and took upon himself the important duties of Premier. At this period, he was exposed to the severe animadversion of the press, for saying, in the House of Lords, "that he must be mad to think of assuming the office of Prime Minister," when it was soon discovered that he was, at the time of its avowal, selecting his colleagues to form a Cabinet, of which he was to be the chief. The late Mr. Huskisson took office under the Duke, as Secretary for the Colonies; and a hasty expression of the former, in a speech at Liverpool, gave rise to a correspondence, which has

been rendered memorable by the summary manner in which the Duke disposed of his Colonial Secretary. Mr. Huskisson took umbrage, and sent in his resignation of office; but afterwards had the meanness to attempt to withdraw it, alleging, that it was "a mistake."

The Duke of Wellington was not the man to be trifled with thus, and replied pithily enough, that "it is no mistake: it can be no mistake; it shall be no mistake." This entirely settled the poor secretary, and he vacated his office in double quick time.

That foul stain upon the statute book, and all its accompanying disgraceful enactments, known as the Test and Corporation Acts, were, "at one fell swoop," blotted out from the *lex scripta* of England, by the energy and high perseverance of his Grace of Wellington's administration, in May, 1828, and this was soon followed by that great act of *national justice*—too long withheld—the Catholic Emancipation Bill; we care not whether it was the effect of an honest conviction of its justice, which influenced the Duke of Wellington to bring about this act of tardy reparation to a long-oppressed portion of our fellow countrymen, or if it was extorted from his Grace's fear of a civil war. These acts stand recorded as the measures of his vigorous government, and will ever redound to his honour and decision of purpose. This great act of national justice became the law of the land, after many stormy debates, in April 1829, by the votes in the House of Peers: for Ministers, 217—against, 112.

The Wellington Ministry is thus rendered memorable by a great measure and the energy of its chief. It is known that no Premier before him, not even Lord Chatham, infused his own admininistrative spirit with so much unity and force through the whole frame of Government. His holding Mr. Huskisson to his resignation was called, introducing into the Cabinet the subordination of the camp. It was the rigid and warrantable observance of an essential principle.

The emancipation of the Catholics is, like the battle of Waterloo—a memorable victory. Reason, eloquence, authority, had failed to carry this great measure. The warrior-minister had to overcome a large portion, perhaps the balance against him, of the public mind—the whole mind of the Sovereign—the whole hierarchy, itself a component and commanding part of the legislature—the most active and envenomed portion of the party headed by himself—the fetters of consistency imposed on him by his own previous opposition: he overcame all these by an unrivalled force of mind, and ascendant of personal character.

The mere carrying a Catholic relief bill might have gained him no higher reputation than that of being a great political, as well as military campaigner. It is the manner in which he gave relief—the character—the moral grandeur of the measure—the absence of all compromise with intolerance—all truckling to bigotry: the

assumption of the great principle of religious liberty, frankly and fully, as the basis of the bill, that stamps him a statesman.

Minds of the first order are invariably governed or guided by great general principles, whatever their career; and invariably rise with the occasion. The speech of Wellington, on moving the second reading of his bill—the greatest parliamentary or political incident of his life—was distinguished for the eloquence, not only of reasoning, but of emotion. He avowed that he conceded emancipation to prevent the fearful alternative of a civil war. After describing the state of Ireland—the organization, the menaces, and the rage of adverse factions, he proceeded,—"It has been my lot to have seen much of war—more, my Lords, than most men: I have been constantly engaged in the duties of the military profession from my boyhood; my life has been familiar with scenes of death, and spectacles of suffering; circumstances have placed me in countries where the war was internal, between adverse parties of the same nation; and, rather than a country dear to me should be visited with the calamities I have witnessed, with the unutterable horrors of civil war, my Lords, I would make any sacrifice—I would lay down my life." He spoke this in a tone of deep feeling, which made an impression, never to be removed, upon all who heard it,—excepting those whose hearts were cased in the antipathies of religious intolerance. An archbishop would hazard the alternative from which the veteran-warrior recoiled, and throw out the bill. He was followed by other lords spiritual—by other grave, moral, and religious lords temporal, who, whether engaged in the pursuits, or enjoying the repose, had known only the luxuries of civil life. But if the soldier appeared more humane, it was, perhaps, because his views were more clear, his mind more sagacious and comprehensive—he felt more, because he saw farther.

On the death of the Warder of the Cinque Ports, the Duke of Wellington assumed that office: and in the same year, 1829, in consequence of some hasty expressions in the heat of debate, the Earl of Winchelsea considered himself bound to call out his Grace, and a duel was fought between them in Battersea fields. It was, happily, a perfectly harmless one, and both parties healed their wounded honour by the discharge of a case of pistols!

Upon the meeting of Parliament, on the 4th of February, 1830, a hot debate ensued upon "the King's speech," which had omitted mention of the state of the commercial and agricultural interests of the country, which were admitted to be in a most distressed condition. The Duke's administration, however, triumphed by large majorities in both Houses. It was at this period, that some great measures passed into law, of decided wisdom and humanity—viz: the commutation of capital punishments, except only in certain extreme cases; and the increasing of the number of the English judges, from twelve to fifteen—the

abolition of a separate system of judicature for Wales, and other useful reforms of the judicial code. The New Police were about this time called into active operation.

On the 25th of June, 1830, the death of George IV. took place, and the new King, as usual, in such cases, retained in their offices, *ad inte im*, the Ministers of his late brother. Upon the meeting of the new Parliament—a regular proceeding with a new reign—the opposition to the Duke's administration was greatly strengthened; the result of the general election being much against it. The House met on the 2nd of November, and when an amendment to the usual "address," was moved by Earl Grey, his Grace made that memorable speech, which was the precursor of his downfall as Prime Minister of England—"that on his part," replied the Duke, "he would go farther, and say that he had never read, nor heard of any measure, up to the present moment, *which could improve the administration*, or render it more satisfactory to the country at large; he would not hesitate, therefore, unequivocally to state his opinion, that we possessed a legislature which answered *all good purposes* better than any which had ever been tried, and if he had to frame a legislature for another country, his aim would be, to form one which would produce similar results. Under these circumstances," added his Grace, "I am not only unprepared—like the noble Lord—to bring forward any measure of reform, but ready at once to declare, that so long as I have the honour to hold a situation in the government, I shall feel it my bounden duty to resist any such measures when proposed by others." This bold avowal of opposition to all reform—the indiscreet expression, that "country meetings were a farce," and the advice which he gave to their Majesties to decline the invitations of the citizens of London to dine in the City Guildhall—for fear of public commotion,—filled up the measure of his Grace's unpopularity. The idea of popular commotion against the Sovereign, had its origin with the then Lord Mayor Sir John Key, who, for his ridiculous fears on this occasion, obtained the very apt soubriquet of "Don-Key." The popular wish for a thorough reform in the Commons House of Parliament was now unequivocally expressed, and the granting of it appeared to be inevitable, as the only means to satisfy the just demands of the country; the crying abuses in the borough system, and the proved bribery in the East Retford case, produced notice of a motion from Mr. Brougham, upon Parliamentary Reform; this was the tocsin of alarm for the Wellington Ministry, and the vote of the Commons upon the settlement of the Civil List of the new reign, in which his Grace's cabinet was in a minority of 29, compelled it to resign office.

The Whig Government of Earl Grey now came into power, upon the express understanding of giving to the country an extensive reform in the representation. The first Reform Bill having been rejected by a majority of 41 voters in the House of Lords, Earl

Grey tendered his resignation of himself and colleagues in office. Alarm spread through the country, far and wide; meetings innumerable were held to petition the King to create a sufficient number of Peers to carry the Reform Bill; countless thousands formed "Political Unions"—and the country was on the eve of a revolution. A vote of "confidence" in the Cabinet of Earl Grey, carried by a majority of 131 in the Commons, determined his Majesty to prorogue Parliament, and continue his Ministers in their places. The mob attacked the house of the Duke of Wellington, and demolished his windows; rioting was almost general throughout the country, and several of the Peers were insulted; Nottingham Castle was set on fire, and dreadful devastation was committed at Bristol.

Another Bill was brought into the House, and upon a division, the Ministry were left in a minority of 35, and the King accepted the resignation of the Whig Cabinet. Lord Lyndhurst was now empowered by the King, in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, to form a Conservative Administration; but this was found to be impossible, and the Whigs returned to power on the 18th of May, 1832. A fresh Parliament was called, and a new Reform Bill presented to them. The opposition to this Bill was much less vivid than on the former occasions,—brought about, as it is said, by a private letter from the King to the opposing Peers, and particularly to the Bishops—the Tories refrained from voting at all upon the third reading, and the Bill passed—contents 106, non-contents 22. On the 14th of October, 1834, the Whig Administration of Lord Melbourne having resigned, the Duke was forthwith summoned again to form a Cabinet. This was done upon the return of Sir Robert Peel from Italy, and his Grace was appointed Secretary of State for foreign affairs, under the Premiership of Sir Robert; but this Administration was very short-lived; on the 4th of April, 1835, it being left in a minority of 31, and again, on the 6th of the same month, that Ministry resigned, and with it, of course, the Duke of Wellington. Again the Whigs, under Lord Melbourne, assumed the reins of Government. In this year, the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford being vacant, by the death of Lord Grenville, his Grace was elected to that office. In 1841, the tables were again turned—the Whig Ministry were beat out of the field, and Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne as Premier. The Duke of Wellington now enjoys, under Sir Robert's Administration, a seat in the Cabinet, without holding office. Upon the subsequent death of Lord Hill—who was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces,—the Duke of Wellington was appointed to that situation.

As the leader of a party, he could not, perhaps, avoid lending himself to party interests; but there is that in him which repudiates selfish faction and unscrupulous pretence. His mind

rarely stoops—and never stoops meanly from its station. There is about him a sense of dignity and equity, by which faction in his own ranks is rebuked—though not abashed. Time, whilst it has touched his person very perceptibly, has left his mind not only unimpaired, but improved. He speaks in Parliament with more method and facility; and not only a familiar mastery of the practical details of legislation in administrative and social economy, but abstract maxims of policy and ethics, at once philosophically true, and pertinent to the matter in debate—proves that he finds time for acquiring knowledge, and meditating upon it. His military life, active as it has been, is not incompatible with reading. Hannibal did not wholly neglect the graces of literature in the camp. The Duke of Wellington has known the fluctuations of the popular humour, from enthusiasm to reviling: he is, at this moment, surrounded with public respect; and he owes it to his approximating, though not yet occupying, the only position worthy of him—the position, not of a party leader, but of a party arbiter.

We have noticed the various grants presented to his Grace by Parliament; with a portion of this money, the estate of Lord Rivers, at Strathfieldsay, in Hampshire, has been purchased; where, also, was erected for him, at the public expense, a splendid mansion, where the Duke passes much of his time, when not engaged in parliamentary business. His noble residence in London, well known as Apsley House, situated at the entrance of Hyde Park, is one of the finest and most spacious family mansions in the metropolis. We cannot omit relating the following curious anecdote of its origin:

King George II., riding one day in Hyde Park, met with an old soldier, whom he recognized as having fought under him at the battle of Dettingen; his Majesty, with great condescension, fell into discourse with him, and, finally, asked what he could do to serve him—"Why, please your Majesty," replied the veteran, "my wife keeps an apple-stall upon the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your Majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed, and improve our trade." The King complied with his request, and the grant was given to him. The shed was erected; the situation was excellent; and the old woman's business became brisk and prosperous. Their only son, in progress of time, was articled to an attorney, and gave indications of making a figure in his profession. After some years, the old soldier being dead, and the grant of the late King mislaid or forgotten, the then Lord Chancellor, attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the shed of the old woman, and laid out the ground as the site of the present mansion. Alarmed at this proceeding, and not daring to contend with such high authority, she consulted with her son as to the course she should adopt. The son promised to find her a remedy as soon as the mansion was finished; and, accordingly, when that time arrived, he waited upon his lordship, to request

some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass on his mother's rights. The Chancellor, on perceiving that the claim of the applicant had a reasonable foundation, offered some hundred pounds as a compensation, which, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected; and on the next interview with his lordship, the son demanded, on the part of his mother, £400 a-year, as a ground-rent; adding, that if his Lordship did not like the terms, he was atliberty to take his house away again, as his mother did not want it. His Lordship finding he could get no better terms, acceded to the old woman's proposition; and the house, to this day, yields, as ground-rent, to her descendents, an income of £400 per annum.

In closing our Life and Memoirs of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, there remains only the hazardous task of summing up his character; and, while speaking of the professional career, of one whose military command in the field, commencing at Assaye, and concluding at Waterloo, embraced such opposite services and scenes, although briefly, it shall be impartially considered. In attempting this, it will scarcely be possible to satisfy any party, or any set of men, without a violation of the truth; they, who have been dazzled by his great achievements, will find injustice in the slightest breath of censure, while they, who are divided from him by political feelings, will be no less sure to discover that fancy has lent her colours to the portrait. We should, however, but ill perform our duty, did we hesitate to give the truth from fear of any obloquy that may follow. If we cannot flatter him, like many of his eulogists, or consent to degrade the mighty dead, that we may slaver with honied tongue the quick, if we cannot, in our admiration of the living, forget the greatness of those, who once "kept the world in awe," if we cannot believe that his Grace the Duke of Wellington is

> ——— "The noblest man,
> That ever lived in the tide of times,"

still less can we imagine that he deserves the epithet of "a stunted corporal," to be applied to him by those, whose standard of a Statesman's excellence appears to consist only in a slavish subserviency to their views of political duty.

The intrinsic value of a soldier's character must certainly not be tested by merely what he has done, but by the circumstances under which his exploits have been achieved. What was the opening of Wellington's Peninsular career? He debarked with an army not ten thousand strong, to operate against Junot, Duke of Abrantes, an able General, commanding five-and-twenty thousand disposable soldiers, and at a period immediately subsequent to disastrous campaigns, in which the qualities of British soldiers had been unjustly depreciated, while those of their opponents acquired, by admirable discipline, and consequent success, a reputation amounting to invincibility.

That delusion Wellington's first victories dispelled. Was he

then cordially supported by his allies, and liberally sustained by his friends?—most certainly not; abroad and at home, he was



harassed by the suspicions of one party, and paralyzed by the misconduct of the other—and, while an object of deadly jealousy to the imbeciles with whom he was obliged to act, whose errors he was forced to remedy, whose madness he was expected to control,

the keenest shaft reached him from that country to which he should have looked confidently for support; in England and within the walls of St. Stephen's, he was exposed to the base attacks of dishonest statesmen, who, to an unworthy end, would have blasted the hopes of Britain, and left Europe at the mercy of a man, whose ambition the extent of the world could not satisfy.

In speaking of Wellington, as a Commander, Napier truly says, "That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid, nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted, and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learned something of the art, from that greatest of all masters; yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation; Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign in Italy, so harrassed by the French, as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese Governments. Their systems of war, were, however, alike in principle; their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications, without scattering their forces—these were common to both. In defence, firm, cool, enduring; in attack, fierce and obstinate; daring, when daring was politic; but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front: in these things they were alike; but, in following up a victory, the English general fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering-ram—down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which, the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood went pouring onward, covering all."

Immediately after the battle of Salamanca, and when he had ascertained the extent of his conquest, the same admirable historian thus describes Wellington:

"I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, shewed, in the darkness, how well the field was won; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered—with a prescient pride, he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

Of the many Generals sent forth by Europe, to battle with Napoleon and his Marshals, Wellington could boast that he had met each in turn, yet never been defeated. He possessed, in an eminent degree, every quality of a perfect soldier; his mind was no less capable of fatigue than his body; his powers of calculating and combining were of the very highest order; his sight was remarkably quick; and

to the most consummate freedom, he united a spirit of enterprise, that is seldom found except in those tempers where the natural warmth predominates over every other consideration. He had, besides, the rare faculty of being able to bring all the powers of his mind to bear upon any subject, without delay, and under any circumstances, a single glance enabling him to decide, where leaders of equal talent, but of less promptitude, would have been irretrievably lost, in the time necessary to them for deliberation. It is a remarkable fact, and one which fully illustrates this position, that in many of his battles, when the misconduct of the Spaniards and Portuguese had placed him in the greatest jeopardy, he could at once change his whole plan of operations, and snatch victory from confusion and defeat. The policy of Wellington evinced a mind of the most comprehensive grasp, and its results, in some cases, were such as to defy all reasonable calculations. In India, and still more in the Peninsular, he had difficulties to contend with, under which men of genius even might have succumbed with horror; yet he triumphed over every obstacle, and supported the war by his political combinations, subduing faction among the natives, defeating all the intrigues of the French, and, for months together, not only feeding his own army, but the famished inhabitants of the country, by resources that he had himself created, and without any help from England.

In estimating the military talents of Napoleon and Wellington—to the former, a superiority has been generally conceded for the decision with which he followed up a defeat, and the important consequences which always were attendant on his victories. If Wellington did not push his victories to grand results, let us inquire the causes.

The circumstances under which these two great commanders conducted their campaigns were different; for Napoleon had never Wellington's difficulties to contend with. The former was a free agent. His battles were delivered to clear away obstacles that impeded an advance, while Wellington's were generally received to enable him to maintain a position in the country. Napoleon, when victorious, had always the means in hand to push his success, and secure the fruits of conquest. Wellington's battles were frequently defensive; and the heavy repulses which masterly combinations enabled him to inflict, were unadorned with the trophies which accompany a bold advance; and often, his most brilliant fields were followed by regressive movements, which always follow a defeat, and rarely attend a victory.

That Wellington possessed within himself the rapid resources and daring confidence which mark a great commander, his conduct when placed in dangerous positions, or at the crisis of a doubtful day, will establish. What operations could be more masterly than his retreat across the Tagus, or his passage of the Douro.

What are more daring than to hold the height of Guinaldo with two weak divisions, within cannon-shot of an army strong enough, not to defeat, but to annihilate him? Look at the sudden rain inflicted on Marmont at Salamanca—the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts of Mirabete, the seizure of Arinez—the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of Nivelle, the passage of the Adour, the fight of Orthez, the crowning battle of Toulouse. "To say that he committed faults," observes the admirable historian of his wars, Colonel Napier, "is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities, of a great commander, is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed. How many battles he fought, victorious in all!"

It is a singular fact that Wellington never lost a single gun—that is, taken by an enemy, or left one in the latter's possession. He had, however, the good fortune to capture, and keep, three thousand pieces of artillery, principally French.

The passing of the Reform Bill may be said to have formed the termination of his Grace's political life, for though he continued to be a warm and consistent supporter of the Conservative party, he never again aspired to the premiership.

After this his old popularity returned, and at the coronation of the Queen, in 1837, his reception by the crowd was most enthusiastic. Marshal Soult, who was present as Ambassador Extraordinary from France, was also received with loud applause. On the 13th of July the Corporation of London gave a grand dinner to the foreign princes and ambassadors at the Guildhall. The healths of the two heroes were drank together, with tremendous cheering; and in returning thanks, they complimented each other in the warmest manner. The Marshal's speech afforded a curious contrast to his general orders.

At the resignation of Lord Melbourne, in 1839, the Queen sent for the Duke, and at his suggestion commissioned Sir R. Peel to form a ministry; but the Whigs returned to office, her Majesty refusing to dismiss the ladies of her household.

In 1841 Sir R. Peel succeeded in actually constituting a cabinet, which remained in power until the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846. On the 15th of August Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, in consequence of the state of his health, and the Duke, who once more succeeded to that important office, held it until his decease.

For the last few years of his life the duke still continued to be consulted by ministers, and indeed by her Majesty herself, who is understood to have liked to take his opinion on all matters of importance. He had always very regularly conformed to social observances, and mingled largely with the society to which he belonged. His last appearance in state was on the occasion of the dissolution of parliament, when it became his duty to be bearer of the Sword of State. The venerable Duke, feeble with age, was accordingly seen in his due

place, carrying the heavy and venerable weapon; nay, even playfully pointing it at Lord Derby, who was jesting with him about his difficulty in carrying it. His latest remarkable speech was in the House of Lords, when he emphatically came forward to signify his approbation of Sir Harry Smith's conduct of the Kaffir war. This speech was remarkable for its clearness, and a certain air of demonstration—as if his Grace wished, as was natural enough, to give all the weight of his authority to aid a brave soldier who had been treated by Government in a way equally unjust and ungenerous. Generally, he continued to perform the customary routine of his life with his notable punctuality.

We now approach the final scene of his earthly career.—

The death of this the most illustrious man of the present age, was thus announced in the morning papers of Wednesday, September 15th 1852:—

DOVER, TUESDAY, 5 P.M.

"His Grace the Duke of Wellington was seized with illness this morning, and expired at Walmer Castle at a quarter past three this afternoon, after a succession of fits."

The greatest captain of the age—the victor of a hundred fights—the pacificator of India—the liberator of Europe from a fierce military despot—the honest and high minded statesman, whose sense of duty was paramount to all considerations of party, and whose patriotism rose superior to all political influences—the man whose fame for nearly half a century had been blazoned over the civilised world, was thus announced to be no more.

A sudden death, caused by fits of an epileptic nature, at a very advanced age, left no opportunity for final adieus or parting words. The usual interval of sickness and suffering was spared to an exhausted frame, bowed down by the weight of years; and after a life crowded with incidents of the highest import to his country, and to mankind, the Duke of Wellington was permitted to pass from the present scene so silently, that the exact moment of his departure could not be detected by those who watched his death-bed.

On the first of May previous, the Duke had completed his eighty-third year.

Immediately after the mournful event, telegraphic despatches were sent off to the Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, who were believed to be staying at Frankfort. A despatch was also forwarded to the Queen in Scotland, and to the Prime Minister. In the afternoon, not long after the Duke's death, his niece, the Countess of Westmoreland, arrived with the Earl at Walmer Castle. It is a melancholy fact, that the Duke had arranged to meet them on the platform of the Dover railway terminus, in order that he might have an opportunity of seeing them before they proceeded *en route* for Vienna.

In Deal and Walmer all the shops were closed, the streets were deserted, the flag at the fort was hoisted half mast high, and an air of

gloom prevailed, with which the state of the weather was in sorrowful keeping. An occurrence which in the nature of things was to have been looked for, and could not possibly long have been postponed, yet seemed to have taken every one by surprise at last, and though the Duke of Wellington quitted life full of years and full of honours, the suddenness of his removal fell upon the public mind, from the greatness of the man, with somewhat of the shock of a premature death.

After the usual ceremony of Lying in State, which was appropriately arranged to take place within the Great Hall of Chelsea Hospital, the Funeral of the Duke—one of the most impressive events that ever drew a large concourse of people together—was fixed for the morning of Thursday the 18th of November, 1852.

It is impossible to do justice to the whole effect of the spectacle, including the spectators. Countless were those who filled the by-streets, and could not see over the heads of those in front of them; while the procession itself progressed with all possible steadiness, and the solemn airs of the different bands followed impressively one upon another. The arrival of the Corpse was a signal for general but subdued exclamations. Anxious, and eager, and lighted up was each face of the moving mass as the Gorgeous Hearse moved along. The procession took two hours in passing.

There was a peculiar fitness, for every reason, in selecting the Horse Guards, as the point from which the procession should start; and for no reason more than that the parade-ground afforded ample space for assembling and getting into line the troops, and for marshalling the mourning coaches.

All was quiet, dark, sea like and mysterious, until near seven o'clock; but trumpets began then to be heard, right and left; and gradually the soldier-like tramp of heavy masses of men could be detected, and columns were seen dimly in the dawn, in complete mourning, advancing on one side from the Birdcage-walk, and on the other from the Queen's-mews, and taking up their places in the back and centre of the parade-ground. These were battalions of the Grenadier Guards, and of the Rifle Brigade, the Coldstream, and the Fusiliers; each battalion with its band in the rear, the drums muffled in crape. By-and-by the 33rd Regiment (that gallant regiment of which Wellington was colonel, and with which in India he made his name) were seen taking a position in the rear of the Guards; and after them appeared other regiments—Lancers, Hussars, and Royal Marines, with Royal Artillery in charge of field pieces, filed from left to right and passed on, to await falling in at the Mall. Mounted staff officers began to gallop on to the ground; and the Duke of Cambridge (to whom Lord Hardinge had intrusted the command for the day of all the troops in and about London) appeared, gallantly mounted, and followed by his aides-de-camp, among whom was Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, conspicuous among the red coats, for a dark, and we believe, Prussian uniform. The staff attached to his Royal Highness included Colonel

the Earl of Cardigan, and Colonel Lord de Ros, Lord W. Poulett, and Lord G. Paget.

At about half-past seven the tent was struck sufficiently to disclose the car, now bearing the coffin, and at sight of this the troops (who before had their arms reversed) presented arms. After this the mourning coaches, with the mourners (who came in private carriages) ready to meet them, began to arrive in rapid succession; and soon, the parade ground was densly crowded by military, police, and carriages. The steady marshalling of the procession went on; and when at a quarter to eight (the appointed time) the seventeen signal guns were fired, the troops were at least in readiness, and battalion after battalion moved off in admirable time and precision.

By half-past seven the car was brought out, magnificently horsed with coal-black dray horses, of whose vast power a conception may be formed, when the material and the tonnage of the car are considered.

The following was the order of proceeding to St. Paul's Cathedral:—

INFANTRY—Six Battalions.

Band of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Major-General Fane.
- 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade
- Band of the 1st Battalion Royal Marines—Chatham Division.
- 1st Battalion Royal Marines.
- Band of her Majesty's 33d Regiment.
- Her Majesty's 33rd Regiment.

Bands of the Scots Fusilier and Coldstream Guards.

Major-General Shaw
- Battalion Fusilier Guards.
- Battalion Coldstream Guards.
- 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Band of the Royal Artillery.

ARTILLERY—Nine Guns of the Field Batteries.

Band of Her Majesty's 17th Lancers.

CAVALRY—Five Squadrons, viz.:—

Major-Gen. Jackson.
- 17th Lancers.
- Band of Her Majesty's 13th Light Dragoons,
- 13th Light Dragoons.
- Band of Her Majesty's 8th Hussars.
- 8th Hussars.
- Band of Her Majesty's Scots Greys.
- Scots Greys.
- 8th Dragoon Guards.

Eight Guns of the Horse Artillery.

The 17 pieces commanded by Col. WHINYATES, C.B.

Band of the 1st Life Guards.

Major-General The Hon. H. Cavendish.
- Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues).
- 2nd Life Guards.
- 1st Life Guards.

The troops moving in the procession, and also those on duty in assisting the civil authorities to preserve order and prevent accidents, was commanded by

Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.

The Infantry, drawn up in columns in front of the Horse Guards, presented arms and reverse arms, and having saluted the Body, moved off the Parade at eight o'clock, followed by

Marshalmen on foot.

Messenger of the College of Arms on foot.

Eight conductors with Staves on foot.

Chelsea Pensioners, in number Eighty-three on foot.

[Fell in at Charing-cross.]

Twelve Enrolled Pensioners on foot.

One soldier from every Regiment in Her Majesty's service.
Three soldiers of Artillery, and three soldiers of Infantry of the East India Company's Army, representing the Artillery and Infantry of the Three Presidencies.
Thirteen Trumpets, and Kettle Drums.
Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

THE STANDARD OR PENNON.

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army, on Horseback.
Servants of the Deceased in a Mourning Coach.
Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, in a Carriage.

DEPUTATIONS FROM PUBLIC BODIES IN CARRIAGES.

Merchant Tailors' Company, in One Carriage.
East India Company, in One Carriage.
Corporation of the Trinity House, in one Carriage.
Barons and Officers of the Cinque Ports, in One Carriage.
With the
Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle, in one Carriage.
Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles, in one Carriage.
Board of Ordnance, and Ordnance Department, in One Carriage.
Delegation from the University of Oxford in Two Carriages.
Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London, in three Carriages.
[Fell in here, after the preceding part of the procession had passed through Temple Bar.]
Two Pursuivants in Arms.
Band of her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards.

THE GUIDON.

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.
Comptroller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach.
Physicians to the deceased, in a Mourning Coach.
Chaplain of the Tower.
Chaplain of the Forces in the London District. } In a Mourning Coach.
Chaplain General of the Forces.
High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.
Sheriffs of London, in two Carriages.
Aldermen and Recorder of London; a Deputation consisting of four Carriages.
[Fell in here after the preceding part of the Procession passed through Temple Bar.]
Military Secretary.
Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by four, in One Carriage, viz.:—
General Sir LOFTUS OTWAY.
Vice-Admiral the Hon. JOCELYN PERCY.
Lieut.-General WILLIAM SANDWITH.
Sir JOSHUA ROWE.
[Members of the House of Commons were seated in the Cathedral.]
Knight's Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four in One Carriage, viz.:—
Lieut.-General Earl CATHCART.
Admiral Sir JOHN WEST.
Lieut.-General Sir HOPTOUN STRATFORD SCOTT.
Sir S. GEORGE BONHAM.
Knight's Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in One Carriage, viz.:—
Lieut.-General Right Hon. Sir EDWARD BLAKENEY,
Admiral of the Fleet, Sir GEORGE COCKBURN, Bart.
Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE POLLOCK.
Viscount PALMERSTON.
Being one of each Class from the Army, one from the Navy, one from the East India Company's Service, and One from the Civil Service.
Heralds in a Mourning Coach.
Band of Her Majesty's 2nd Life Guards.

BANNER OF WELLESLEY,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.
The Lords Justices of Appeal.
Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Sir JOHN JERVIS, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
Sir JOHN ROMILLY, Master of the Rolls.
Lord CAMPBELL, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.
The Right Hon. R. CHRISTOPHER, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
The Right Hon. A. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Lord COLCHESTER, Paymaster General of the Forces.
The Right Hon. W. BERESFORD, M.P., Secretary at War.
The Right Hon. GEORGE BANKES, M.P., Judge Advocate General.
The Master General of the Ordnance.
The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G., First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.
The Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Department.
The Right Hon. J. S. LEFEVRE, Speaker, representing the House of Commons.
EARL OF MALMESBURY,—Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
EARL OF DERBY,—First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.
The Duke of NORFOLK, Earl Marshal of England.
The Lord Great Chamberlain.
The Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., Lord Privy Seal.
The Earl of LONSDALE, Lord President of the Council.
The most Rev. Dr. MUSGRAVE, Lord Archbishop of York.
Lord St. LEONARDS, Lord High Chancellor.
The most Rev. Dr. SUMNER, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

[At Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor, carrying the City Sword, the Sheriffs, and a Deputation, joined in the procession.]

Assistant Quarter-Master-General.		Assistant Adjutant-General.
Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.	On	Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.
Deputy Quarter-Master General.	Horseback.	Deputy-Adjutant General.
Quarter-Master-General.		Adjutant-General.

A Carriage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Gentleman Usher, the Equerry, and Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.
A Carriage with the Private Secretary, Treasurer, and Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.
His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, in a Carriage drawn by Six Horses; Attended by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, and the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness.
Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Heralds.
ROBERT LAURIE, Esq., Norrey King-at-Arms, in a Mourning Coach.
Band of the Royal Horse Guards.

THE GREAT BANNER,

Carried by a Colonel, supported by two Lieut.-Colonels on Horseback.
(Here on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church, meeting the body at the West Door, fell in.)

BATONS.

OF SPAIN—Borne by Major-General the Duke of OSUNA, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Colonel GABRIEL DE TORRES and Colonel DE CALVET Y LARA.
OF RUSSIA—Borne by General Prince GORTCHAKOFF, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Major-General Count BENKENDORFF, and Lieut.-Colonel TCHERNITZKY.
OF PRUSSIA—Borne by General the Count DE NOSTITZ, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by General DE SCHARNHORST and Lieut.-General DE MASSOW.
OF PORTUGAL—Borne by Marshal the Duke of TERCEIRA, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Lieut.-General the Count DE VILLA REAL and Major Don MANUEL DE SOUZA COUTINHO.
OF THE NETHERLANDS—Borne by Lieut.-General the Baron D'OMPHAL, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Captain GUILLAUME TINDAL and Captain GEVERS.
OF HANOVER—Borne by General Sir HUGH HALKETT, C.B., in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Colonels POTEN and MARENHOLTZ.

OF ENGLAND—Borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by the Marquis of ANGLESEY, K.G.—Supported by Col. the Duke of RICHMOND, K.G., and Major-General the Duke of CLEVELAND, K.G.

Gentleman Usher. | The Coronet of the deceased borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by Clarenceux, King of Arms. | Gentleman Usher.

The Pall-bearers, Eight General Officers, in two Mourning Coaches.

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

Five Bannerols borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

THE BODY,

COVERED WITH A RICH BLACK VELVET PALL,

ADORNED WITH ESCUTCHEONS,

UPON A

FUNERAL CAR, DRAWN BY TWELVE HORSES,

DECORATED WITH

TROPHIES AND HERALDIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

Five Bannerols borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

Gentleman Usher | Garter Principal King of Arms, in a Mourning Coach. | Gentleman Usher

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

In a long Mourning Cloak, accompanied by Colonel Lord CHARLES WELLESLEY, the Hon. and Rev. GERARD WELLESLEY, and by the Hon. WILLIAM WELLESLEY, his Train-bearer, in a Mourning Coach.

The Marquess of SALISBURY, K.G., and the Marquess of TWEEDDALE, K.T., Supporters to the Chief Mourner, in a Mourning Coach.

Assistants to the Chief Mourner.

Relations and Friends of the Deceased.

The late Duke's Horse, led by the Groom to the Deceased.

Private Carriages of the Deceased and of the Chief Mourner.

Band of the Royal Marines—Woolwich Division.

Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of one Captain, a Subaltern, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and five men from every Regiment.

Band of Her Majesty's 93rd Highlanders.

Carriages of the Queen and of the Royal Family.

Troops closed the Procession.

Upon arrival at St. Paul's Cathedral the marshalmen and conductors divided, and ranged themselves on each side at the foot of the steps without the great west door; the Chelsea and enrolled pensioners, together with one soldier from every regiment in her Majesty's service, the Royal Marines, and six soldiers of the East India Company's armies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay, two officers from every regiment having been previously provided with seats in the nave, behind the place assigned to the soldiers, proceeding into the nave, filed off right and left; the rest of the procession, having alighted, moved forward in order to the west door of the church, on entering which they proceeded up the nave.

Soon after twelve, the body arrived at the western entrance of the Cathedral, the band outside playing a chorale of Mendelssohn, while preparations were making for placing it on the machine which was to convey it into the centre of the building. The Dean and clergy of the Cathedral, leaving the choir, proceeded down the nave to receive

the body. A death-like stillness now pervaded the whole assemblage; the solemn *cortege* advanced slowly, the choir chanting Dr. Croft's "I am the resurrection and the life." The *coup d'œil* now presented, with the solemn tones of the organ within, the booming of cannon without, and the reveberations of the deep toned bell above, rendered it exceeding difficult to summon language capable of description. Sight and sound combined, have seldom if ever been equalled in melancholy interest and sublimity.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attired in the uniform of a Field Marshal, and attended by the Marquis of Salisbury, bearing the Sword of State, walked slowly up the nave and took his place immediately on the right of the bier. The venerable Marquis of Anglesea, bearing the baton of the deceased, was followed by the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, and a crowd of general officers. Immediately following was the present Duke of Wellington, as chief mourner, and around the coffin were eight renowned veterans, former companions in arms with the illustrious deceased. Banners of various devices were held by high functionaries to mark the deeds, honours, genealogy, and titles of the great Duke. There were the Guidon, the banner of Wellesley, and the heraldic paraphernalia of the surcoat, the helmet, and the spurs. The foreign Marshals, who represented every military country in Europe but two, crowded round. On the coffin were placed the sword, cap, and feather of the deceased hero. Under the dome, and just above its final resting-place, with a funeral service unprecedented, formed the climax of solemn grandeur.

The lowering of the coffin into the grave was another striking passage in the history of these obsequies. Surrounded by the greatest men of the age, the remains of the renowned warrior sunk gradually —almost imperceptibly—into their final resting-place, while the organ, aided by martial instruments, played the "Dead March in Saul."

A SUMMARY OF THE COMMISSIONS, SERVICES, OFFICIAL COMMANDS, AND PUBLIC HONOURS OF FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Born	1st May, 1769	Colonel	3rd May, 1796
Ensign	7th March, 1787	Major-General	29th April, 1803
Lieutenant	25th Dec., 1787	Lieutenant-General	25th April, 1808
Captain	30th June, 1791	General, in Spain and Portugal	31st July, 1811
Major	30th April, 1793		
Lieutenant-Colonel	30th. Sept. 1793	Field Marshal	21st June, 1813

1794.

Embarked at Cork in Command of the 33rd Regiment to join the Duke of York's army in the Netherlands, and arrived Ostend in June. Re-embarked and proceeded by the Scheldt to Antwerp, July.

1795.

As senior officer commanded three battalions on the retreat of the army through Holland, January. Early in the Spring, on the breaking up of the ice, the army, including the 33rd Regiment, re-embarked at Bremen for England. Embarked in the command of the 33rd Regiment for the West Indies, on board the fleet commanded by Admiral Christian, October.

1796.

But owing to the heavy equinoctial gales, after being six weeks at sea, returned to port,

January 19. Destination of the 33rd Regiment changed for India, April 12. Joined the 33rd Regiment at the Cape of Good Hope, September.

1797.

Arrived in Bengal, February. Formed part of an expedition to Manilla, but recalled on arrival at Penang, August. Returned to Calcutta, November.

1798.

Proceeded on a visit to Madras, January. Returned to Calcutta, March. The 33rd Regiment placed on Madras establishment, September.

1799.

Appointed to command the subsidiary force of the Nizam, the 33rd Regiment being attached to it, February. Advance of the army on Seringapatam; Colonel Wellesley moving on the right flank, attacked and harassed by the enemy, March 10. Tippoo Sultaun in position at Mallavelley; the attack and defeat of his right flank by the division under Colonel Wellesley, and the cavalry under Major-Gen. Floyd. March 27. Arrival of the British army before Seringapatam, April 3. The army before the west face of that fortress; first attack on the Sultaunpettah Tope by the 33rd Regiment, and Bengal Native Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley, April 5. Second attack with an increased force, the Scotch Brigade (94th Regiment), two battalions of Sepoys, and four guns, April 6. Siege of Seringapatam, until May 3. Assault and capture; Colonel Wellesley commanding the reserve in the trenches, May 4. Colonel Wellesley appointed Governor of Seringapatam, May 6. A commission, consisting of Lieut.-General Harris, Lieut.-Colonel Barry Close, Colonel the Hon. M. Wellesley, the Hon. H. Wellesley, and Lieut-Colonel Kirkpatrick, appointed by the Governor-General for the settlement of the Mysore territories, June 4. Commission dissolved, July 8. Colonel Wellesley appointed to the command of Seringapatam and Mysore, July 9.

1800.

Colonel Wellesley named to command an expedition against Batavia, in conjunction with Admiral Rainier; but declined the service, from the greater importance of his command in Mysore, May. The tranquillity of Mysore troubled by Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta freebooter; Colonel Wellesley takes the field against him, July. Defeat and death of Dhoondiah, and end of the warfare, Sept. 10. Recalled from Mysore to command a force assembling at Trincomalee, October. Appointed to command this force, to be employed at Mauritius, or in the Red Sea, in the event of orders from Europe to that effect; or to be ready to act against any hostile attempt upon India, November 15.

1801.

A despatch, overland, received by the Governor-General, with orders, dated 6th October, to send 3000 men to Egypt, February 6. The expedition being ready at Trincomalee, the Governor-General directed the whole force to proceed to the Red Sea; and appointed General Baird to command in chief, and Colonel Wellesley to be second in comand, Feb. 11. In the meantime, Colonel Wellesley, having received from the Governor of Bombay and Madras copies of the overland despatch from Mr. Dundas, sailed from Trincomalee for Bombay in command of the troops, Feb. 15. Colonel Wellesley, on his way to Bombay, informed of the appointment of Major-General Baird to the chief command, Feb. 21. Prevented by illness from proceeding on the expedition to Egypt; Colonel Wellesley ordered to resume the government of Mysore, April 28.

1803.

Appointed to command a force assembled at Hurryhur to march into the Mahratta territory, Feb. 27. Advance from Hurryhur, March 9. Arrived at Poonah, April 20. The Peshwah replaced on the musnud, May 13. Empowered to exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and of the Mahratta states in the Deccan; similar authority being given to General Lake in Hindustan, June 26. The Mahratta war commenced, Aug. 6. Siege and capture of Ahmednugger, Aug. 11. Siege and capture of Baroach, Aug. 29. Battle of Assaye, Sept. 23. Siege and capture of Asseerghur, Oct. 21. Battle of Argaum, Nov. 29. Siege and capture of Gawilghur, Dec. 15. Treaty of peace with the Rajah of Berar, Dec. 15. Treaty of peace with Dowlut Rao Scindiah, Dec. 30

1804.

Surprise of a body of predatory Mahrattas, who were routed and destroyed after an extraordinary forced march, near Munkaiseer, Feb. 6. A sword of the value of £1000 voted to Major-General Wellesley by the British inhabitants of Calcutta, Feb. 21. Visited

Bombay; fêtes and addresses by the garrison and inhabitants, March 4 to May 16. A golden vase voted to Major-General Wellesley, by the officers of his division; afterwards changed to a service of plate, embossed with "Assaye," Feb. 26. Returned to the army near Poonah, May 17. Resigned the military and political powers in him by the Governor-General, June 24. Left the army for Seringapatam, June 28. Address voted to Major-General Wellesley, on his return from the army, by the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, July 6. Arrived at Calcutta to assist in military deliberations, Aug. 12. Appointed a Knight Companion of the Bath, Sept. 1. The civil and military powers vested in him on the 26th June, 1803, and resigned on the 24th June, 1804, renewed by the Governor-General, Nov. 9. Returned to Seringapatam by Madras, Nov. 30.

1805.

Resigned the political and military powers in the Deccan, and proposes to embark for Europe, Feb. 24. Addresses on quitting India: From the officers of the division lately under his command, Feb. 27; answer, March 8; from the officers of the 33rd Regiment, Feb. 28; answer, March; from the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, March 4; answer, March 4. Grand entertainment given to him at the Pantheon at Madras, by the civil and military officers of the Presidency, March 5. Appointed Colonel Wallace, Major Barclay, and Captain Bellingham to superintend the prize affairs of the army of the Deccan, March 6. The thanks of the King and Parliament for his services in the command of the army of the Deccan, communicated in general orders by the Governor-General, March 8. Embarked in H.M.S. Trident for England, March. Arrived in the Downs, Sept. 10. Appointed to the Staff, Kent district, Oct. 30. Commanded a brigade, in an expedition to Hanover, under Lord Cathcart, Nov. 30.

1806.

Appointed colonel of the 33rd Regiment, vice Marquis Cornwallis, deceased, Jan. 30. On the return of the expedition from Hanover, appointed to command a brigade of infantry in the Sussex district, Feb. 25. Returned to serve in Parliament, April 12.

1807.

Sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council, April 6. Appointed Secretary to Ireland (the Duke of Richmond being Lord Lieutenant), April 19. Appointed to a command in the army under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Copenhagen, June 13. Affair at Kioge, August 29. Appointed to negociate the capitulation of Copenhagen, Sept. 5.

1808.

Received the thanks of Parliament for his conduct at Copenhagen, in his place in the House of Commons, and replies to the Speaker, Feb. 1. Returned to Dublin, April 17. Appointed to command an expedition assembled at Cork, June 14. The expedition sailed for Corunna and Oporto, July 12. Finally landed at the mouth of the river Mondego, in Portugal, August 1 to 3. Affair at Obidos, August 15. Affair at Rolica, Aug. 17. Battle of Vimeiro, August 21. Superseded in the command of the army by Lieut.-General Sir H. Burrard, August 21. By the desire of Lieut.-General Sir H. Dalrymple, the Commander of the Forces, he signed the armistice with Lieut.-General Kellermann, which led to the convention of Cintra, August 22. A piece of plate commemorating the battle of Vimeiro, voted to Lieut.-General Sir A. Wellesley, by the general and field officers who served at it, August 22. Commanded a division of the army under Sir H. Dalrymple, August 22. Convention of Cintra, August 30. Returned to England, Oct. 4. Court of Inquiry on the Convention of Cintra, Nov. 17. His evidence before it, Nov. 22. Returned to Dublin, Dec. 21.

1809.

Received the thanks of Parliament for Vimeiro, in his place in the House of Commons, and replied to the Speaker, Jan. 27. Appointed to command the army in Portugal, April 7. Resigned the office of Chief Secretary in Ireland, April 14. Arrived in Lisbon, and assumed the command, April 22. The passage of the Douro, and battle of Oporto, May 12. By a decree of the Prince Regent of Portugal, appointed Marshal General of the Portuguese army, July 6. Battle of Talavera de la Reyna, July 27 and 28. Created a peer, by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Aug. 26. Visited Marquis Wellesley at Seville and Cadiz, Nov. 2.

1810.

Thanks of Parliament voted for Talavera, Feb. 1. Pension of 2,000*l* per annum voted to Lord Wellington, and his two succeeding heirs male, Feb. 16. Appointed a member of the Regency in Portugal, in conjunction with Lord Stuart de Rothesay, then Mr. Stuart.

his Majesty's minister at Lisbon, August. Battle of Busaco, Sept. 27. Took up a position to cover Lisbon in the lines, from Alhandra on the Tagus, to Torres Vedras and the Sea, Oct. 10. Followed the retreat of the French army, under Marshal Massena, to Santarem, November 16.

1811.

Again following the retreat of the French army to Condeixa, and from thence along the line of the Mondego to Celorico, Sabugal, Almeida, and Ciudad Rodrigo, March 5 to April 10. Affairs with the French army on its retreat: at Pombal, March 11; at Redinha, March 12; at Casal Novo, March 14; at the Passage of the Ceira, at Foz d'Arouce, March 15; at Sabugal, April 3. Thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal, April 26. Battle of Fuentes de Onoro, May 3 and 5. Fall of Almeida, May 11. Battle of Albuera, May 16. Siege of Badajoz raised, June 10. Concentration of the army on the Caya, June 10. Marched the army to the north, August 1. Affair at El Bodon, Sept. 25. Affair at Aldeia da Ponte, Sept. 27. Licence granted in the name of the King, by the Prince Regent, to accept the title of Conde de Vimeiro, and the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, from the Prince Regent of Portugal, October 26. General Hill's surprise of General Girard, at Arroyo Molinos, October 28.

1812.

Storm of Fort Renaud, near Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 8. Siege and Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 19. Created by the Regency a Grandee of Spain, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo. Thanks of parliament for Ciudad Rodrigo, Feb. 16. Advanced in the British peerage by the title of Earl of Wellington, Feb. 18. Vote of parliament of 2000*l.* per annum, in addition to the title, Feb. 21. Siege and capture of Badajoz, April 27. Forts at Almaraz taken by General Hill, May 19. Siege and capture of the fortified convents at Salamanca, June 27. Battle of Salamanca, July 22. Charge of Cavalry at La Serna, July 23. The order of the Golden Fleece conferred by the Regency of Spain. Entered Madrid, August 12. Appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies. Advanced in the British peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington, August 18. Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Marques de Torres Vedras. Marched towards Burgos, Sept. 4. Siege and failure of Burgos, Oct. 22. Retreat to the frontier of Portugal, to Nov. 19. Thanks of parliament voted for Salamanca, Dec. 3. A grant of 100,000*l.* from parliament, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage, Dec 7. Advanced by the Regent of Portugal to the title of Duque da Victoria, Dec. 18. Visited Cadiz, where he was received by a deputation of the Cortes, Dec. 24.

1813.

Appointed Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, Jan. 1. Returned to Portugal by Lisbon, where he was received by the whole population, Jan. 16. Fêtes given by the Regency, and at San Carlos, Jan. 20. Letter on quitting the 33rd Regiment as colonel, Feb. 5. Elected a knight of the Garter, March 4. Advance in Spain in two columns; the left column, under Lieut.-General Sir T. Graham, by the north bank of the Douro; the right column to Salamanca, May, 6. Quitted Freneda for Salamanca, May 22. Affair near Salamanca, May 25. Proceeded to the left column, at Miranda de Duero, May 29. Affair of the Hussar Brigade at Morales de Toro, June 2. Junction of the two columns at Toro, and advance of the army on Valodolid and Burgos, June 4. The castle of Burgos blown up, June 12. The Ebro turned at San Martin and Bocamundo, June 14. Affair at Sah Millan, June 18. Battle of Vittoria, June 21. Promoted to Field-Marshal (Gazette, 3rd July), June 21. Pursuit of the French army to France by Pamplona, and the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya in the Pyrennees; and by Tolosa, San Sebastian, and Irun. Thanks of Parliament for Vittoria, July 8. Siege of San Sebastian, July 17. The Regency of Spain, on the proposition of the Cortes, bestowed on the Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo the estate of the Soto di Roma in Granada, "in the name of the Spanish nation, in testimony of its sincere gratitude," July 22. First assault and failure at San Sebastian, July 25. Advance of the French army under Marshal Soult, by Maya and Roncesvalles, the right and centre divisions of the army concentrating near Pamplona, July 24 to 27. Battle of Sorauren, July 28. Retreat of the French army into France, July 30. Affair at the Puerto de Echalar, Aug. 1. Re-occupation of the positions on the Pyrenees by the Allied Armies, Aug. 2. Second assault and fall of Sebastian, Aug. 31. Affairs on the Bidasoa and San Marcial, Aug. 31. Castle of San Sebastian capitulated, Sept. 8. Passage of the Bidasoa, and entrance into France, Oct. 7. Surrender of Pamplona, Oct. 31. Thanks of Parliament for San Sebastian, and the operations subsequent to Vittoria, Oct. 8. The whole of the army descended into France; passage and battle of the Nivelle, Nov. 10.

Passage of the Nive, Dec. 9. Marshal Soult attacked the left and right of the British army, and was successfully defeated, Dec. 10 to 13.

1814.

Affair at Hellette, Feb. 14. Leaving two divisions to blockade Bayonne, followed Marshal Soult with the remainder of the army, Feb. 21. Battle of Orthez, Feb. 27. Passage of the Adour at St. Sever, March 1. Affair at Aire, March 2. The permission of the Prince Regent granted to the Marquis of Wellington to accept and wear the insignia of the following orders, March 4. Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Teresa:—Grand Cross of the Imperial Russian Military Order of St. George, the Royal Prussian Military Order of the Black Eagle, the Royal Swedish Military Order of the Sword. Detached two divisions to Bordeaux, March 8. Affair at Tarbes, March 20. Thanks of the Prince Regent and the Parliament for Orthez, March 24. Passage of the Garonne, April 4. Battle of Toulouse, April 10. Advanced in the British peerage by the titles of Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, May 3. Visited Paris, May 4. Visited Madrid. King Ferdinand confirmed all the honours and rewards conferred upon him in his Majesty's name by the Regency and the Cortes, May 24. A grant of 400,000*l.* voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants June. Arrived in England, June 23. Proceeded to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, then at Portsmouth with the Allied Monarchs, June 24. His reception in the House of Peers on taking his seat as Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, June 28. Returned thanks at the bar of the House of Commons, and addressed by the Speaker, June 30. Appointed Ambassador to the Court of France, July 5. Banquet given by the corporation of London, July 9. Heraldic honours bestowed, August 25.

1815.

Quitted Paris for Vienna to assist at the Congress, Jan. 24. On the arrival of Buonaparte in France, appointed Commander of the British forces on the continent of Europe, and from Vienna joined the army at Bruxelles, April 11. Put himself in communication with Prince Blucher, in command of the Prussian army on the Meuse, May 3. Moved the allied army towards the Nivelle, the French army, under Buonaparte, having crossed the frontier at Charleroi, June 15. Battle of Quatre Bras, June 16. Retired to a position to cover Bruxelles, on the border of the forest of Soignies, June 17. Battle of Waterloo, June 18. Thanks of the Prince Regent and Parliament, June 22. Pursuit of the fugitive remains of the French army to Paris. Surrender of Cambrai, June 25. Surrender of Peronne, June 26. Paris capitulated, July 3. By his interference, prevented the column in the Place Vendome and the Bridge of Jena being destroyed, July 6. A grant of 200,000*l.* voted by Parliament, in addition to the former grants, July. Created Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands, July 18. Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies of Occupation in France, Oct. 22.

1818.

Assisted at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, Oct. 26. Appointed Field-Marshal in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, Nov. 15. The evacuation of France by the Allied Armies, Nov. 21. Appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, Dec. 6.

1819.—Appointed Governor of Plymouth, Dec. 9.

1820.—Appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, Feb. 19.

1821.—Attended George IV. King of England to the field of Waterloo, Oct. 1.

1822.—Assisted at the Congress of Verona, Oct. 22.

1826.—Proceeded on an especial embassy to St. Petersburg, Feb. 8. Removed from the Government of Plymouth to be Constable of the Tower of London, Dec. 29.

1827.—Appointed Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Jan. 22. Appointed Commander-in-Chief, Jan. 22. Resigned, May 5. Reappointed, Aug. 27.

1828.—Resigned the command of the army, the King having called upon him to serve in the office of First Lord of the Treasury, Feb. 14.

1829.—Appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Jan. 20.

1830.—Resigned the office of First Lord of the Treasury, Nov. 16.

1834.—Elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Jan. 29. Intrusted by the King with the whole charge of the government and the seals of the three Secretaries of State, Nov 15. Continued Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Dec. 9.

1835.—Resigned, April 8.

In the lustre of the Duke's military renown the services he rendered as a civilian at home should not be forgotten. The deferential respect with which he was listened to in the House of Lords, and the excitement, followed by conviction or acquiescence, that usually attended his speeches, attested to his possession of no ordinary power and influence as a speaker. As a member of the House of Commons after the union, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke very seldom spoke, and then only on subjects connected with his duties as Secretary for Ireland; but in the little that he did say there was the pregnancy, the fulness of information, the clearness of vision, and the decision of judgment that are to be found in his latest speeches. It is remarkable that at all periods of his career—and the remark applies to his despatches as well as to his speeches—his opinions were expressed with a positiveness and self-reliance not often found in subordinates. In whatever position he might be placed, he thoroughly comprehended all that related to his sphere of action, and pronounced upon what was going forward with the confidence of absolute and intimate knowledge. His parliamentary, resembled his military tactics; the same spirit pervaded both. He never as a public man did anything that was irregular or premature. His political code was as simple as his military regulations. A few fixed conclusions served him with principles of action. His experiences were all stored, arranged, and ready at a moment's notice. If he spoke on a subject, it was a moral necessity with him only to say what was indispensable, and only to bring forward views or facts that were argument-proof. For him to be contradicted on a question of fact was so rare an occurrence that it might almost have been predicted as impossible. The arrangement of his political materials was a subject of admiration even with his opponents. He used them with the precision and science of modern gunnery; his great object being never to waste a shot, but always to hit his mark.

It was during his premiership, and the Reform struggle, that the latent powers of the Duke as a speaker became developed in the most striking manner. In the Test Acts Repeal, and Catholic Emancipation, he played a great part; but more startling still was the vigour and earnestness with which he combated the Reform Bill. This time his military style of defending his position was against the wishes of the public, and he lost his popularity. His short speech against the reform, and in defence of the old constitution of the House of Commons, was one of the most nervous, massive, terse, and heavy-shotted he ever delivered. In reviewing the main events of the Duke of Wellington's career as a politician, the conclusion is almost forced upon us, that though his name is associated with two of the greatest legislative changes in our era, it was never as a voluntary agent that he made concession to the popular wishes. On the other hand he conferred one great benefit on the English nation, by teaching the privileged aristocracy how to yield. Accus-

tomed as we now are to find public opinion immediately responded to by statesmen, we must, in doing justice to the Duke of Wellington, remember that he was by temperament and ingrained habit, a Tory, and constitutionally indisposed to yield. We must also bear in mind the character of the Tory Aristocracy a quarter of a century ago, and the difficulty of inducing them to listen to any views which were not enforced by their own apprehensions of danger and their respect for authority. Thus the extreme positiveness of the Duke's character, his inflexibility, his common sense, much augmented his authority, because it was felt that if he called upon his friends to yield it must be that there was no longer any hope of successful resistance, and in this way the very defects of his character were turned into benefits as soon as he was put in motion for great popular or national purposes. The following will be found worthy of record as presenting the opinions of the Duke on the principal political subjects:—

EFFECTS OF WATERLOO.—I may be wrong, but my opinion is, that we have given Napoleon his death-blow; his army, I hear, is totally destroyed, and the cavalry and artillery selling their horses, and deserting. Allowing for exaggeration, and knowing that Napoleon can still collect, in addition to what he has brought back with him, the 6th corps d'armée, under Rapp, and the 3rd corps which was at Wavre during the battle, and probably, some troops from La Vendée, I am still of opinion that he can make no head against us—qu'il n'a qu'à se prendre.—June 23, 1815.

PROTESTANTISM TO BE SUPPORTED.—It is our duty, in every case, to do all that we can to promote the Protestant religion. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the Church of England and the Government, but because we believe it to be the purest doctrine, and the best system of religion that can be offered to a people.—July 19, 1833.

NEVER SAID ONE THING AND MEANT ANOTHER.—I will not make any professions of my own anxiety to put down the slave-trade. I have passed a long life, I trust with honour, in the service of her Majesty's predecessors. I served her Majesty's predecessors in diplomatic situations and in councils, as well as in the army, and I believe people cannot accuse me of saying one thing and meaning another.—August 19, 1833.

INDIFFERENCE TO REPORTS.—I have served the sovereigns and the public of this country for fifty years, and, throughout the whole of that period I have been exposed to evil report and to good report, and I have still continued to serve on through all report, both good and evil, and thus I confess myself to be completely indifferent to the nature of all reports.—May 14, 1839.

LORD MELBOURNE'S SERVICES TO THE QUEEN.—I am willing to admit that the noble viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to her Majesty. I happen to know that it is her Majesty's opinion that the noble viscount has rendered her Majesty the greatest possible service, in making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country.—August 24, 1841.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS SHOULD DISREGARD POPULAR CLAMOUR.—As to the remarks which are made on your lordships elsewhere, I am one of those animadverted upon; and I am glad to find myself upon this occasion in such extremely good company. For myself, I can only say that I have been for a great number of years in the habit of treating criticisms and such assaults with the smallest possible attention; and I shall continue to do my duty to the best of my ability, in the service of my sovereign or elsewhere, and continue to treat the language referred to with as little attention as heretofore; and I recommend the noble lords of both sides of the house to follow my example in this respect.—May 15, 1843.

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